MARCH
1945

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INDEX ON PAGE 5
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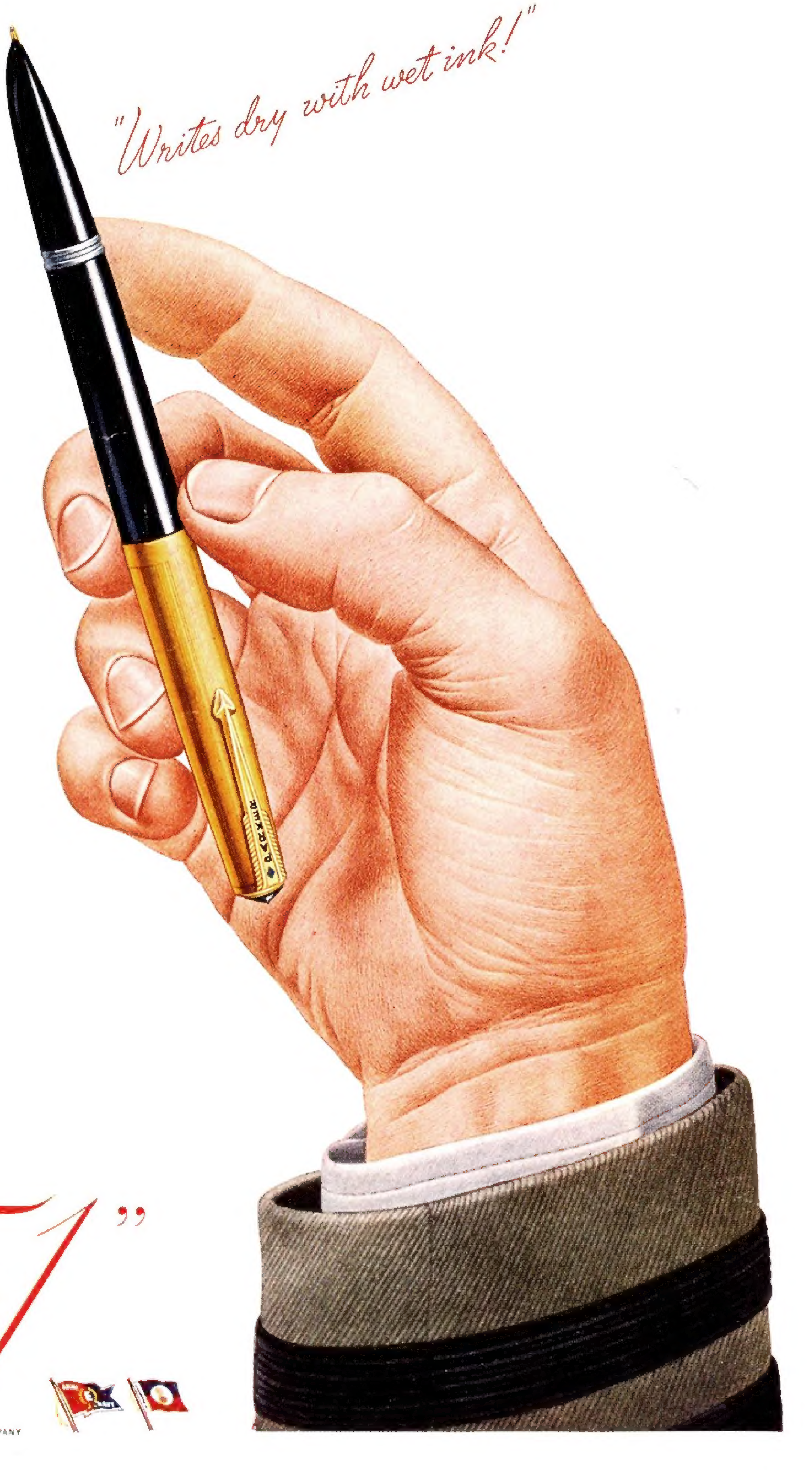
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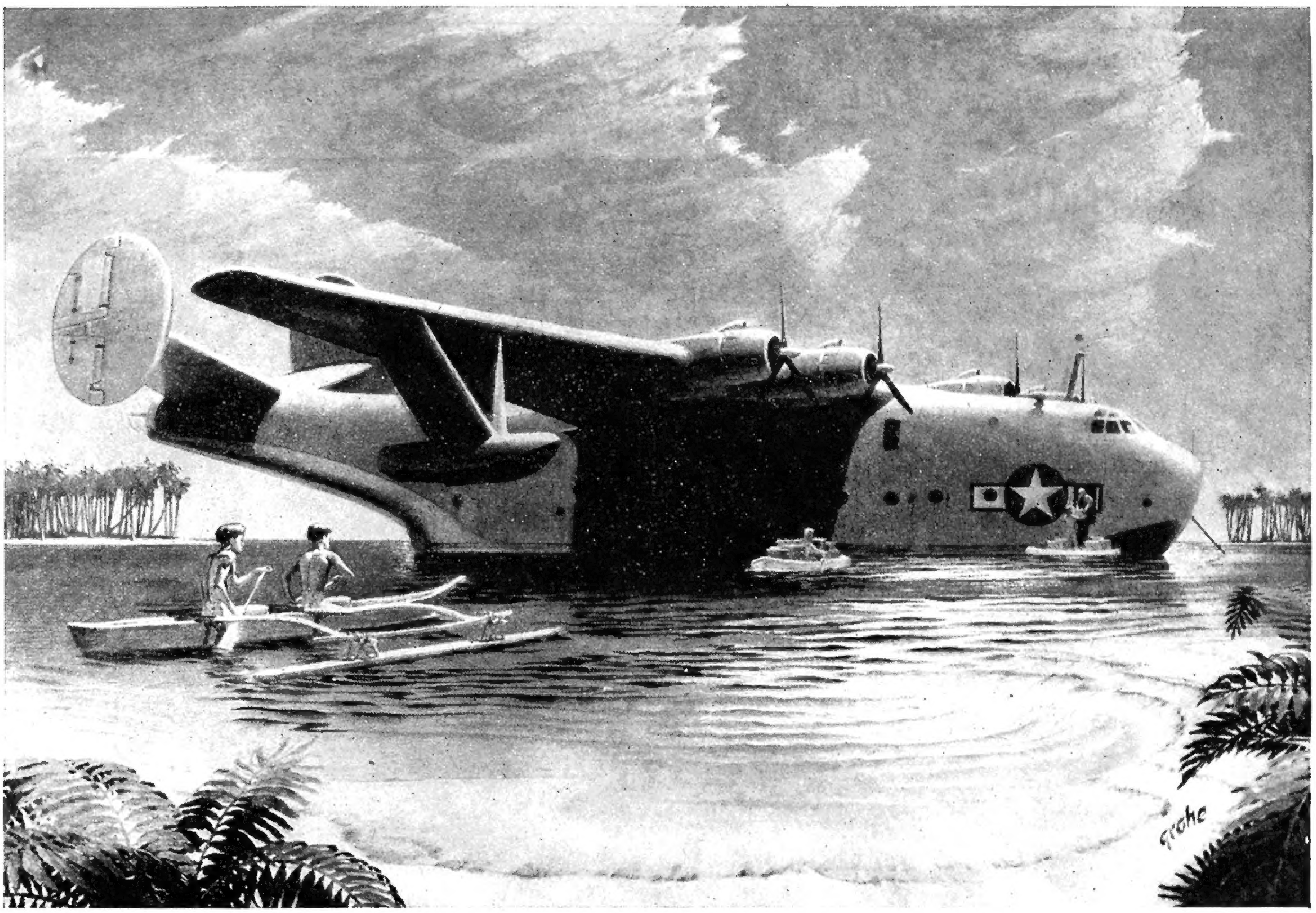

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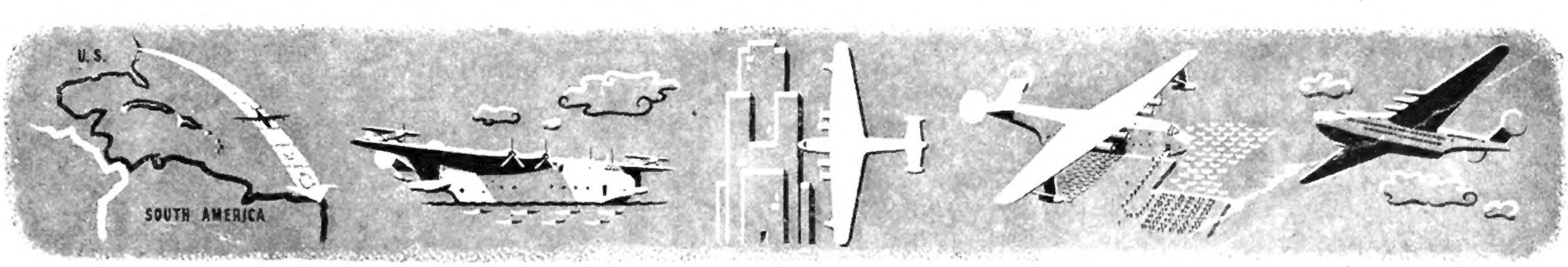

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From Herb Graffis in Europe

We asked Herb Graffis, just back from the fighting front in Europe, how our boys feel about the conduct of sports in the U. S. A., and he doesn't mince words:

"Sport will benefit by clarification of its wartime position.

"Cancellation of wartime horse racing was the inevitable outcome of extravagant betting at and away from the tracks. News of American all-time betting totals wasn't received by our troops overseas as solid proof the home front was doing its share in winning the war. Imagination of fighting men couldn't picture bettors rushing away from the five-dollar window or the bookie's counter to invest winnings in war bonds, or to return to war factory machines with renewed energy.

"Fighting men also have difficulty in understanding why wounded battlers are patched up in hospitals and kept in limited military service when noted athletes are ruled 4F although the headliners are in physical condition allowing their participating in sports requiring muscular proficiency and fighting spirit.

"Blunt comment of American combat soldiers and sailors has begun to weaken a valuable national tradition built by sports performances.

"The sports performer whose belligerency is displayed against only one other fellow armed with padded gloves isn't in the same essential class these days with the kid who goes out against many enemies who are armed with shooting weapons. That is beyond debate.

"Sport is an essential physical and temperamental conditioner of fighting men and war workers who earn the right to a change of pace and a restoration of energy. It is essential to preserving the joy and health of American youth.

"But as a big opulent leisurely circus in times when the enemy is waging a work-or-fight total war on us, American sport endangers itself.

"Sport to be smart and sporting about its wartime role must re-examine its position and make changes before governmental pressure is applied. Otherwise it risks the loss of prestige it has given itself because of its financial wartime contributions.

"Sport is too important to the American way of life to sidestep its realistic and unselfish responsibilities of wartime. It cannot wait until heat from men on the fighting fronts makes it get into the fight with something more than a share of its gate and purse money and its good wishes."

After digesting the above, no Esquire reader can deny that the sports home front can well take seriously Herb Graffis' jolt into reality.

David A Smart

Publisher

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ESQUIRE is published monthly by Esquire, Inc. David A. Smart, President; Arnold Gingrich, Vice-President; Alfred R. Pastel, Vice-President in charge of advertising; Alfred Smart, Secretary and Treasurer; A. L. Blinder, Circulation Director, Editorial, Circulation, Business and Production Depts., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill. Entered as second class matter at Post Office at Chicago, Ill., Dec. 15th, 1933 under the Act of March 3rd, 1879. Manuscripts and drawings must be accompanied by postage if their return is desired, but no responsibility will be assumed for loss or damage to unsolicited materials. Advertising offices, 366 Madison Ave., N.Y.C. 17. Subscriptions for one year payable in advance, in the United States and possessions and Pan-American Union, $5.00; in Canada, $5.50; elsewhere, $7.50.

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Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN
March, 1945, Vol. XXIII. No. 3 Whole No. 136.

CONTENTS FOR MARCH, 1945

Page

ARTICLES

No Rules in a Dog Fight . . *Pleasant American boys, brought up to fight fair, learn a bitter new lesson when they close with the Japanese* . . . Robert L. Scott, Jr. 29
After the Duration Plus Six . . *If fighting Joe were given two wishes besides victory, they wouldn't be to slug a slacker nor to eat ice cream* . . . . James Waxmont 30
Conquest of the English Channel . . *Recounting the classic feat of Gertrude Ederle whose secret weapon against a stormy sea was will power* . . . . . Paul Gallico 36
The Unforgettable Richard Hillary . . *This pilot who loved and fought with all the ardor of his great soul gave more than most men for liberty* . . . . Anonymous 41
Everybody Reads the Comics . . Blondie, Orphan Annie, Popeye *and other favorite funnies wield a tremendous influence in their own peculiar way* . . Fred Rodell 50
How to Read a Mind . . . . . *Richard Himber, who knows some tricks besides leading a band, says Dunninger is just a sleight-of-hand artist* . . . . Maurice Zolotow 55
Lizzie Takes to the Air . . . . *When every bloke is a pilot the heavens will roar with traffic, and a dropped sandwich may mean sudden death* . . . . C. C. Campbell 58
Melodrama in the Forties . . *Many Western places tell their story through such names as Knife Creek, Gospel Gulch, Gold Hill and Poker Flat* . . . George Stewart 100

DEPARTMENTS

Correspondence: The Sound and the Fury . . *Introducing the sweet singer of the Pacific* 10
Contributors: Backstage with Esquire . . *Regarding this month's writers* 24
The Lively Arts: The State of the World . . *Concerning Hollywood's political banners* . . . Gilbert Seldes 66
Education: Esquire's Ready-to-Speak French I . . *Vocabulary through soundwriting* . . . Frank Henius 74
Jazz: The Rhythm Section . . *On pop tunes vs. real jazz* . . . . Paul Eduard Miller & Leonard Feather 84
Anecdotes: Going the Rounds with Esquire . . *Strictly drawing room* 86
Opinion: This Man's World . . *A purring career woman named Limpy* . . . . Paul Gallico 88
Potables: On the Progress of Pomona . . *Our wines and liqueurs do the deity proud* . . . Lawton Mackall 95
Theatre: First Nights & Passing Judgments . . *Harvey hits the critical jackpot* . . George Jean Nathan 96
Edibles: Man the Kitchenette . . *Cookbooks for recipes and for fun* . . . . Iles Brody 98
Wearables: A Line on Collars . . *Shirt shopping reduced to a formula* . . . . O. E. Schoeffler 107
Discs: Esquire on the Record . . *Introducing Feature and a hot Red Seal* . . . . Gilbert Seldes 114

FICTION

The Night Bus to Atlanta . *The girl and the soldier had different destinations, and who could guess when Fate would allow them to meet again* . . . . . . Brendan Gill 32
Friend of the Obergruppenfuehrer . . *The Allied invasion threw the local Gestapo into such chaos they didn't act according to Himmler* . . . . Curt Riess 34
Fall of the House of Fanning . . *It was a sad day for his only relatives when Tom Fanning, wealthy playboy, made a wise, happy marriage* . C. P. Donnel, Jr. 42
Survival of the Cunning . . . *The Eskimo guide considered the sergeant who insisted on ploughing through the snowstorm both cruel and crazy* . . . . . Frank Herbert 56
The True Course of Justice . . *When a movie script writer is called to court as a witness, he naturally knows all the devastating answers* . . . . Milt Gross 64
My Regards to Morpheus . . *Dreaming of his first day home, a soldier finds his wife much too understanding, the postwar world too wonderful* . . . Max Shulman 71
For the Sake of a Plane . . . *The fighter ship had spelled death to too many pilots, so they made one last dangerous test* . . . . Robert Gold 90

SEMI-FICTION

Black Sheep No. Six: Harrison Barr . . *Profile of a Greenwich Village playwright* . . Theodore Dreiser 49

PERSONALITIES

A Human Sort of Artist . . . *Sam Rosenberg's paintings show ever wider horizons* . . . . . Harry Salpeter 83

PICTORIAL FEATURES

Ederle's Conquest of the Channel . . *Painted especially for Esquire by* . . . . Steve Dohanos 37
Varga Girl . . . . *Lady of Letters* . . . . *Verse by* Phil Stack; *Painting by* Varga 39
American Beauties: Western Style . . *Lois Collier* . . . . *Photograph by* Hurrell 53
The Esquire Canteen . . . . *Joan Tetzel* . . . . *Photograph by* Anton Bruehl 54
American Beauties: Eastern Style . . *Leslie Venable* . . . . *Photograph by* Elliot Clarke 59
Among Hollywood's Nebulae . . *Jean Staff* . . . . *Photograph by* Henry Waxman 62
Broadway for the Boys . . . . *"Gay Paree in New York"* . . . . *Photograph by* George Serebrykoff 67
Hollywood . . . Set to Music . . *A good Little Indian, Pat Clark* . . . . . *Photograph by* Henry Waxman 70
Esquiregraph No. 5—*Samuel Goldwyn* . . . . *Photocollage by* Ravitz-Palazzo 79
Cartoon Spread . . . . *The Ominous Ides of March* . . . . *Drawings by* D. McKay 80
A Group of Six Paintings . . *Courtesy of Associated American Artists' Gallery* . . . . *by* Sam Rosenberg 82
Bell's Airacomet . . . . *Jet-propelled Army plane* . . . . *Painting by* Alexander Leydenfrost 91
Red Cross Rally . . . . *Needing no introduction* . . . . *Painting by* Leslie Saalburg 94

SPORTS

After the Shooting Comes Sport . . *The Clark-McCormick plan for servicemen* . . . . Herb Graffis 44
Bowldom's Boy Wonder Grows Up . . *The career of a champion kegler, Joe Norris* . . . Steve Cruchon 52
The Preacher and the Farmer . . *Of the runner Gil Dodds and his coach Lloyd Hahn* . . . . Floyd Olds 63
The Sporting Scene . . . . *If you're looking for thrills, try hunting the Manjuari* 72
Bellwether of Jacob's Beach . . *Ray Arcel has survived 5,000 brawls unscathed* . . . . Jack Miley 73

BRIEFS

Done Any Good Reading Lately? . . *How to restore glamor to your marriage* . . . . Parke Cummings 31
Technician Third Grade, à la Carte . . *A high-living, quick-thinking sergeant* . . . . Joseph Wechsberg 35
Tannhauser Carried a Torch . . *Revealing Grand Opera's burning theme is love* . . . . Robert E. Harlow 77
My Scene with Samuel Goldwyn . . *Viewing the great producer from the inside* . . . . Bob Hope 78
The Adventures of Old Hep . . *He waded bravely ashore, his typewriter in his teeth* . . . . . Harry F. Nye 89

TRENDS IN DRESS

Clothes and Accessories . . . *by* Ravitz, Fenton, Fellows and Murley, *beginning on* 104

EDITORIAL: Honor among the artists, or the tale of two gestures

A few weeks back we were sitting with George Jean Nathan at the corner table in New York's "21" Club which is Mr. Nathan's nearest approach to an office. At that table he has for a long time practiced the amiable habit of giving us a measurable refund of his own monthly Esquire check, in the form of food and drink, along with some of the best editorial ideas this magazine has ever had.

On this particular occasion we were discussing the merciless shellacking that Sinclair Lewis had recently dished out to Bernard DeVoto in the *Saturday Review of Literature.* Mr. DeVoto had regretted, in print, the desuetude of such words as "liar" and "fool" in our contemporary criticism of arts and letters, and Mr. Lewis had promptly applied both of these words, fulsomely amplified, to Mr. DeVoto.

Thinking of this, and remembering another occasion when Sinclair Lewis called Theodore Dreiser a liar, we said that Lewis, whom we had never met, must be a very disagreeable guy, impulsive, ill-tempered, ill-mannered and a completely misanthropic sorehead.

"Oh, but he isn't, at all," said Mr. Nathan, "he's a nice fellow, and generous to a fault."

"Sure," said Carl, the literary waiter, "remember his Nobel Prize speech, when he pushed forward the claims to fame of all those other American writers, and minimized himself."

"Carl, as usual," said Mr. Nathan, "is quite right. Red Lewis got up there before that Nobel Prize Committee, who had never shown any previous awareness of American writers more recent than James Fenimore Cooper, and reminded them publicly of the giant stature of fellows like Dreiser, yes, Dreiser whom he had damned in private . . ."

"They had that very sophomoric fight *afterwards*, I think," said Carl.

"Carl is annoyingly right, this time, but it doesn't alter my point because I have a much more recent instance to cite."

"The National Institute dinner just the other night," prompted Carl.

"Precisely," Mr. Nathan went on. "Just the other night when Bernard DeVoto's name came before the Institute of Arts and Letters, Red Lewis spoke up for him, even though he had picked him to pieces in print a few weeks before. Red's a nice fellow, generous and forgiving, yet entirely unfooled."

"He is 'completely honest, however indiscreet'," murmured Carl.

"What's that?" demanded Mr. Nathan sharply, as if Carl might have slipped some sarsaparilla into his Cutty Sark.

"I was only quoting from his Nobel Prize Address," said Carl, coloring, "delivered in Stockholm, December 12, 1930."

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Nathan, "yes, of course. Do you remember any more of it?"

"Only about the 'high and exciting promises in present-day American literature' and how he called Mr. Hemingway 'a bitter youth whose home is in the whole of life,' and how he spoke of the way Mr. Faulkner had 'freed the South from hoop skirts'."

"Memorable phrases, of course," said Mr. Nathan, "but you disappoint me, Carl. Don't you remember how he prefaced that portion by saying, 'There are young Americans today who are doing such passionate and authentic work that it makes me sick that I am a little too old to be one of them'?"

"No, Mr. Nathan, I don't," said Carl, "perhaps because I do not believe that either you or Mr. Lewis will ever be too old for—for anything."

Mollified but not entirely appeased, Mr. Nathan kept on: "Carl, you couldn't have forgotten the way he ended that portion, saying 'I salute them, with a joy in being not yet too far removed from their determination to give to America that has mountains and endless prairies, enormous cities and lost far cabins, billions of money and tons of faith, to an America that is as strange as Russia and as complex as China, a literature worthy of her vastness."

"My memory is nothing compared to yours, Mr. Nathan," said Carl, completely abashed. "Some more Cutty Sark, perhaps, and Irish with plain water for the gentleman?"

"Carl is right, of course," said Mr. Nathan as soon as the waiter had left, "for our present purposes, that one sentence he remembered, about 'certain high and exciting promises in present-day American literature' is worth all that purple patch I topped him with, but I couldn't very well let him outquote me, could I?"

"But what is our present purpose?"

"I'm coming to that. Carl just gave me an idea. Why not get Sinclair Lewis to explore those 'high and exciting promises', every month, regularly, in the pages of Esquire? He's never written for you, I believe, though that seems odd when I recall Mencken's testimony in the Post Office case to the effect that every American writer of consequence, from Dreiser on down, has written for Esquire. He must be the exception that proves the rule."

By this time, we were getting a little tired of being quoted at, and decided to quote back: "As Mencken said, once in your own old *Smart Set* days, the authors of mediocre stuff always turn out to be charming guys, while the authors you most admire invariably turn out upon personal acquaintance to be terrible patoots."

"Menck had a point," said the imperturbable George Jean, "you couldn't stand *me*, remember, when I first began writing for the magazine, away back in '34? But are you trying to say you think Red Lewis writes mediocre stuff, or that he's one of the authors you most admire?"

"Oh, the latter, obviously. He's one of the few, if not the only, true world figures that our literature has produced. Why there's hardly a literate man alive who hasn't sometime had occasion to use the words Babbitt and Main Street in a sense that has been given them by Sinclair Lewis . . ."

"That's what Albert Guérard said in *Literature and Society.* (Good book by the way; book you ought to read). He pointed out that Sinclair Lewis, like Goethe and like Shakespeare, had created characters so universally compelling that they achieve the status of *floating* literature. He said that scholars in distant ages will dispute whether Babbitt was a historical character or a solar myth, and whether there ever was an actual book by that name or, if the book itself survives, whether the text may not merely be a late version of the popular Babbitt Saga or Cycle. In other words, he says that Babbitt belongs to the ages. He goes on to say that if Shakespeare were to take a Shakespeare course in one of our colleges he would be astounded at the profundity of his own Hamlet, and that as a matter of fact Hamlet is no longer his own; by now it belongs to innumerable scholars, poets and philosophers. Similarly, Sinclair Lewis . . ."

"Look, we're sold. Where do we sign? It would be wonderful to have Sinclair Lewis write for us, it would be terrific—but how do we get him?"

"Well, money alone won't do it. There isn't money enough in the world, let alone in your coffers, to get Sinclair Lewis to write something that doesn't interest him, or to write for a magazine he doesn't believe in, or at least respect. But if there's an idea that excites his interest—if you can get him to *want* to do something for you, then it ought to be easy."

"And you have the idea?"

"Yes. It's the thing that was uppermost in his mind when he made that great Nobel Prize speech—it's the thing that I think still interests him most—you have to remember, or take my word for it, that he's basically a bighearted and generous fellow—and that's the chance to accord recognition to young writers of promise, to get up and proclaim, in the Biblical manner, from the housetops, that So and So, whom you may barely have heard of, is one of the great, or at least fine, writers of tomorrow. If I know Red Lewis, and I think I do, that'll get him."

It got him. Later, at that same corner table in "21," Lewis rose to the idea and examined it, like a wise old tarpon eyeing a bait.

"I get out there," he said, "once a month, on the limb that you supply, and I make literary discoveries?"

"Or nominations," said Nathan, "like the old Nominations for the Hall of Fame that Condé used to have in *Vanity Fair.*"

"Or predictions," we said.

"I get it. I discover, or I appraise and evaluate, Dos Passos after *Three Soldiers* and before *Manhattan Transfer*, or Hemingway after *The Sun Also Rises* and before *A Farewell to Arms.*"

"Exactly," said Mr. Nathan.

"Or yourself after *Main Street* and before *Babbitt*," said we.

"Or by the same token, some month I might stand up and discover that So and So, whom everybody admires too much for too little reason, is a Son-of-a-Such."

"Why not?" asked Mr. Nathan. "In terms of the theatre I do that right along."

"Sure," we added. "After all, Esquire is spending a good deal of its time and money fighting for the freedom of the press."

"I think I'll do it," said Sinclair Lewis. "In fact, I know I'll do it. There are people I'm itching to discover." He named a couple. "But I can't even think about it before April 1st. I've got sixty thousand words left to go on a book script, got to make a final copy of the script and that's a job I save for myself; can't trust anybody else to do that typing because nobody else would make the changes that I will make if I force myself to do the typing."

"We'll wait for you," said we, "only we'd like to announce it meanwhile."

"You can announce it whenever you like. Could you drop me off on your way uptown?"

Outside, in a cab, came the big question. "What about the money on this?"

Well, now just what *do* you offer to a Nobel Prize winner? "Glad you brought that up," we temporized, "because there's a peculiar situation on our book. We're honor bound, and have been from the start, to pay nobody any more, for any regular departmental feature, than we pay George Jean Nathan. Now frankly, at least as long as this present magazine boom lasts, we can afford to pay more, but Nathan's apparently in a peculiar position himself, either that or he's a peculiar sort of guy, because he just hasn't seemed to want a raise lately, and—"

"How much does he get?"

Pinned down, we named the figure. It had always seemed pretty impressive to us, in the past, but now, somehow, it seemed to shrink as the seconds went by.

"Well, I'll think about it and call you. If you'll be at the Stork Club later, I'll call you there."

Back at the Stork Club we caught up with Mr. Nathan again, and told him of the talk we had had with Mr. Lewis on the matter of money.

"Botched," said Mr. Nathan, protruding his lower lip, "thoroughly, soundly, hopelessly, irretrievably botched. And after I thought I had it all fixed up for you, too. What does Sinclair Lewis care what I get? What does anybody care? What'd you have to bring that up for? He'll never do it, never. The only thing to do when he calls back—if he calls back, which he well might not—well, anyway, the only thing left to do is to tell him that I'm willing to contribute the raise that I would have to get, to keep parity with the Lewis price, in order to enable you to go up high enough to meet his figure."

"How's that again?"

With the resigned air of one testifying before a Congressional Committee, Nathan explained, slowly, that in order to get Sinclair Lewis to write regularly for Esquire, we could waive the parity aspect of his own arrangement, and give Lewis all the extra money that might be involved, however much it might be. In other words, instead of X dollars more to himself, in order to give X dollars more to Sinclair Lewis, it could all go as sweetener to the latter's price.

(Anyone who has ever dealt with authors, artists, or their agents, will find it hard to blame us for having had difficulty in comprehending such an unusual gesture).

While we were still trying to figure it out, the waiter brought a phone to the table. "Hello," it said, "this is Red Lewis. Look, I've been thinking about what you told me in the cab on our way uptown, about your arrangement with George Nathan. He's the foremost man in his field, and I think you're entirely right to make his price your ceiling as the top price you pay any of your regular department editors. Who do you think this Sinclair Lewis is, to offer him any more money than you're paying the world's leading drama critic, who has been writing about the theatre for you for month after month and year after year? George is the fellow who has the right to determine how much that job should be worth, and he's apparently determined it to his own satisfaction. I'm proud to be his colleague, and I suppose any time he wants a raise I'll take one, too. Who am I to say that what's good enough for George Jean Nathan isn't good enough for me? So let's not talk about the money anymore. Anyway, I don't believe we write for money, particularly. I'm going to do this because I like the idea; it's something I want to do, something I almost feel I ought to do. And I'm going to do it a little sooner than I thought I could, because I've been thinking of some of the fellows I want to write about and I hate to wait longer than I have to. There's this young Wallace Stegner, for instance, or Feike Feikema, and—oh, well, there are a lot of them—so I'm going to get my first copy in to you by March fifteenth. All right? And—here's hoping we have fun together."

"I'm sure we will," we said. "And how do you want us to announce it?"

"Oh, announce it just as you like."

So we did. First, then and there, to George Jean Nathan in the Stork Club. And now, as soon as possible thereafter, to you.

An Announcement to the Readers of Esquire
by Sinclair Lewis

Esquire has asked me to undertake a somewhat different coverage of the subject of books. In its pages, beginning with the June issue, I shall undertake not coverage in the form of tardy reviews of the routine run of books without end, but selective criticism, endeavoring to give attention to authors whom I deem to be of special significance or promise. The aim of this department, then, to follow the text that Esquire has set for my sermons, is to consider certain trends, certain dangers, and certain exciting promises in present-day American literature; to discuss this with unguarded frankness; and not to insult you by being otherwise than completely honest, however indiscreet.

Sinclair Lewis

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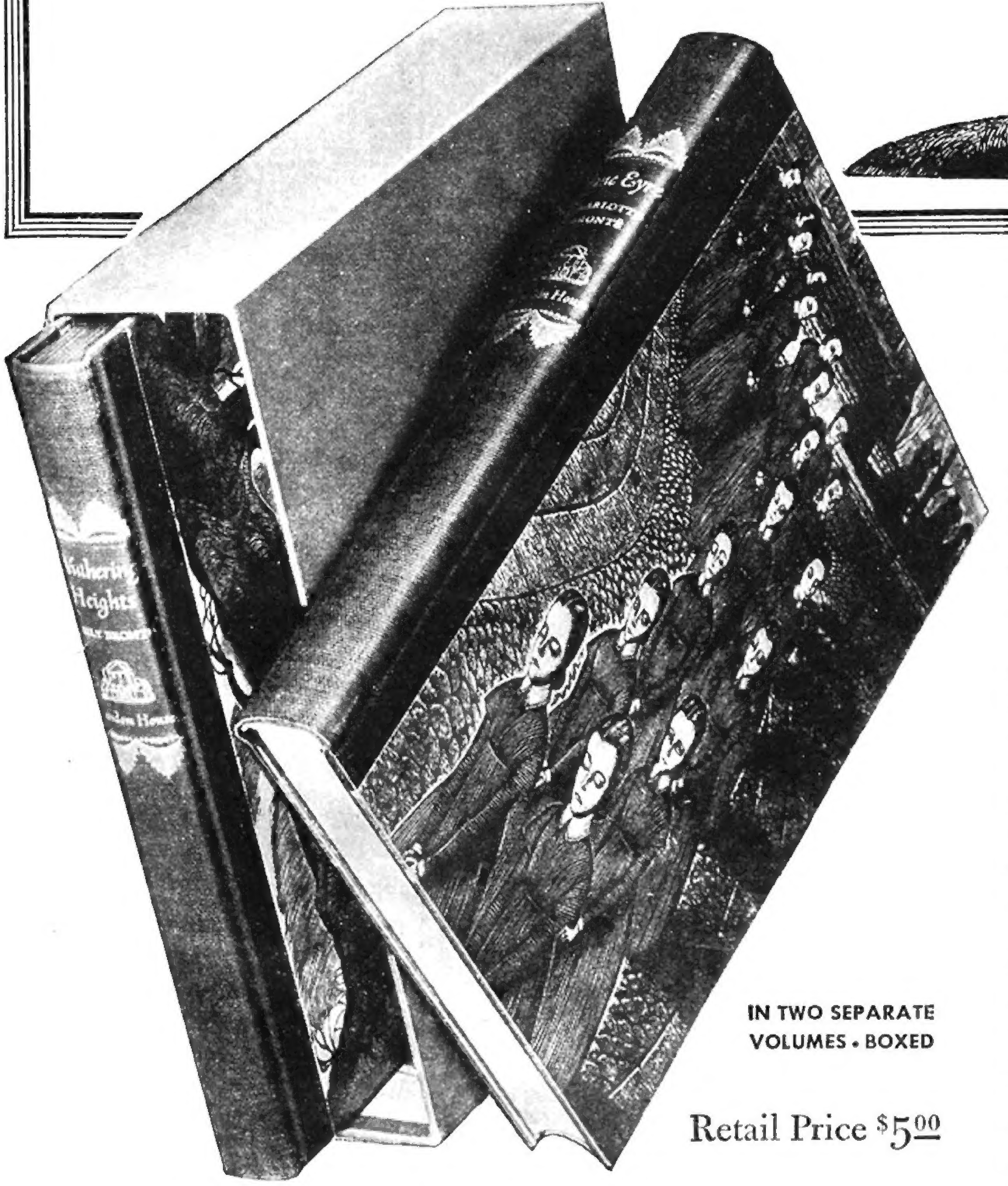

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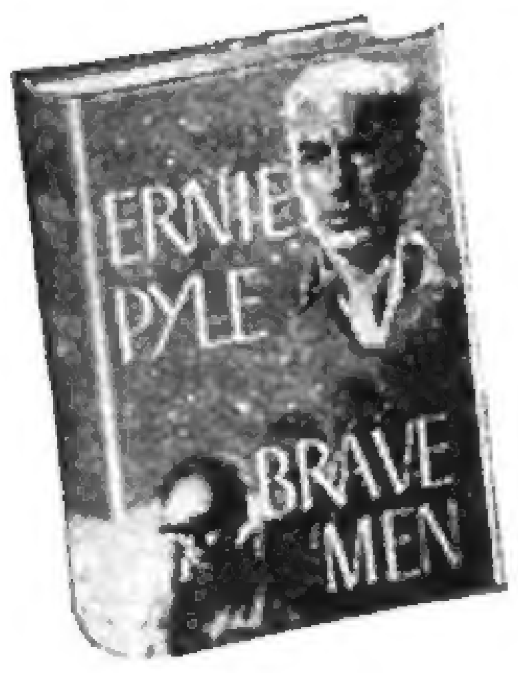

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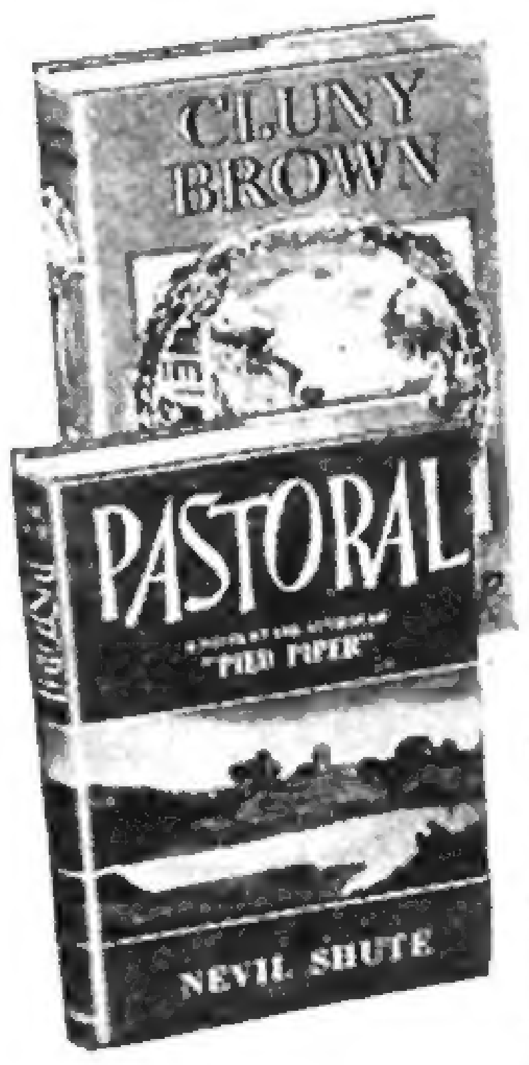

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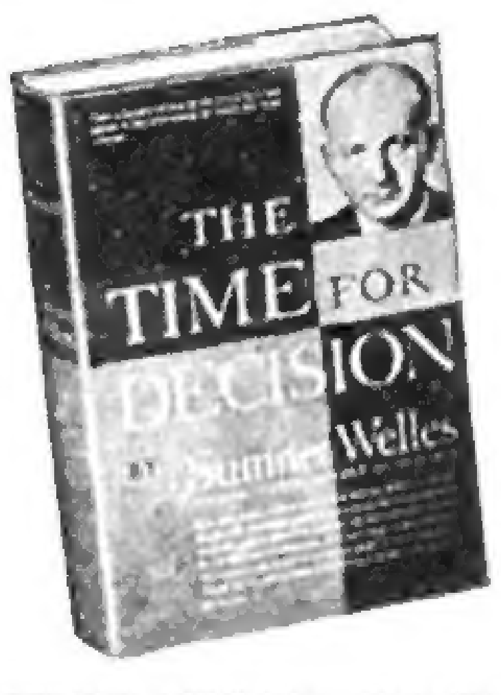

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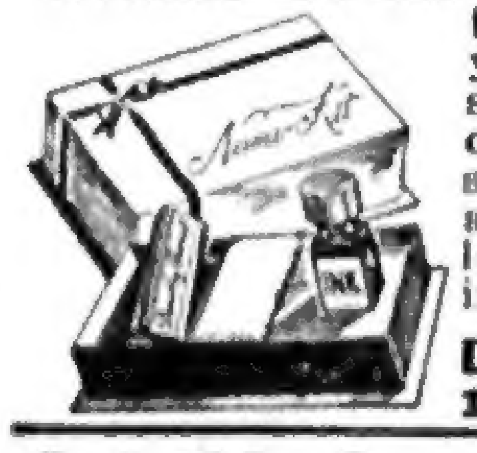

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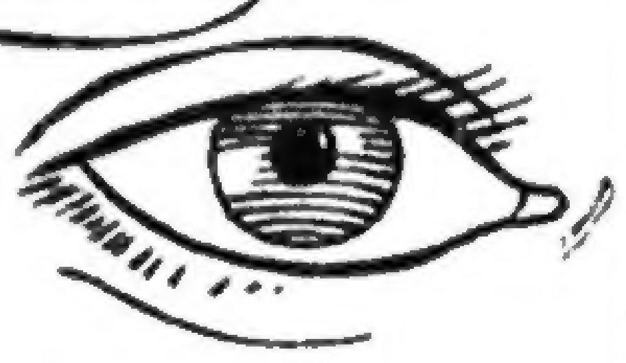

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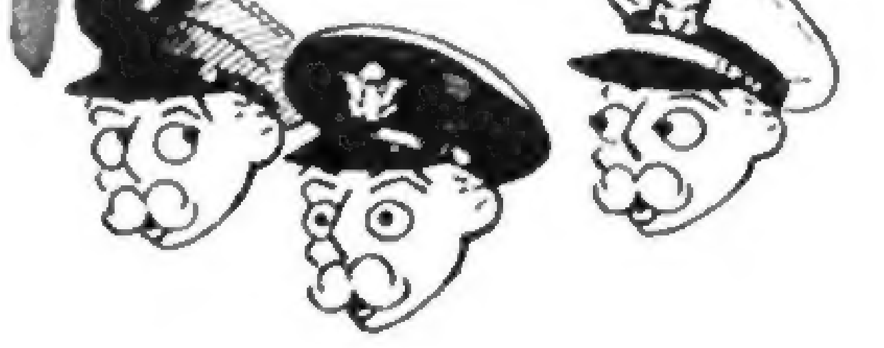
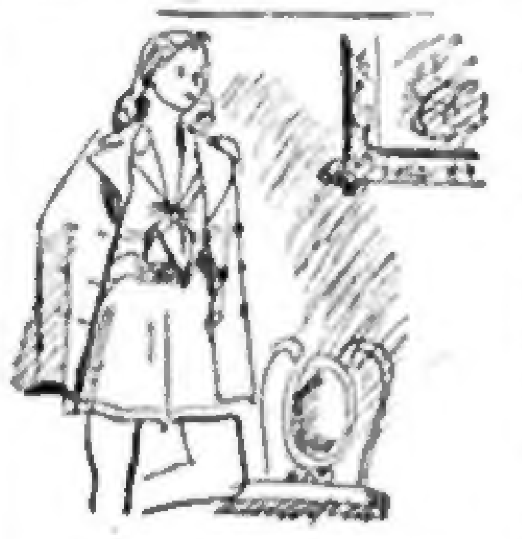
Talking Shop with Esquire



STRICTLY NON—G. I. Here it is fellows, by popular request . . . a shopping page just for Uncle Sam's Service Men. Every month you'll find here items current and choice . . . catering to the outer and inner man, gifts for those on the home front, various bits of advice and information. Write to us, tell us what you'd like to buy . . . what sort of dope you want to hear. RANGER, at your service.

SHAMELESS. Hollywood comes out with a new concentrated cologne called "Shameless" . . . one of the heavy, exotic "come hither" odors. Inexpensive, too. Another bit of be-witchery is a new perfume called "Enigma" . . . " a piquant, coaxing aroma" unquote. And as all gals aren't "ready-Hedys" . . . there's a lovely perfume called "Brocade", a brew of dewy fresh garden scents for demure and charming ladies.



PAJAMBOREES. Planning a brief honeymoon or coming home to the spouse for a furlough? You'll get a kick out of dressing (or visa versa) her up in a pajamboree set. The whole outfit, of five separate pieces, comes in a single "sleep-package" . . . and you get assorted items in gleaming rayon satin. To wit: a bra plus shorts in powder blue; a short, doublebreasted jacket in cherry red, and white satin pajamas. Pajamborees double for sleeping, lounging or for playtogs.

FOR FURLOUGH FACES. It's alright to *be* and look rugged, fellows, but your little dreamboat will like you much better if you start getting the face in kissable condition before you come home. Try the new wonder-oil. A shaving aid and skin smoother, it helps avoid soreness and roughness of the skin frequently caused by careless shaving; also makes your skin smoother, cleaner and (shush) SOFTER!

EGG SHAMPOO. Might as well get your hair in condition, too. Laugh if you will at the thought of being conked with an egg . . . but hair specialists will tell you eggs are tops for giving lustre, body and healthy texture to the hair. This new bottled shampoo is a concentrated liquid containing real egg (dehydrated), olive oil and a coupla secret ingredients. Does a first-rate cleaning job, too.

Ranger

SERVICE MEN: THIS IS YOUR PAGE

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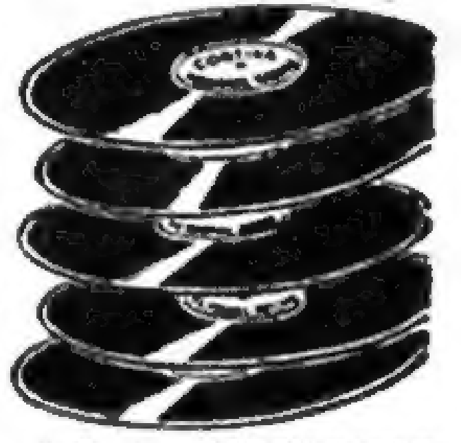

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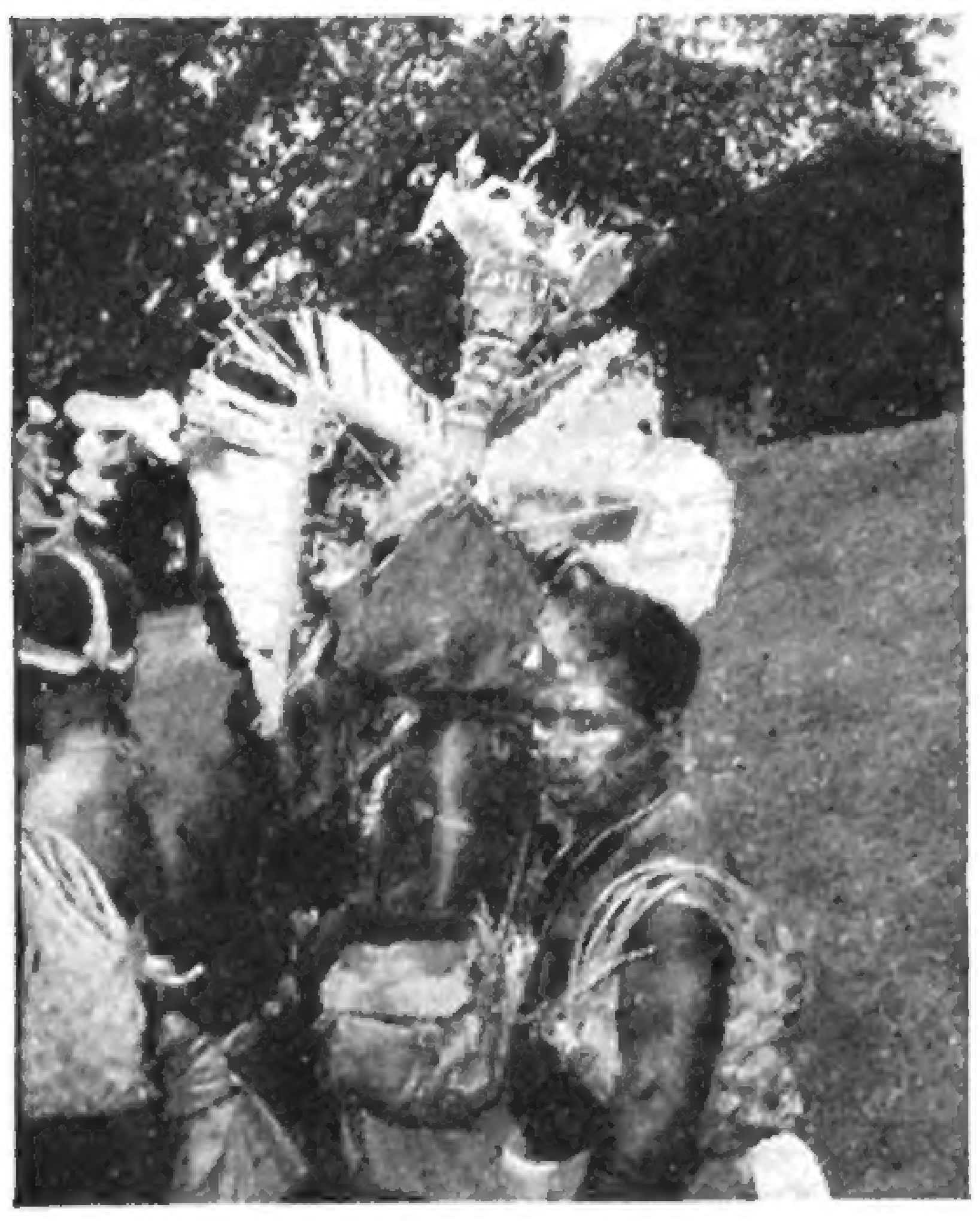
THE SOUND AND THE FURY

A MEDICINE MAN FOR YOUR BLUES

It seems Esquire is to be found the world over, even in the jungles of New Guinea, thousands of miles from home. I am submitting a photograph showing the unusual place I encountered "Esquire."



At a native "Sing-Sing" I found one of the dancers wearing an elaborate headdress with an "Esky" cover as a centerpiece. The cloth covering over the head is a discarded G.I. barracks bag. No doubt this combination could be termed the latest in native headgear.

I trust this photo will be of interest to you.

Sincerely yours,
GLENN L. BERKEY
Technician Fourth Grade
(Overseas)

HOME THOUGHTS FROM ABROAD

For a long time I've been reading articles pertaining to Jazz, lists of famous hot records, reminiscences of famous "kicks," etc., in your intellectually stimulating magazine . . . And now the time has come for me to throw in my two cents . . .

This I shall try to do by means of the tried-and-true Socratic method of asking questions. To wit:

1. Why do Esquire's exponents of the real and righteous insist upon confusing Jazz with Swing? Isn't Jazz polyrhythmic music based upon four part ensemble—freely improvised? Is it not true that these four parts—freely improvised—consist of first and second melody (trumpets), obligato (clarinet), and counterpoint (trombone), played by one instrument each—with rhythm section, of course? And on the other hand; does not "swing" consist of highly arranged sections of brass and reeds alternating with each other as backgrounds for powerful rhythmic phrases (i.e., "riffs")? . . . Or, as the case may be, is swing not merely a series of solos—improvised and original, but with a crowded, arranged, sectional background? . . .

2. Why do aforementioned connoisseurs insist upon maintaining that the Chicago and New York (white) styles are the real Jazz, when it's perfectly obvious that New Orleans was—and is—the birthplace of the true "stuff"? Witness Oliver, Bunk Johnson, Morton, Armstrong . . .

Please do not misconstrue the meanings of the above questions, nor misinterpret my intentions. . . . Good swing, such as exemplified by B. G. in '36, T. D. in '36, A. Shaw in '36, and various other big bands, trios, quartets, sextets, etc.—is fine stuff indeed. But it is not "Jazz"! And as for popular, commercial, schmaltzy songs—and said songs' respective orchestral arrangements, with cute, "curly-hair" boys, chirpies, diamond-studded bandstands and other stupid effects of showmanship—words fail me . . .!

Good swing can be heard almost any place where spirited musicians are to be found—in the flesh and on records. But, contrary to what Feather and Goffin say, good Jazz exists largely on records. The only true Jazz I ever heard off the record was that of Lu Watters in San Francisco, and Brad Gowans & Co. in New York. (The former by far superior) . . .

Among my records I consider these the finest:

"Canal St. Blues" "Snake Rag" "Weatherbird Rag"	King Oliver
"Doctor Jazz" "Cannonball Blues"	Jelly-Roll
"Dallas Blues"	—Ted Lewis
"Cakewalkin' Babies"	—Clarence Williams
"Muskrat Ramble" "Potatohead Blues"	Louis Armstrong
"Panama" "Down By The River"	Bunk Johnson
"Irish Black Bottom" "Maple Leaf Rag"	Lu Watters
"Riverboat Shuffle" "That Da Da Strain"	Muggsy Spanier

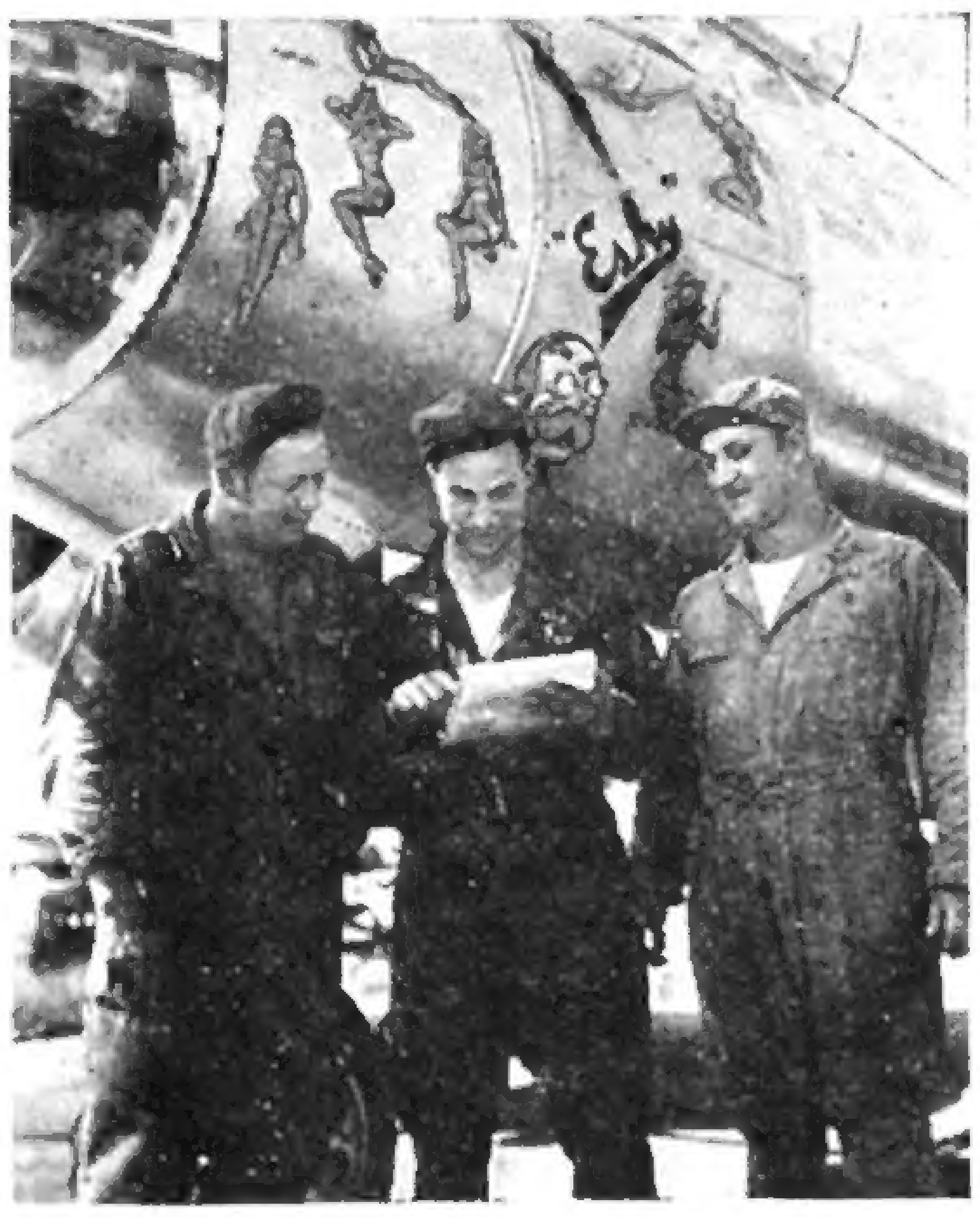
etc., etc., etc.

Get the idea? . . . Keep up the good work.

Sincerely,
France MOLDY FIG

VARGA GIRL'S NEW FRONT

Mechanics on the Ninth Air Force B-26 Marauder "Esky" are shown in the accompanying snapshot beside the nose of their twin-engined bomber which they tastefully decorated with cut-out Varga drawings. They are, left to right, Sergeant Leslie A. Morehead, of Greene, N. Y., Technical Sergeant Steve Pavlik, of Ambridge, Pa., and Sergeant Angelo A. Santo, of Weedville, Pa. They are members of "The Annihilators," pioneer Ninth Air Force Marauder group in the European Theater of Operations, and the first American bombardment group in this theater to bomb enemy targets in force at night.

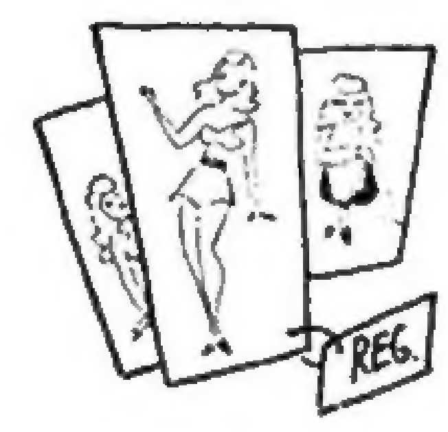


The pin-ups were put on the sleek, twin-engined bomber with special waterproof dope during odd moments while the mechanics waited for the signal to start the engines of their Marauder for another crack at the Nazis. Operating in support of ground troops in Western Europe, Esky has attacked such targets as bridges, gun positions, fuel and ammunition dumps and troop concentrations. Millions of surrender leaflets showered down on besieged Germans, have also been dropped with good effect by this bomber.

CAPTAIN JOHN SMYTHE
European Theater of Operations

STIR CRAZY

I am but a humble servant of His Majesty King George VII. After 5½ years of service it has become my unhappy lot to guard German Prisoners of War, but only recently I had the good fortune to escort P.O.W. to your country, for which I am sure you cannot thank me. However whilst on my first, last and only voyage escort duty, I was, together with 320 of my men, unable to get ashore in New York during our 3½ days stay. We spent these 3½ days on board. Notwithstanding our misfortune, I was able to obtain through one of the ship's crew, a copy of your January 1944 issue (Service Copy), this copy full of excellent studies of "pin-up" girls and Varga efforts, both artistic and promising, has been whisked away from my bedside by some person or persons unknown. I have now no concrete memories of my visit to U.S.A.



We have now become a very static P.O.W. Camp in a very remote and cold part of Scotland, situated 16 miles from a town of any size; life, in consequence, is somewhat, if not completely, nonexistent. I would ask very sincerely if you could see your way clear to send me at least in duplicate, for "pin-up" purposes some of the studies and drawings from your various issues. I need hardly mention that these will be pinned up in our mess, anteroom and quarters with great ceremony, and will assist us to be more tolerant of our position.

Should you be able to grant my request, may I ask if you will have the package *"registered"* as a security against interception before they are delivered.

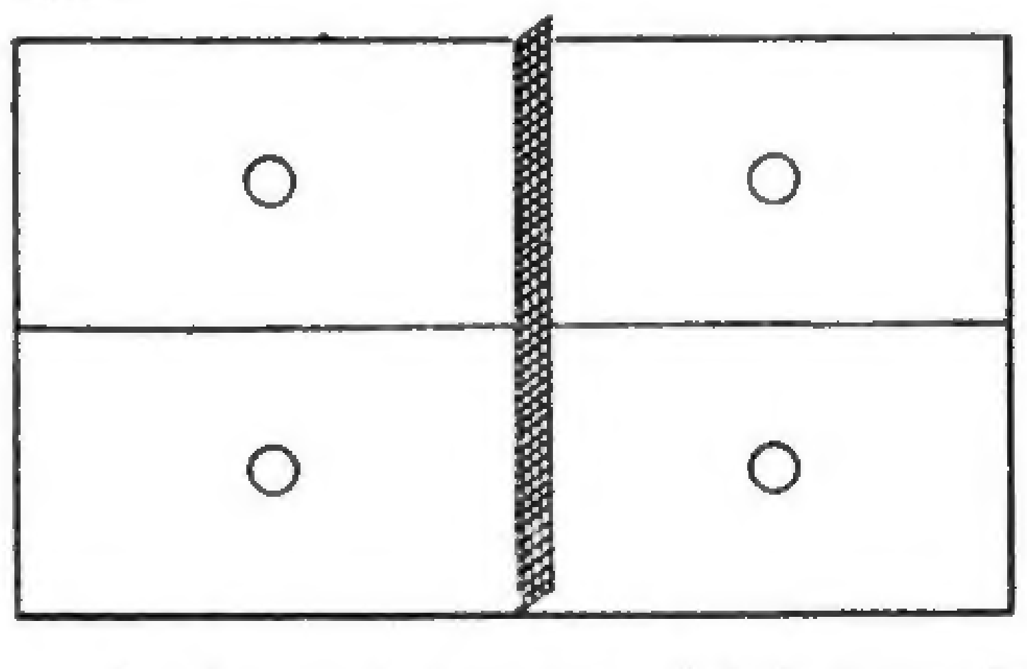
Yours faithfully,
LT. C. E. J. LAMBERT, K.R.R.C.
East Lothian, England

GAME FOR MUDDLED (NOT MIXED) DOUBLES

Some of your less isolated readers might be interested in our new game, but primarily we hope this description will reach men in other war theaters who want to keep time on the move. It is Drink-Pong, and is played not for money, but for its excellent effect on morale—particularly on the spectators.

Very roughly the play follows the rules of ordinary ping-pong doubles, that is, it's played on an ordinary ping-pong table, with two two-man teams staggering around. The following are the differences from the more sedate game:

> In the middle of each half of each court is a full glass (milk or ginger ale might be used, of course, but we find somewhat stronger beverages preferable—our favorite mix is equal parts of unsweetened grapefruit juice and pure grain alcohol). There are 4, 6, or 8 drinks to a glass, depending on size of glass, players' capabilities, etc.



> A player takes one drink from his glass if it is hit by the ball in course of play.
>
> A player drains his glass if:
> the ball lands in it,
> he hits his own glass, or his partner hits it, or
> his team loses.

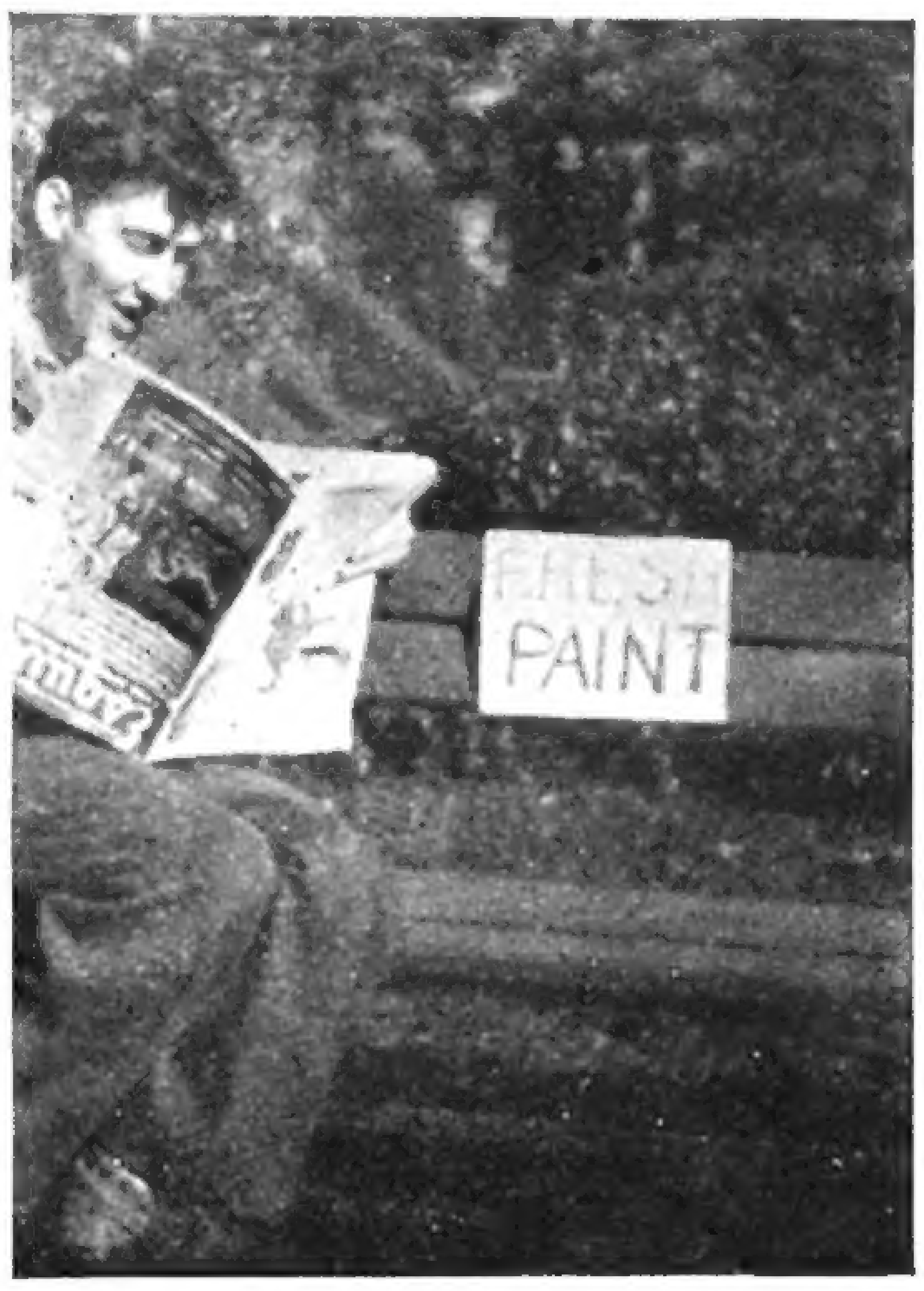
It is recommended that there be plenty of spectators, not so much to pick up the ball, as to pick up the players.

We don't know how this game would go in mixed company. If we had the mixed company we probably wouldn't have to play Drink-Pong.

J. H. NAGLER
(Overseas) Captain, M.C.

BUT WHY UPSIDE-DOWN?

I was a fine, upstanding young man a few months ago. Then I read Postmaster General Walker's description of Esquire in the public press and decided to buy a copy. The accompanying snapshot shows what Esquire did to me in only a few short months. I am sending it on and dare you to print it—so Mother's sons may be warned!



I wish for you especially to note my sallow, sunken cheeks, my protuberant ears, my bobby sock rumpled around the ankle in that devil-may-care way—all of which are unmistakable signs of living loose and fast. Fie on you, sir, for rusting my soul and eating my morals away!

NORMAN STONE
Washington, D. C.

IN DEFENSE OF THE KATZENJAMMERS

Being a combat soldier, I seldom get the wonderful opportunity of reading my favorite magazine, Esquire.

At the present time I'm in a hospital and, for the first time in months, saw the overseas edition of Esquire. I have just finished reading *This Man's World* (September, 1944 issue, page 82) by Paul Gallico. Never have I been more thoroughly disgusted than after reading Mr. Gallico's opinion of the comic strip, The Katzenjammer Kids.

What's the difference if the strip is in German dialect and about a German family. Most of the men, women and children who read the strip enjoy it. Granted, it's taken from a German publication, and is filled with a rather amusing form of brutality, but the American people, who aren't quite so narrow-minded, read it and, as I said before, rather enjoy it. It has been a favorite comic strip for quite a number of years and people don't seem to be tiring of it.

To Mr. Gallico, all I can say is that if you condemn a comic strip of German origin then you may as well condemn every American citizen of German descent, German music, etc. Also, if you don't like to read the Katzenjammer Kids, why don't you turn to another page. No one is forcing you to read it.

Sincerely yours,
P.F.C. NICHOLAS P. TRDINA
France

FOUR ROSES MANHATTAN

Pour 1 part sweet vermouth and 2 parts Four Roses Whiskey into shaker. Add a dash bitters. Stir well (don't shake) with cracked ice. Strain into cocktail glass containing cherry.

FOUR ROSES WHISKEY SOUR

Take juice ½ lemon, ½ teaspoon powdered sugar, and 1 jigger Four Roses Whiskey. Shake well with cracked ice, strain into glass, add a little carbonated water. Decorate with fruit.

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Four Roses is a blend of straight whiskies—90 proof.

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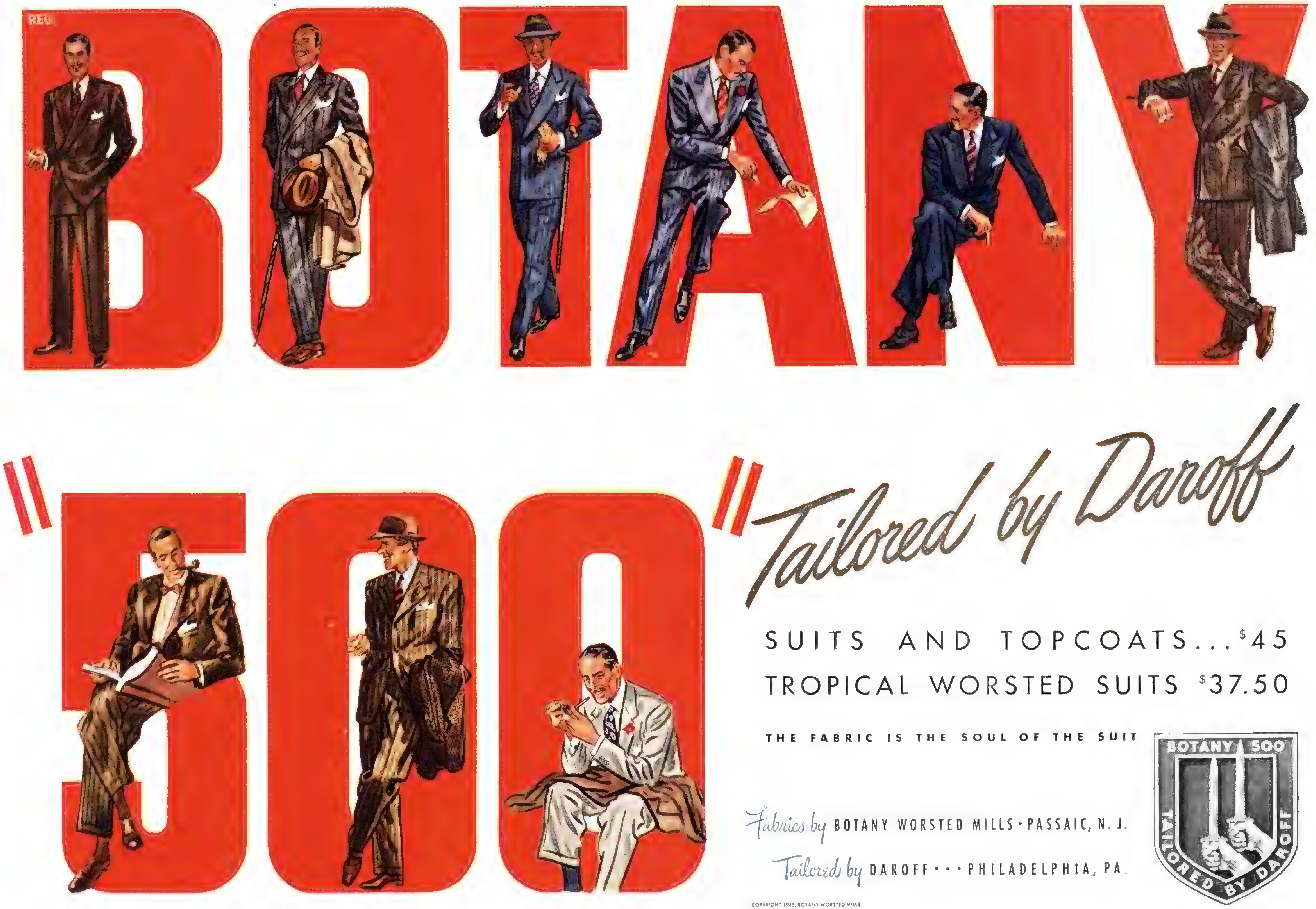
FOUR ROSES OLD FASHIONED

Muddle ½ lump of sugar, 2 dashes bitters, and a twist of lemon peel, with just enough water to dissolve the sugar, in Old Fashioned glass. Add ice cube, then pour in 1½ jiggers of Four Roses Whiskey, and stir with muddler.

FOUR ROSES HIGHBALL

Pour 1½ jiggers Four Roses Whiskey into tall glass. Add ice cubes. Fill with plain water or soda.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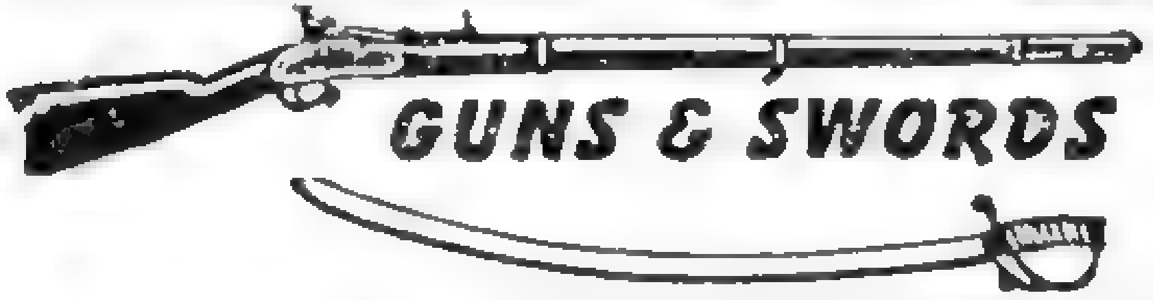

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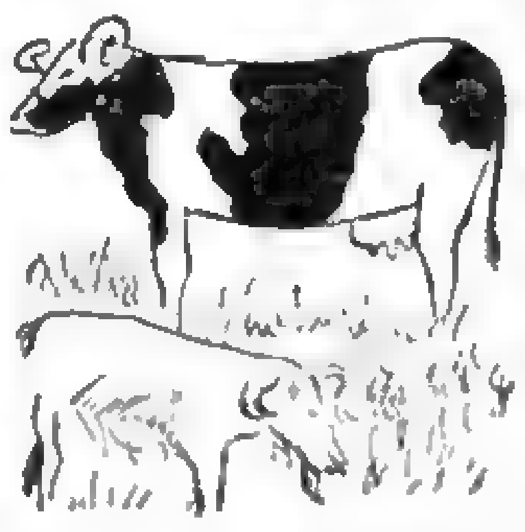

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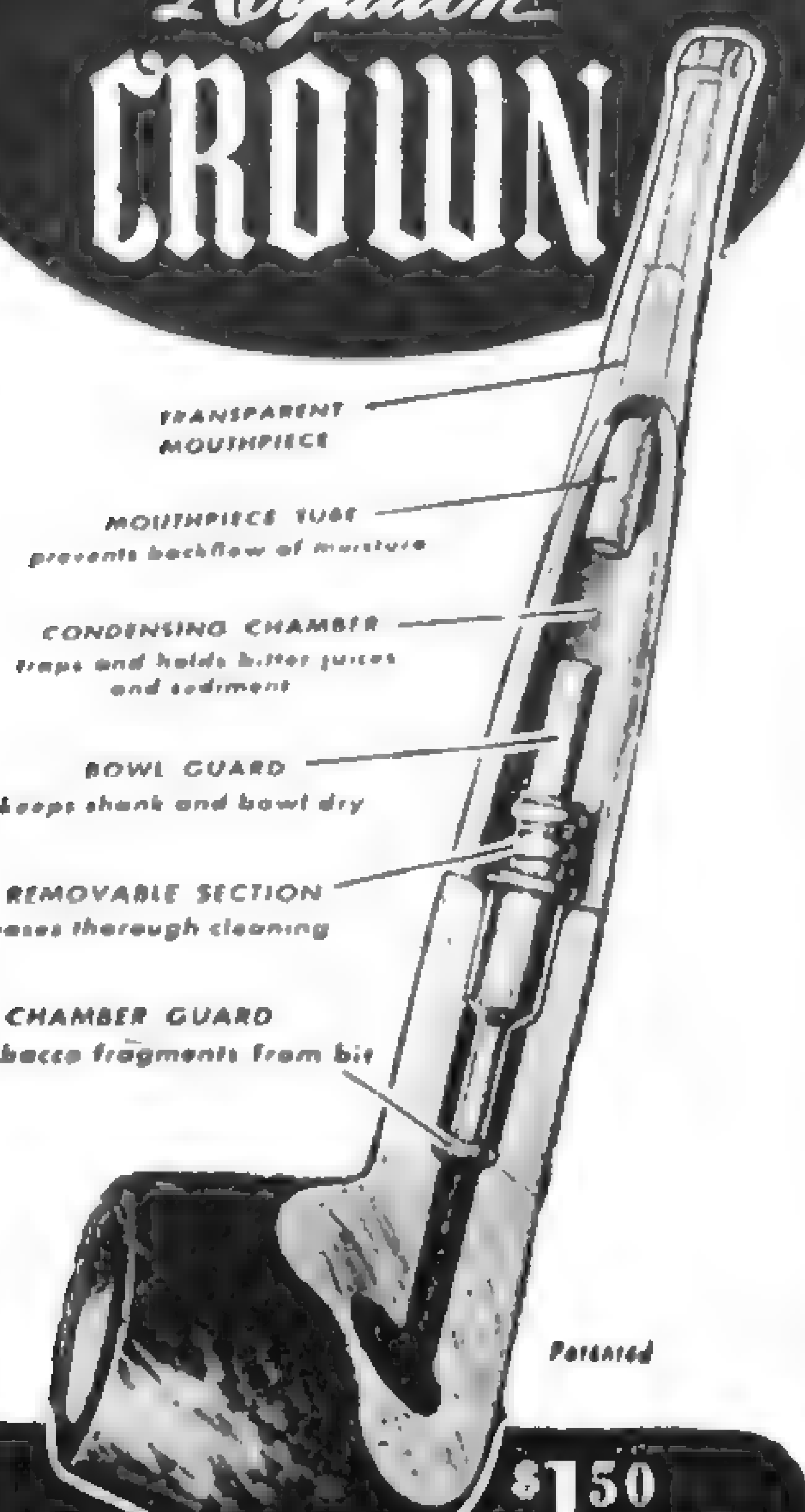
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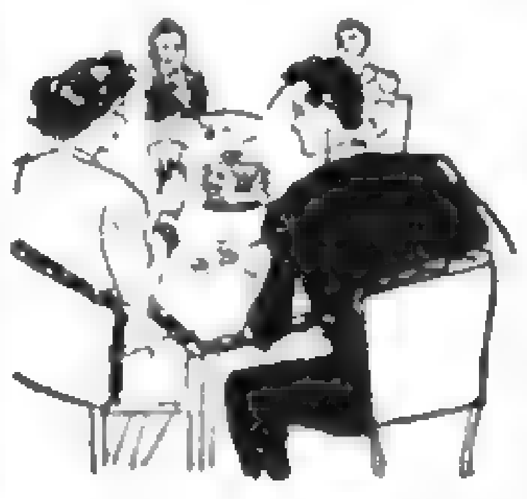

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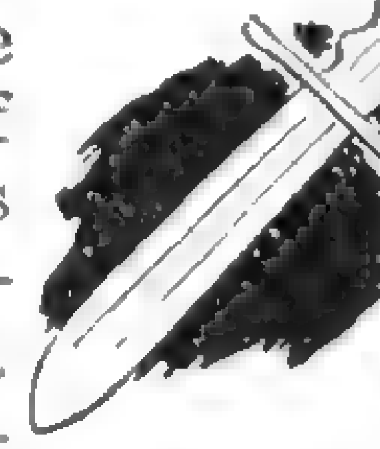

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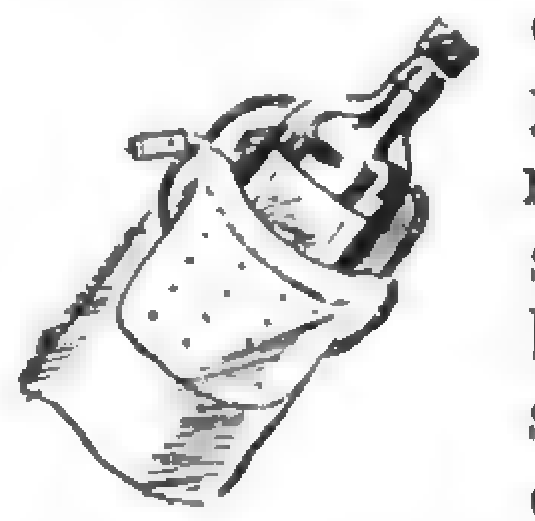

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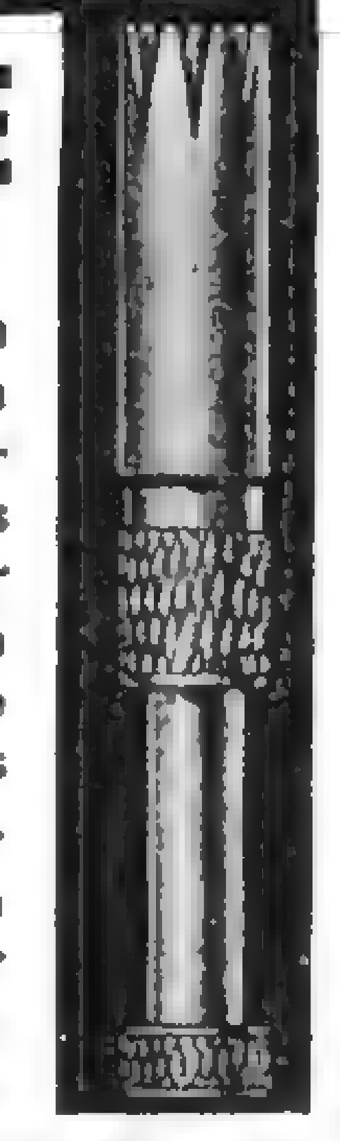

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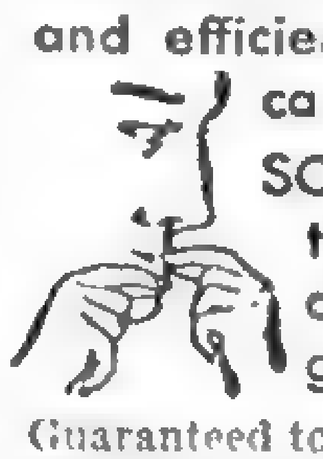

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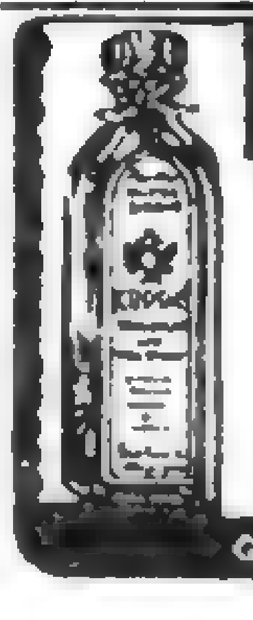

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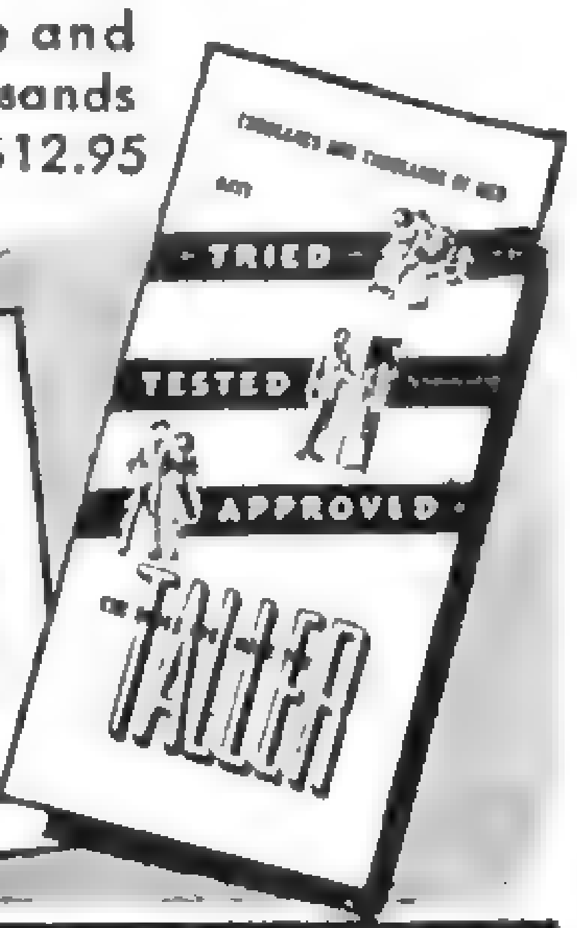

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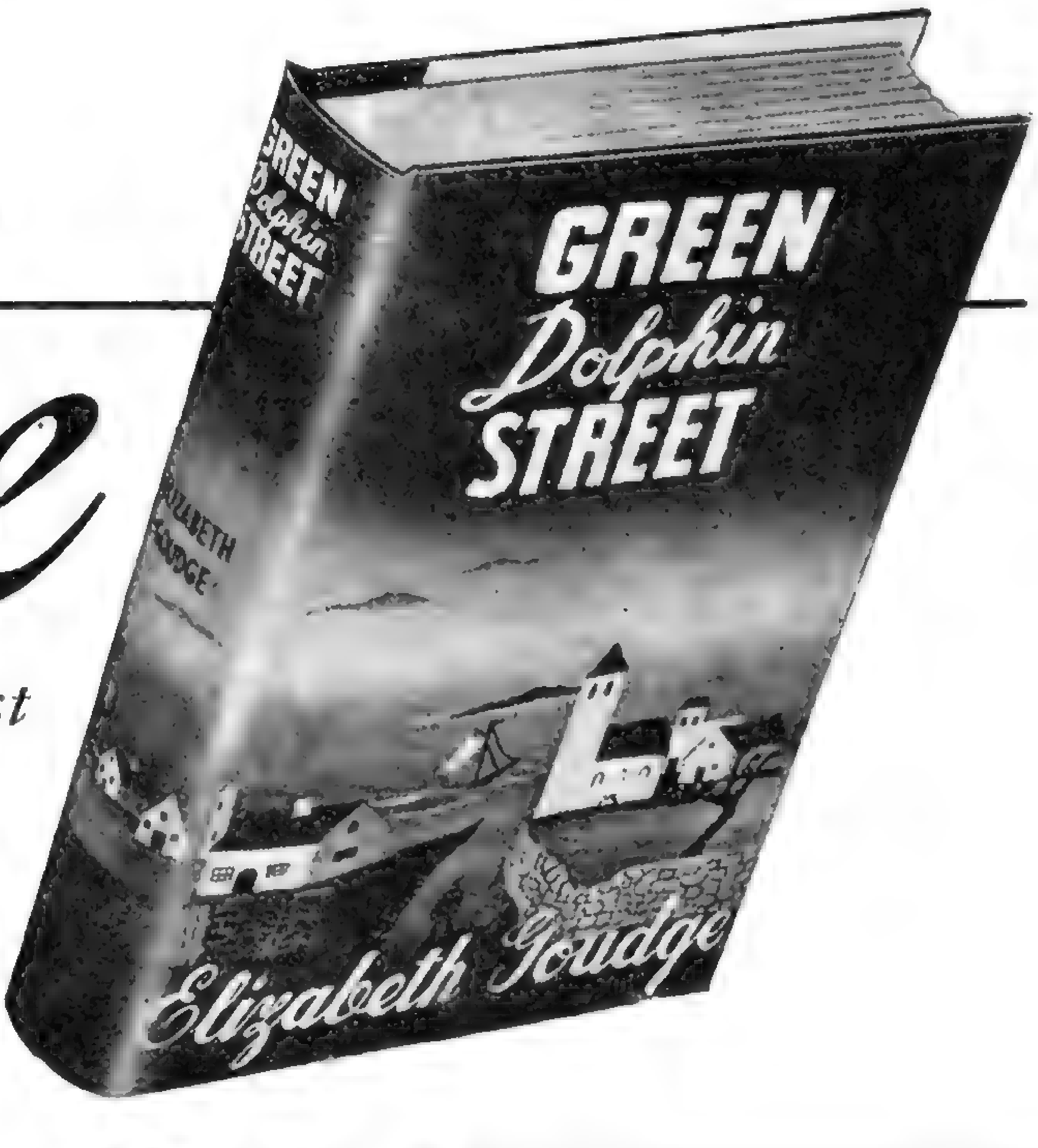

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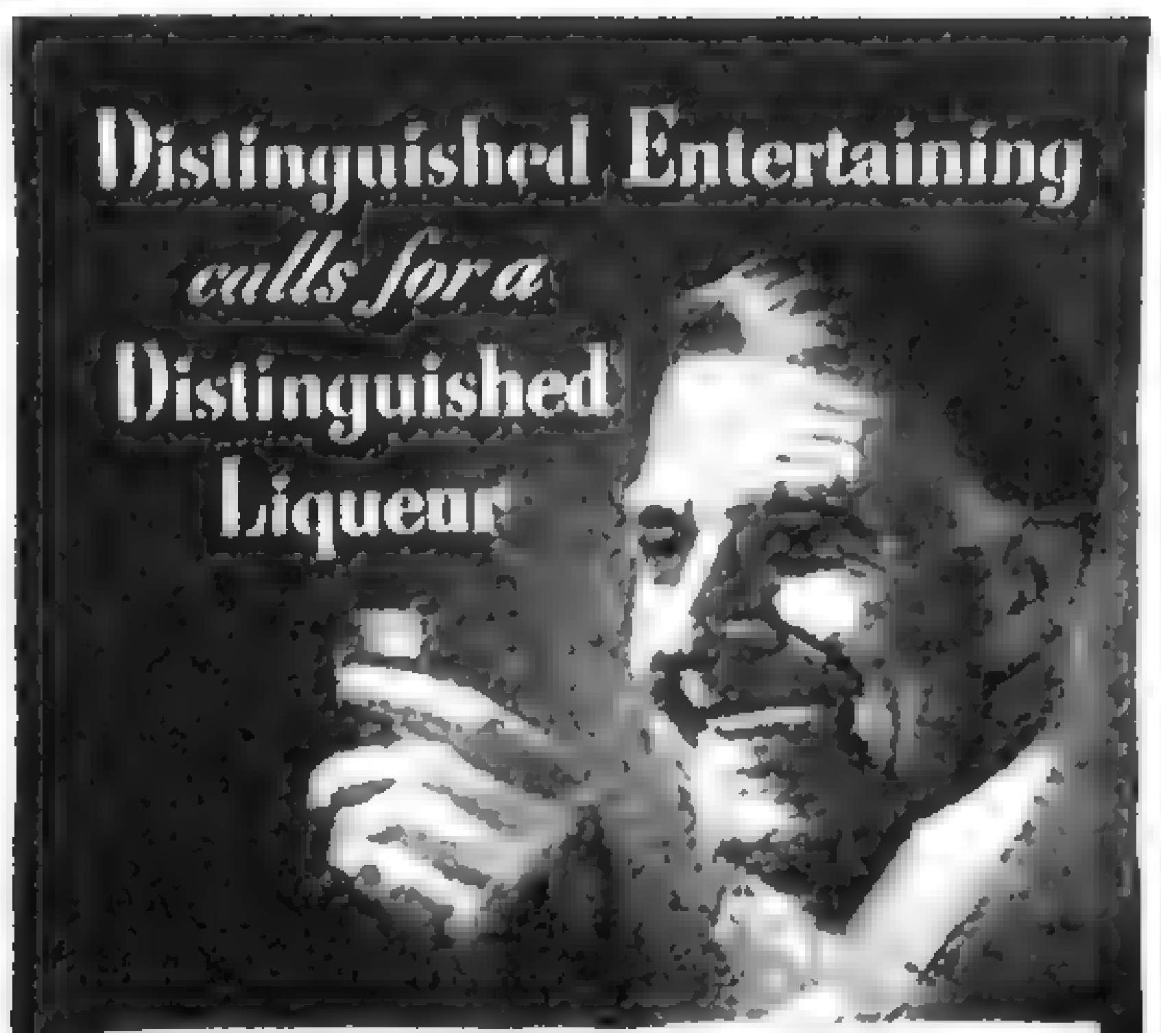
TARNISH PREVENTER. There's a new silver cloth which prevents silverware from tarnishing, provided it is securely wrapped in the folds of the cloth. Theory being that the cloth is impregnated with a silver compound which draws to itself the tarnishing agents in the air so they cannot reach the silver wrapped in the cloth. A pleasure . . . what with no domestic help available.

Ranger

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.



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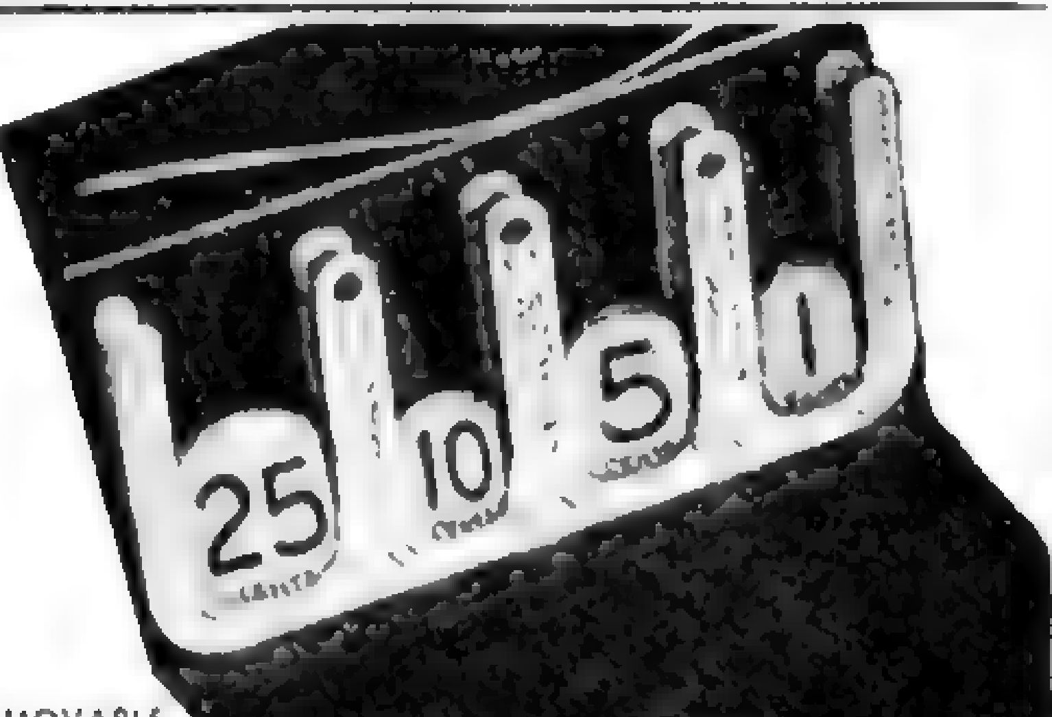

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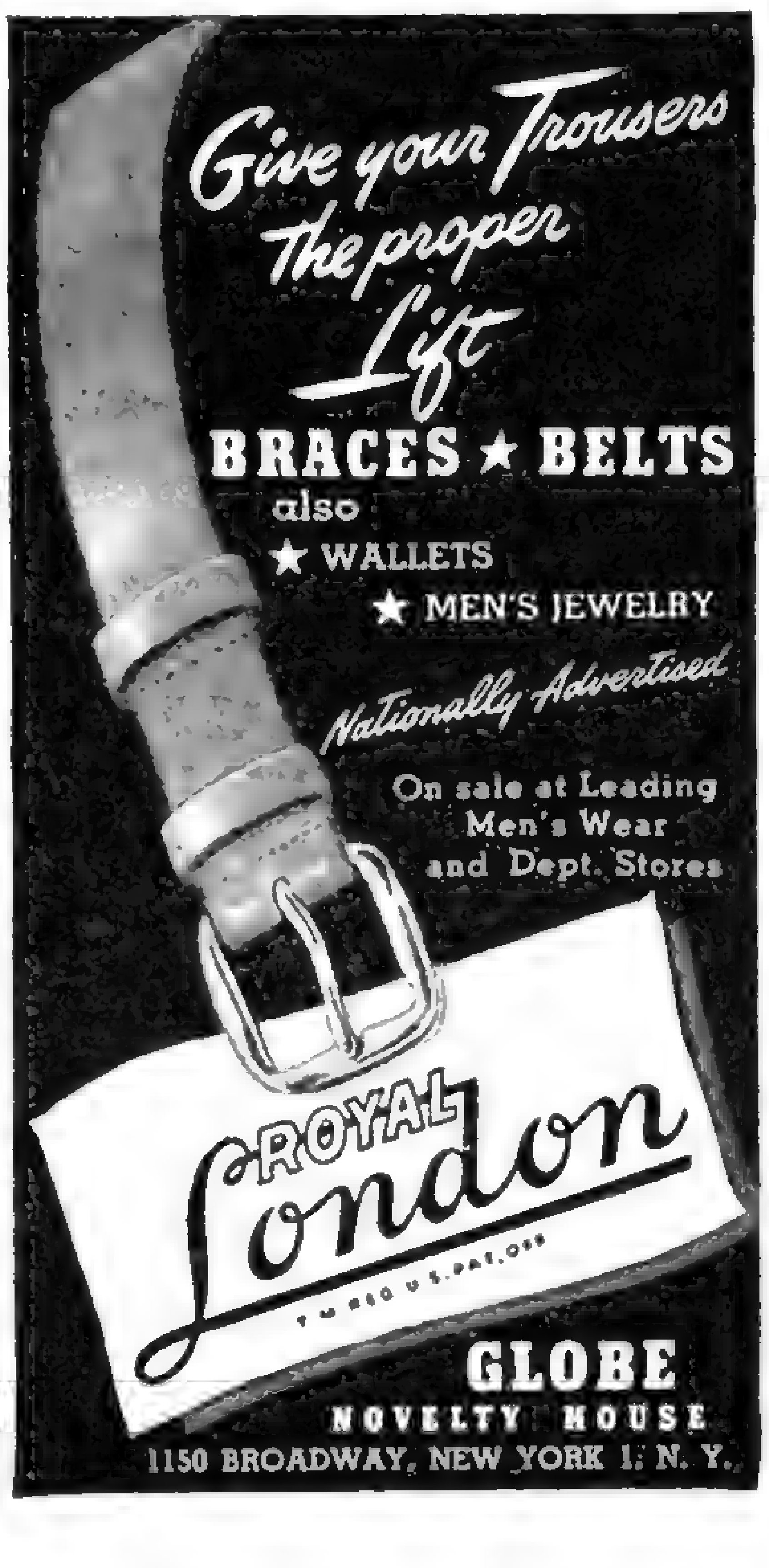

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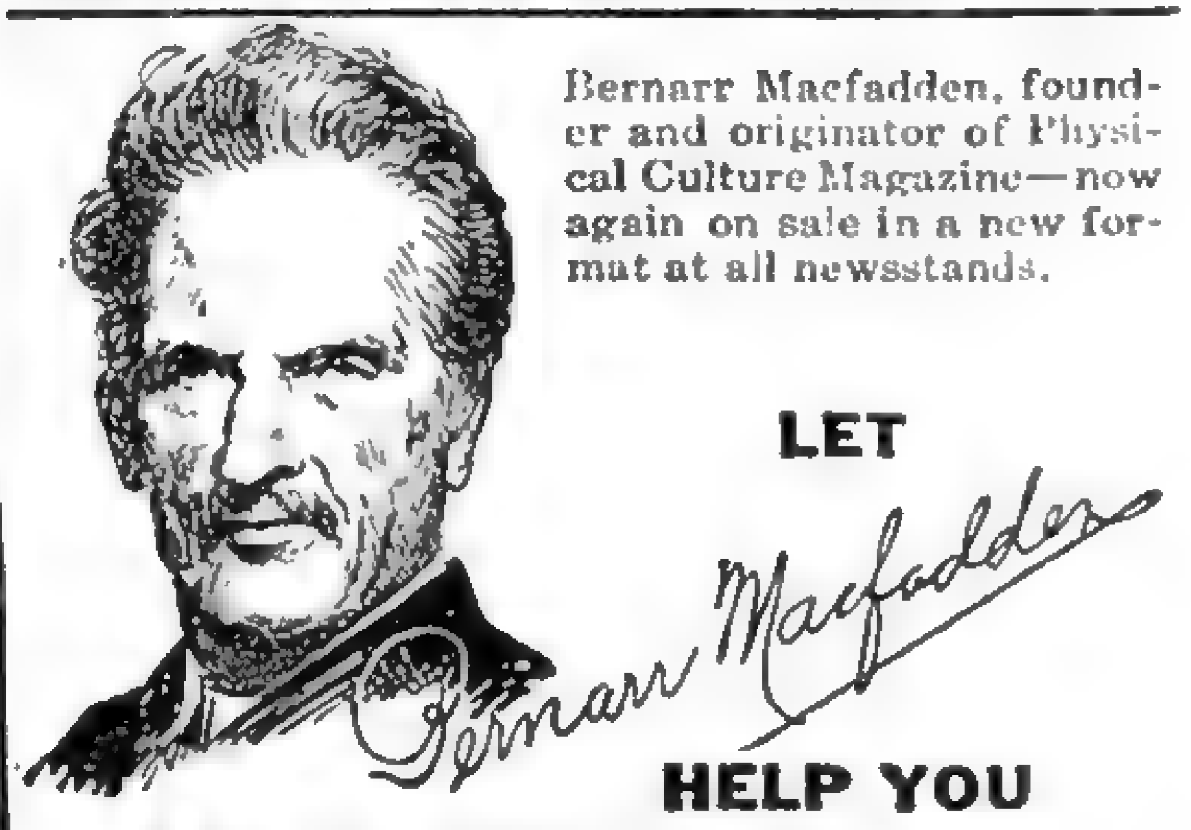

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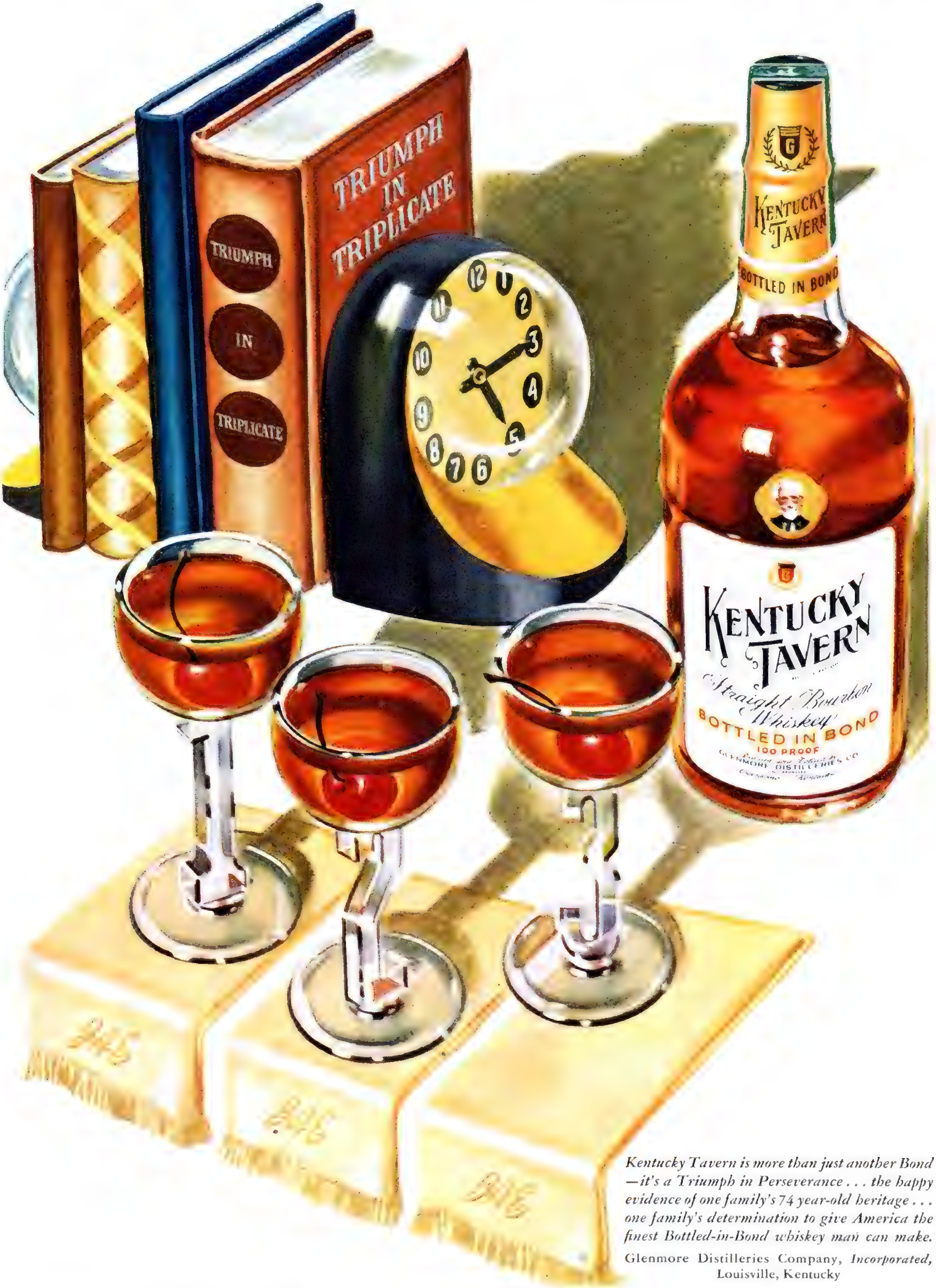
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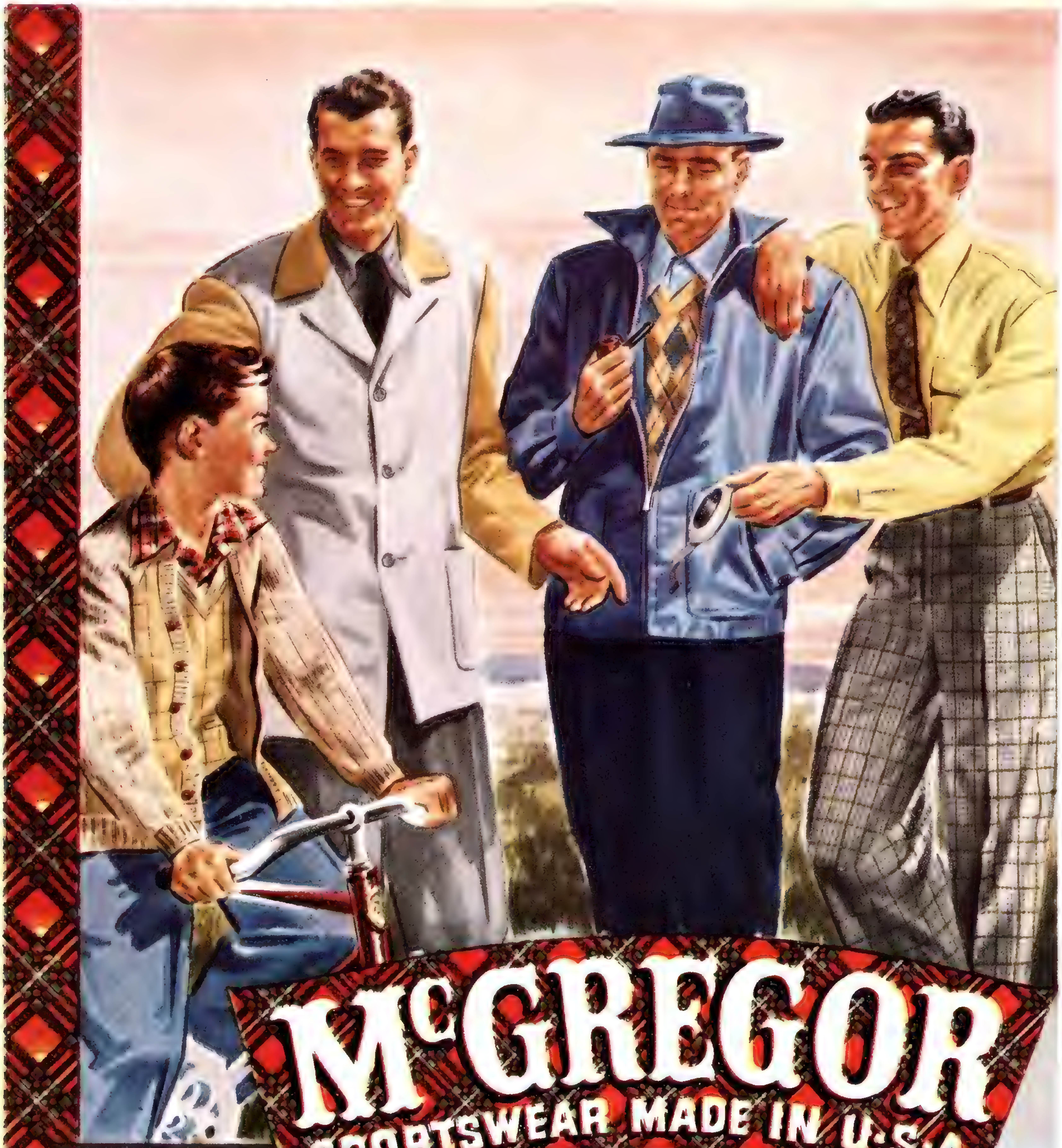

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Painting the Town with Esquire

HOTELS are so crowded, anybody who hits town without a room reservation had better bring a sleeping bag. However, if he's a member of the Armed Forces, the Travelers Aid in Penn Station or Grand Central will get a billet for him somehow... The superb-cuisined Versailles, where lush Ver-Sighs are on the hoof, is offering song-charmist Carl Brisson in new and old numbers, and are the customers taking him! . . . Impatience-soother of table applicants at Boni's Miramar (10 East 46th)—Brandy Sour: 2/3 Lejon Brandy, ½ lemon juice, dolled with orange slice and cherry... Patrons of the Champagne Room of El Morocco aren't required to order bubblewares but sommelier Auguste is wonderfully obliging when they insist.

CHOW TRAFFIC is smacko-colossal at Zimmerman's Hungaria (163 West 46th) with widow Zimmerman in personal charge of the gargantuan kitchen. Goulash is festooned with nockerl (delish noodles), chicken goes paprikash, and roast prime ribs of beef wallow in gravy. Beers, wines and cordials attain ocean proportions, and for mere eye and ear entertainment there's a revue starring romantic Serbian baritone Ray Dayon and a couple of spirited orchestras, including one with a wizard performer on a Gypsy cembalon, the original beat-me-daddy instrument. 10,000 dine here weekly, and more than several sup.

BRIGHT AND TIDY spot whose frequenters do all right is La Marquise, 28 West 56th, hosted debonairly by tall Sylvio and pint-sized Tony, who visit around to make sure your broiled guinea hen or your sliced tenderloin mushroomed au Madeira is to your liking and everybody happy. Assorted music goes with the meal; afterward—after a couple of Frappées à la Marquise (apricot brandy with a dash of lemon juice)—the small dance floor is put to shank use. "That tired feeling" is looked upon as just a day-mare... Down in the heart of Greenwich Village at 59 Charles St. (one minute's hike northwest of the Christopher St. station of the 7th Ave. Sub) lurks a gladsome little basement affair called Nino & Nella's, where ravioli is pluperfect and broiled and fried shrimps are palate sensations, with Nella hostessing at the bar. But don't go hogging our table, please.

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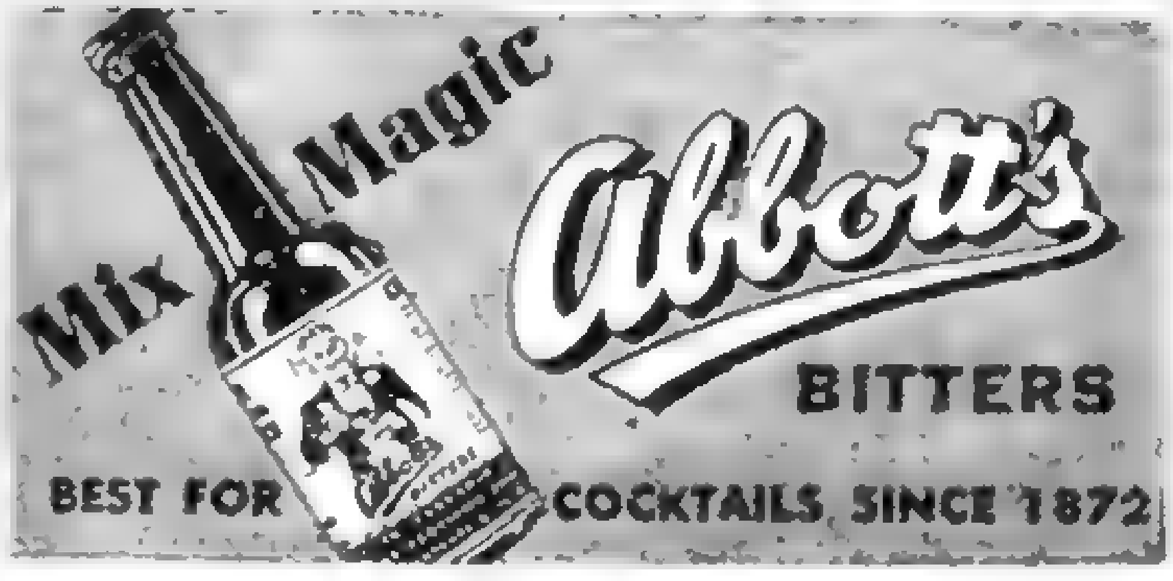
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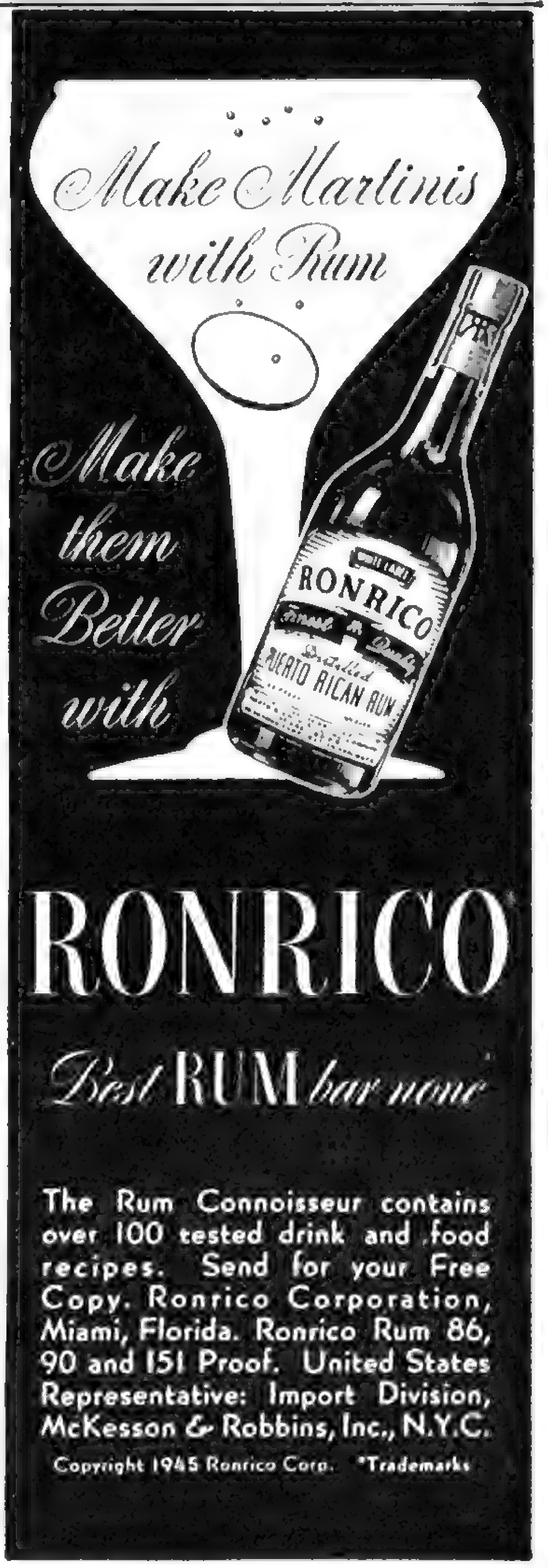
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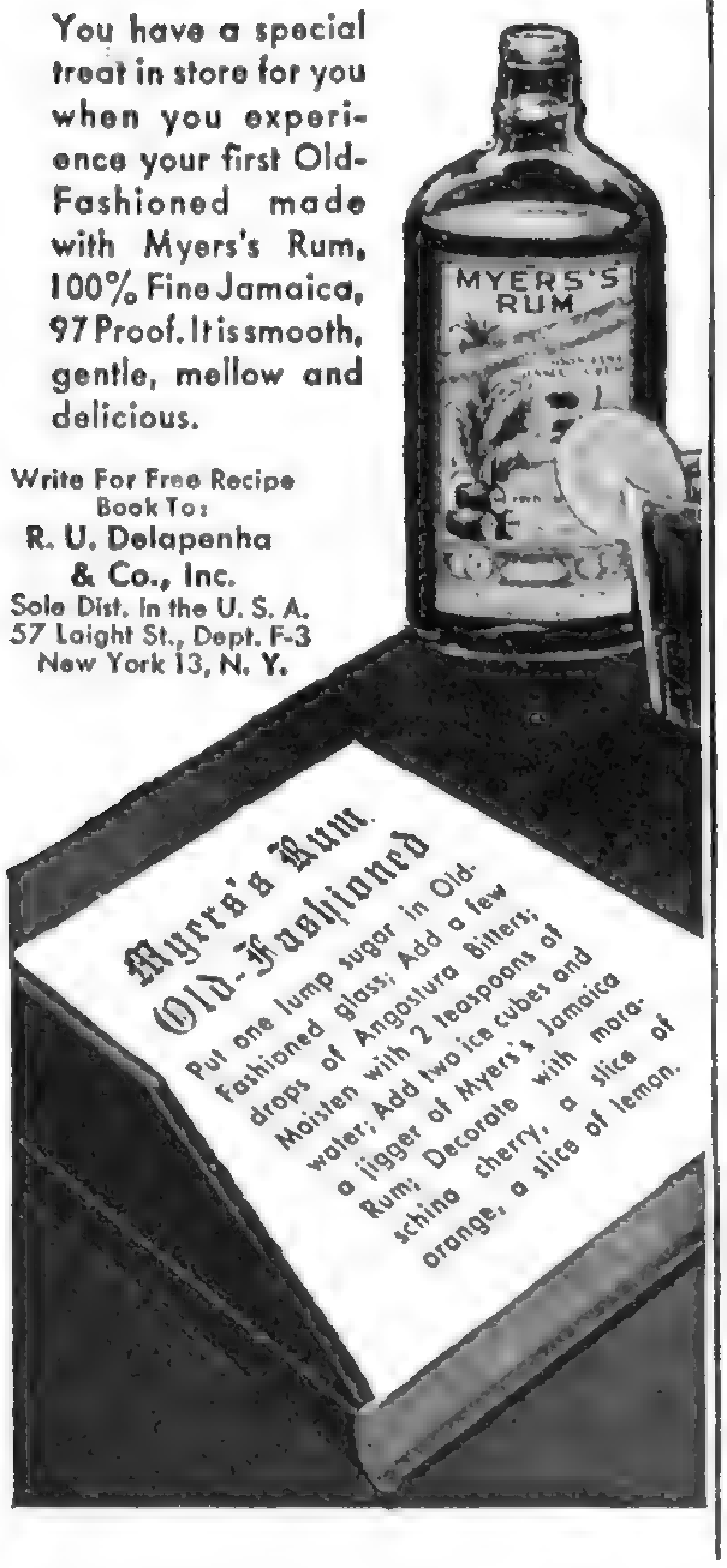

Myers's Rum Old-Fashioned

Put one lump sugar in Old-Fashioned glass; Add a few drops of Angostura Bitters; Moisten with 2 teaspoons of water; Add two ice cubes and a jigger of Myers's Jamaica Rum; Decorate with maraschino cherry, a slice of orange, a slice of lemon.

Painting the Town with Esquire

NEW YORKERS who think this town is theirs are kidding themselves. It belongs to the whole country—as they discover when they try to get into Billy Rose's Diamond Horseshoe, an establishment which, supposedly safely secreted down underground where it wouldn't be noticed, is streamed to by pleasure treasure hunters like ants. When rapid-fire rhymster Bob Hall gives the personalities in his audience a merry going over, he's taking in all 48 states. And what the cohorts of comelies and daffy auctioneer Lionel Kaye do for national unity is beyond our figuring, we are so busy looking and laughing between sips and prongs at the sustenance.

THE PENNSYLVANIA'S lordly-raftered Café Rouge is athrob to the rhythms of Jimmie Dorsey who switches to his sax whenever his licorice stick gets too hot to handle . . . Our gizzard swoons with joy at the provender chez Billy the Oysterman, 10 West 47th. Those Mattitucks on the half shell. Those bay scallops, clam fritters, broiled live lobster, turtle steak, pig knuckle with cabbage, smoked turkey with broccoli Mornay. Those home-made pies. Those foamy seidels. And real elbow room for go-atting . . . Blithe bloomer belle Celeste Holm is singing while you sup at The Plaza's Persian Room, where Ray Benson is now the featured maestro. Diners are beguiled by the chick-tricks of droll magician Galli Galli. Cocktails are danced to in the Palm Courts seven afternoons weekly.

SUCCULENT subtleties of French cuisine are on tap at smartly snug La Chaumière (163 East 56th), with chef-host Paul Massé, winner of medals and scrolls of honor, bowing welcome over his stewpots. You peruse the list of masterpieces on a paddle. Name your choice, he'll create it, all you have to do is say "A-a-ah!" . . . Amateur soup chefs ambitious to contrive minestrone, petite marmite, gumbo, bortsch or sherried ox-tail find trustworthy blueprints for same in the little book *A Meal in Itself* by tureen queen Mary Frost Mabon . . . Stunning for muraling ye home bar—the Sportsman's calendar of game beasts, birds and fish, by a trio of topflight artists, put out by the house of Seagram which, we hear, also puts out drinkables.

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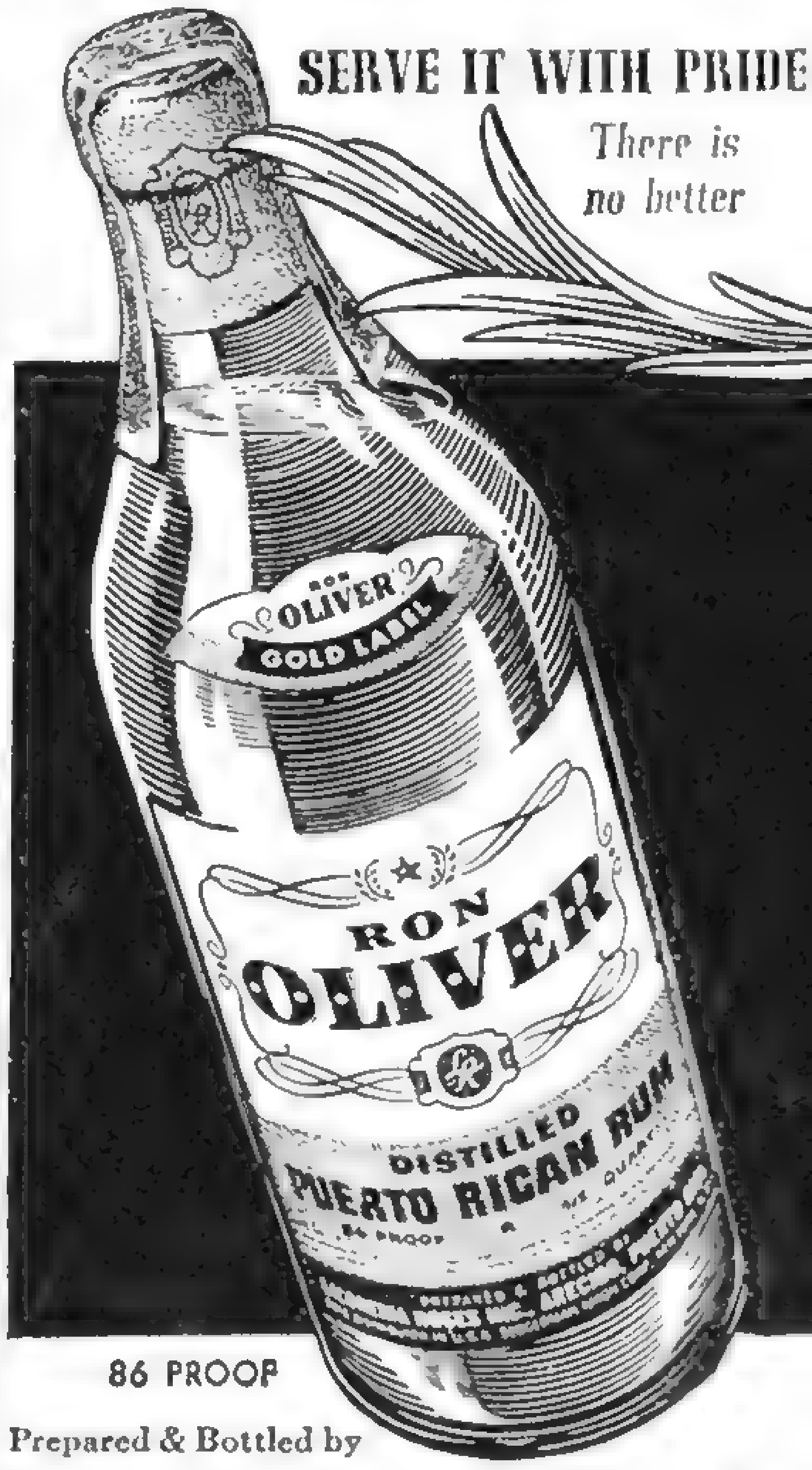

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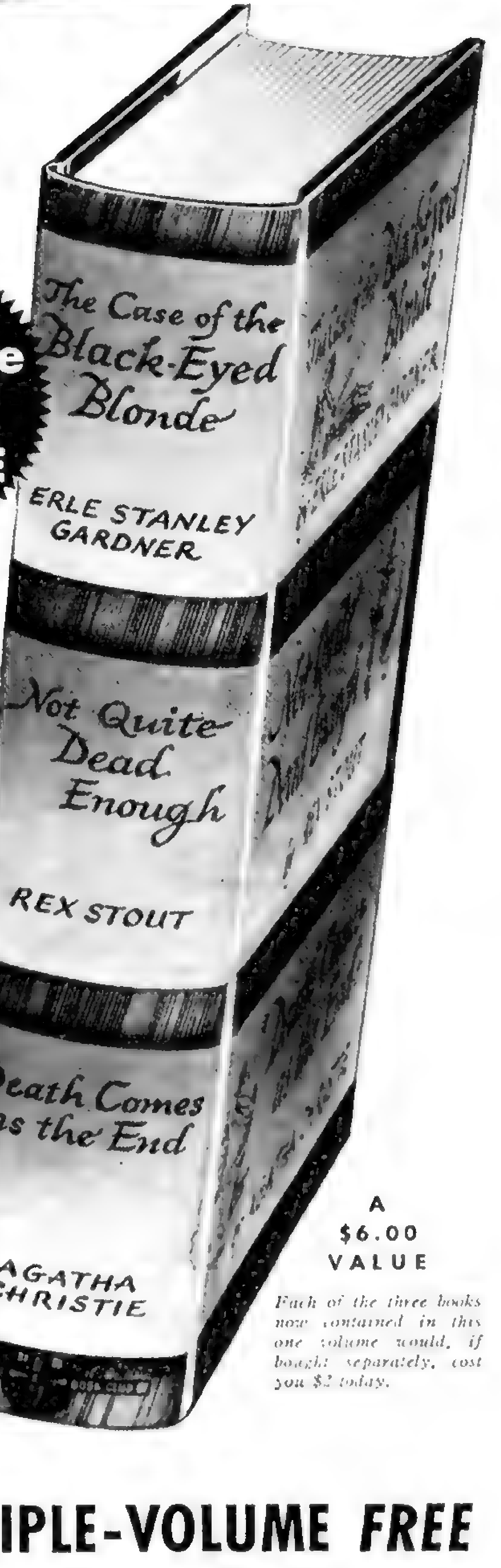

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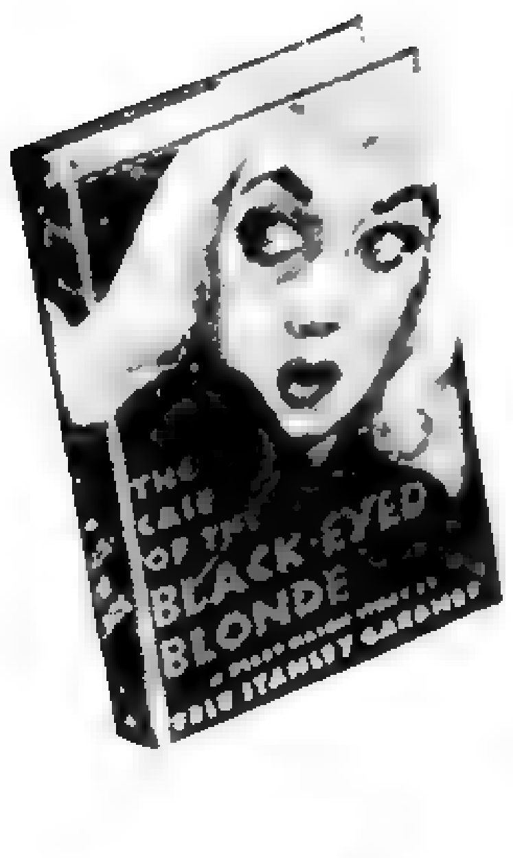


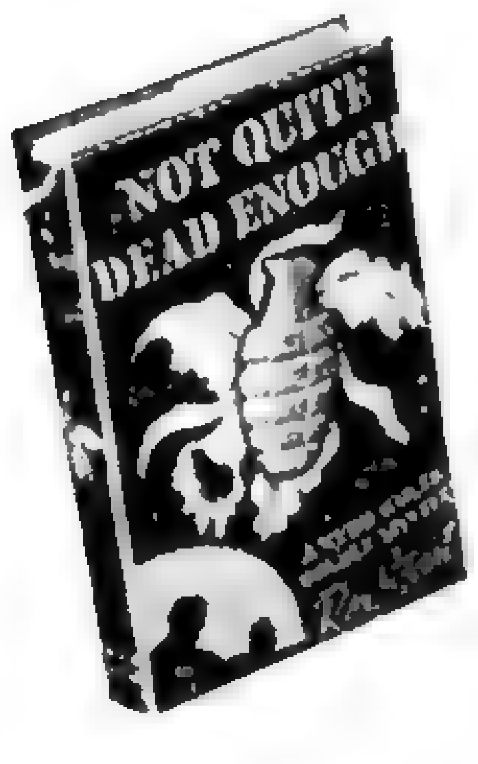
Join PERRY MASON in this LATEST Gardner "Murder-Go-Round"

THE CASE OF THE BLACK-EYED BLONDE

Just ONE blonde can cause enough trouble—and lawyer-sleuth Perry Mason is all tangled up with THREE of them! Blonde No. 1 bursts into his office wearing practically nothing but shoes, a fur coat—and a "wow" of a black eye! Blonde No. 2, an ex-trapeze artist, is having mighty odd "in-law" trouble. And Mason finds No. 3 sprawled in the mud, a bullet through her head!

How can No. 2 help Perry Mason prove that No. 1 didn't murder No. 3? Why had the victim concealed her true identity from a traffic cop? How did Diana *really* get that black eye and what does it have to do with the murder? And how can Perry Mason ever keep his mind on his work with so many blondes around?—to say nothing of his shapely secretary, Della Street, who is more alluring than ever before.

Over *four and a half million* of Erle Stanley Gardner's books were sold last year alone! This *newest* suspense-jammed Gardner brain-teaser will show you why!



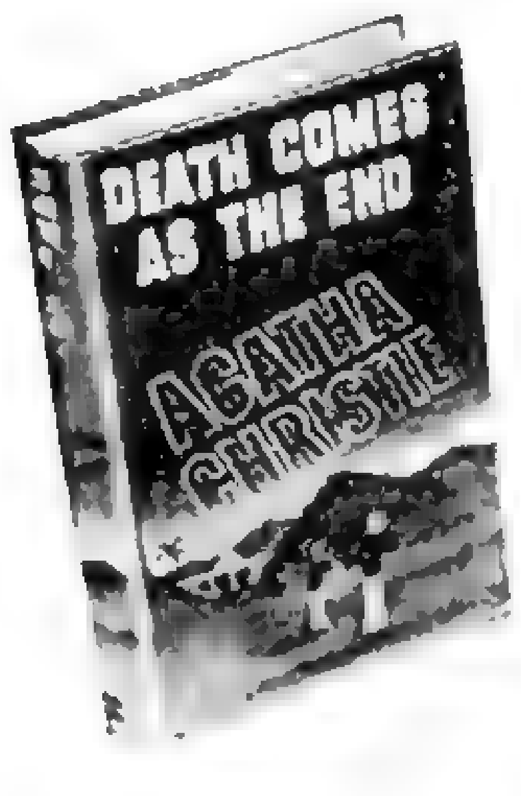
Match Your Wits with NERO WOLFE in this LATEST Double Thriller by REX STOUT

NOT QUITE DEAD ENOUGH

If there's anything better than a Nero Wolfe story, it's *two* of them!—and that's what you get here! Not just one, but the *two* newest tales of the large and lazy detective who cracks his crimes in such unorthodox but strictly effective fashion

The first story has Nero's right-hand man, Archie, gumming up the works to a fare-thee-well! His orchid-loving boss doesn't *want* to take the case so Archie deliberately plants *his own* fingerprints all over the scene of the crime. And then there's nothing for Nero to do but go into action.

And the second case is a corker, too! Enemy forces are trying to get at U. S. Army secrets. A colonel who knows too much is blown to bloody bits when he opens his suitcase. A *booby trap!* So it's up to Wolfe to booby-trap the booby-trapper. But suppose the wrong "booby" falls for it? Suppose—but before you get through with this one, a lot of your "supposings" are going to be barking up the wrong tree. A wonderful crime!



Know Terror in Egypt—in this LATEST Mystery by AGATHA CHRISTIE

DEATH COMES AS THE END

Can a murdered woman, sealed deep in an Egyptian tomb, rise from the dead to wreak vengeance? No? Then why does one boy swear that he saw a woman near the wine jars wearing three strings of beads with gold lions in front? *These were the very same jewels that were BURIED with Nofret!*

The cycle of doom began the day the wealthy landowner brought his beautiful new concubine to live in his "happy" home. "Accident" follows "accident." The two brothers drink poisoned wine. The laughing boy is drowned. His aging mother is brutally murdered! And the rest of the family dare not even save themselves by clinging together—lest the murderer be one of their own!

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BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

C. P. Donnel, Jr.

C. P. Donnel, Jr., author of the quietly diabolical *Fall of the House of Fanning*, says his life has been a simple one: "Prep school, college, then ten grand years on the Norfolk *Virginian Pilot* which included writing a column for women shoppers, coverage of many murders and fires, occasional hitches as music and art critic. The straight line of news writing was deflected into fiction by a short stretch at Johns Hopkins Hospital in '38. Now living in Groton, Connecticut; no hobbies unless you count cooking, gardening, and nursing a recently revitalized passion for golf. Aside from lint on suits, I have never collected anything. Married, two children, one of whom is now waiting to use this typewriter to try out a plot of her own, the progress of which I shall follow carefully and if it pans out, pinch it and pay her off in sodas."

•

Jack Miley was born forty-two years ago in Milwaukee. His was the only family on the block that spoke English, and *Hoch lebe der Kaiser* was the conventional form of greeting. After attending public schools in Milwaukee, Jack Miley entered St. John's Military Academy in Wisconsin. He left in the middle of a geometry class to join the Marines and go to France. After the war, he entered the newspaper business, where he has remained excepting for a few side journeys into radio, advertising and publicity. He says: "I was a hard-working reporter on papers in Milwaukee, Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York until Paul Gallico, then sports editor of the New York *News*, showed me an easier way to make a living. He took me from the *News* city staff, slipped me his sports column and said: 'Do the best you can, kid; I'm going to England and write a book.' " The book was Gallico's *Farewell to Sports*. And Miley has stuck to sports ever since.

Jack Miley

•

Colonel Robert Lee Scott, Jr., first became interested in flying when, at thirteen, he attended an auction of old World War I Jennies at Macon, Georgia. He managed to get one of the flying coffins for seventy-five dollars. Unable to get the plane off the ground, he made an arrangement with a local flier who was to trade instructions for occasional use of his ship. However, the plane hit a smokestack; and the pilot was killed in the burning plane. Scott attended West Point Military Academy where he is chiefly remembered for turning in a term paper bound in red ribbon which he called "military red tape." This brought a decision from the Batt Board that he should walk the area for the period of one year. After graduation and before reporting to Randolph Field as a second lieutenant in the infantry, he took a motorcycle trip across Europe to Asia. He learned to fly an Army plane at Randolph, and when the government took over the mail routes, he was assigned to the air mail detail. Followed aerial surveys in the Canal Zone; instructing at Randolph; and appointment as commanding officer of a flight school in Ontario, California. After Pearl Harbor, though told he was too old for combat, he managed to get himself out of instructing and into a Flying Fortress, bound for China. Afterwards he joined Chennault's Flying Tigers, and as Commander of the Twenty-third Fighter Group under Chennault, Colonel Scott flew 185 missions against the Japanese. He has 7800 hours of flying in military planes, 520 in combat; is credited with thirteen air victories and the destruction of twenty-five Japanese aircraft on the ground. He has won the D.F.C. three times; the Silver Star twice; the Air Medal twice; the Chinese Government has awarded him the Order of the Flying Cloud and the Ten Star Dragon Medal. While resting in New York after his Asiatic operations, Scott wrote his book, *God Is My Co-Pilot*, in three days and nights. He is now on detached duty as technical adviser for the movie production of the story.

Robert Lee Scott, Jr.

•

Writing from the South Pacific theater, Sergeant Harry F. Nye says he is twenty-four years old, married, and, after a year overseas, homesick for St. Paul. Before going into the Army, he attended the University of Minnesota. Last August, his wife presented him with a baby boy. When he got the cable, he says: "I rashly handed out four years' cigar rations and took off, delirious, on an overnight march, forgetting to take my raincoat, helmet and C Rations." (Note to foreign correspondents: The recognition value in *The Adventures of Old Hep*, page 89 is just what you make it.)

•

Born in New York City, Milt Gross started his professional career on Hearst newspapers. He served overseas in World War I as a private in the 64th Infantry, 7th Division. Working for the New York *World*, he originated *Nize Baby*, *Banana Oil* and *Count Screwloose of Tooloose*, and with Hearst, created *That's My Pop*. At the moment he's drawing *Dear Dollink*, a weekly Hearst feature, as well as doing motion picture and magazine writing. His stories and articles have appeared all the way from *Liberty* to the late *Smart Set* and *Vanity Fair* magazines. During the last couple of years he has tried his versatile hand at landscape painting and has had two one-man shows.

•

Melodrama in the Forties is a chapter from George R. Stewart's forthcoming book, entitled *Name on the Land*.

•

Frank Herbert's first literary effort was a novel, *Adventures in Darkest Africa*, complete with crayon illustrations, which he composed at eight. He is now twenty-four, a copy editor for a Portland, Oregon newspaper. In the intervening time he finished high school in Tacoma, Washington, worked on papers there and in Salem, Oregon; did telegraph editing and radio writing in Glendale, California. Shortly after war was declared he joined the Seabees, but was out six months later on a medical discharge.

Frank Herbert

•

Steve Cruchon has been a Detroit All-Star Classic bowler for the past five years. He was in the Army Air Corps for almost a year, and was honorably discharged last March. He married one of Detroit's best women keglers and his articles have appeared in the *National Bowlers Journal*. Aside from bowling, he helps expedite hot service to battle areas for the Briggs Company. He has been, at one time or another, a newsboy, pin setter, bowling-alley manager, promoter and publicist.

•

Floyd Olds (*The Preacher and the Farmer*, page 63) decided to be a sportswriter while sitting on a housetop outside the university stadium at Lincoln, Nebraska, watching Red Grange play for Illinois. Since then he has been on the sports staff of the Lincoln *Journal*, the Omaha *Bee News*, the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*, the San Diego *Sporting Tab* and, currently, with the Omaha *World Herald*. He has been sports editor of that sheet for the past two years. #

Floyd Olds

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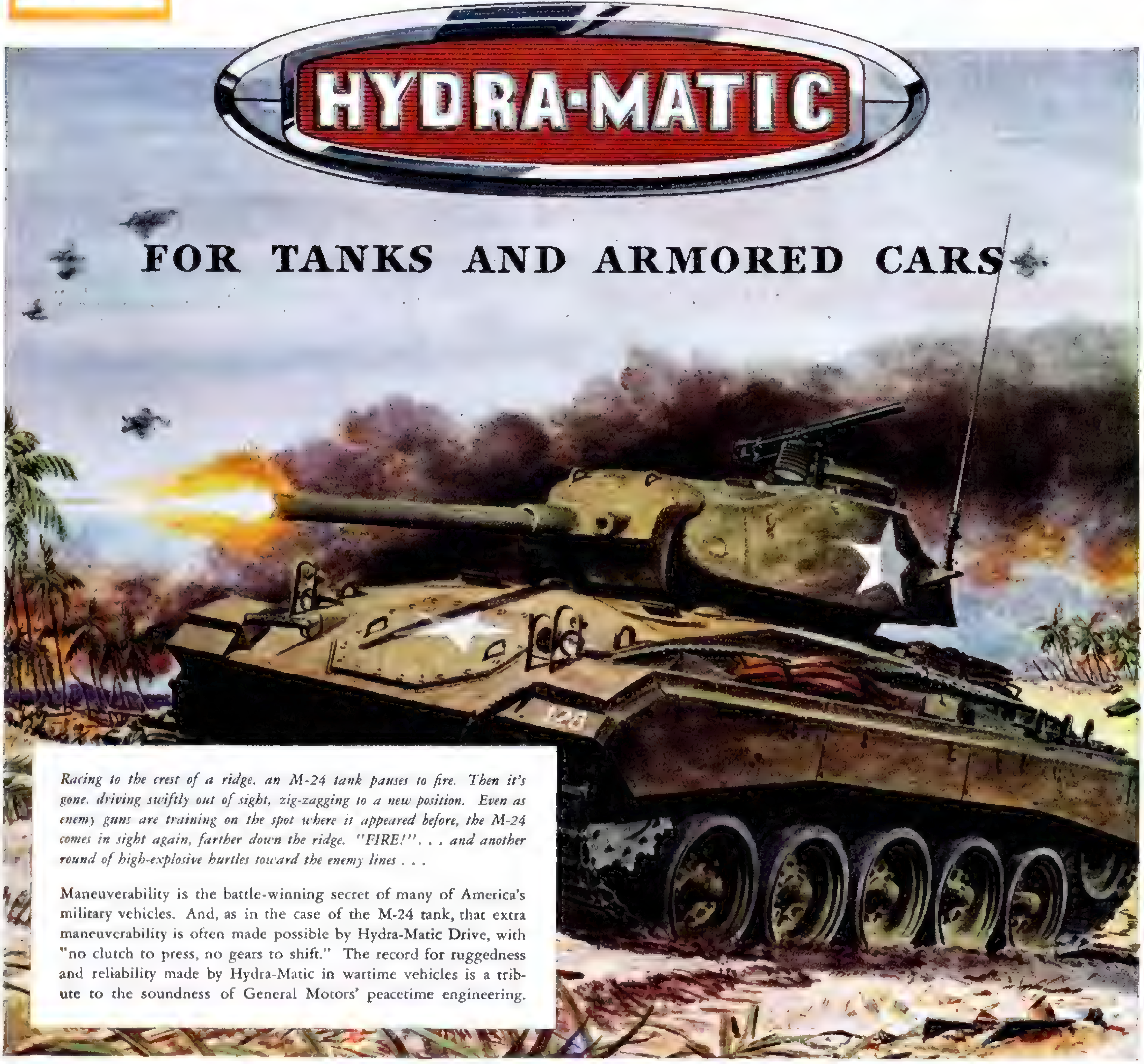
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128

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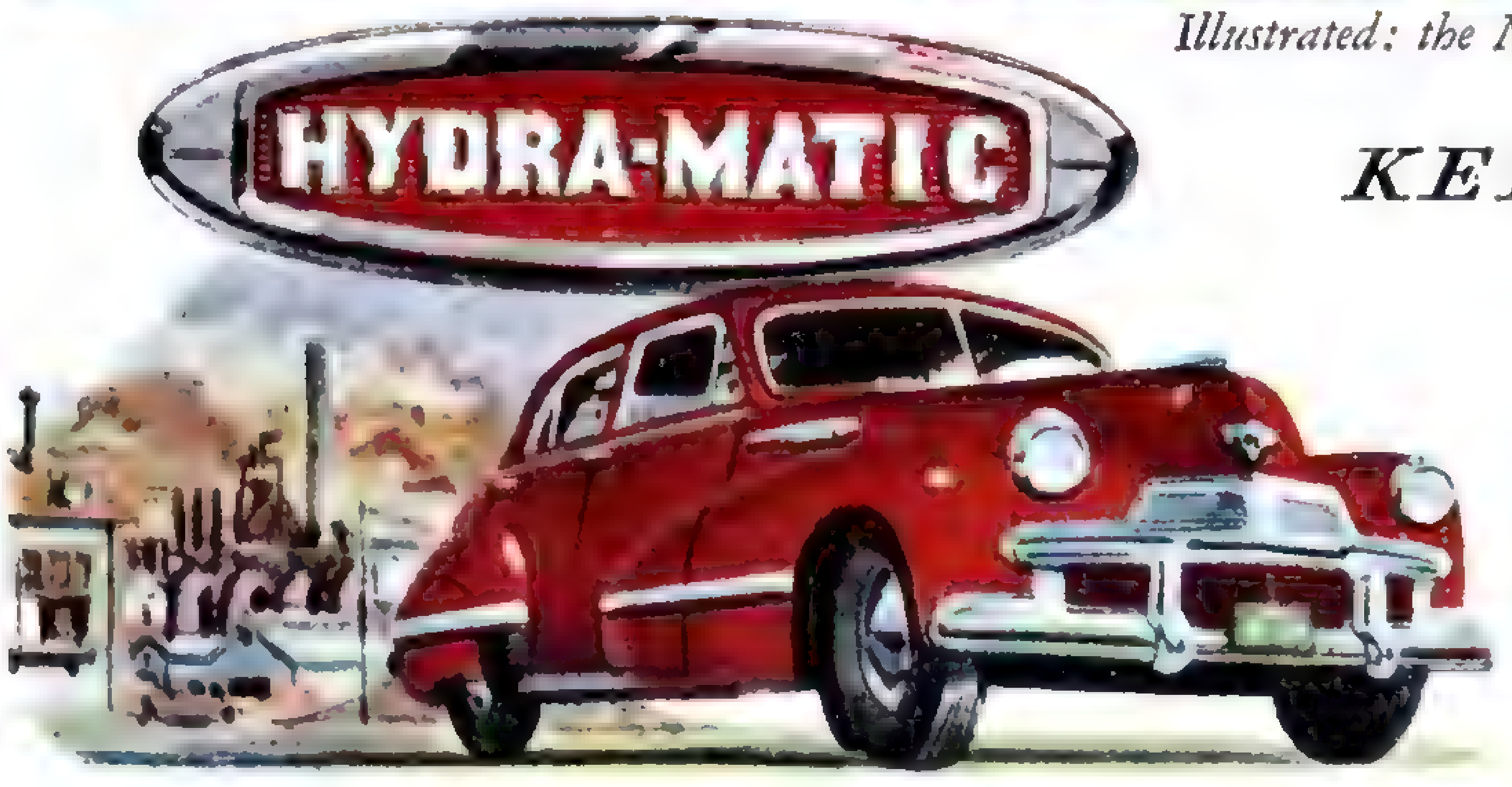

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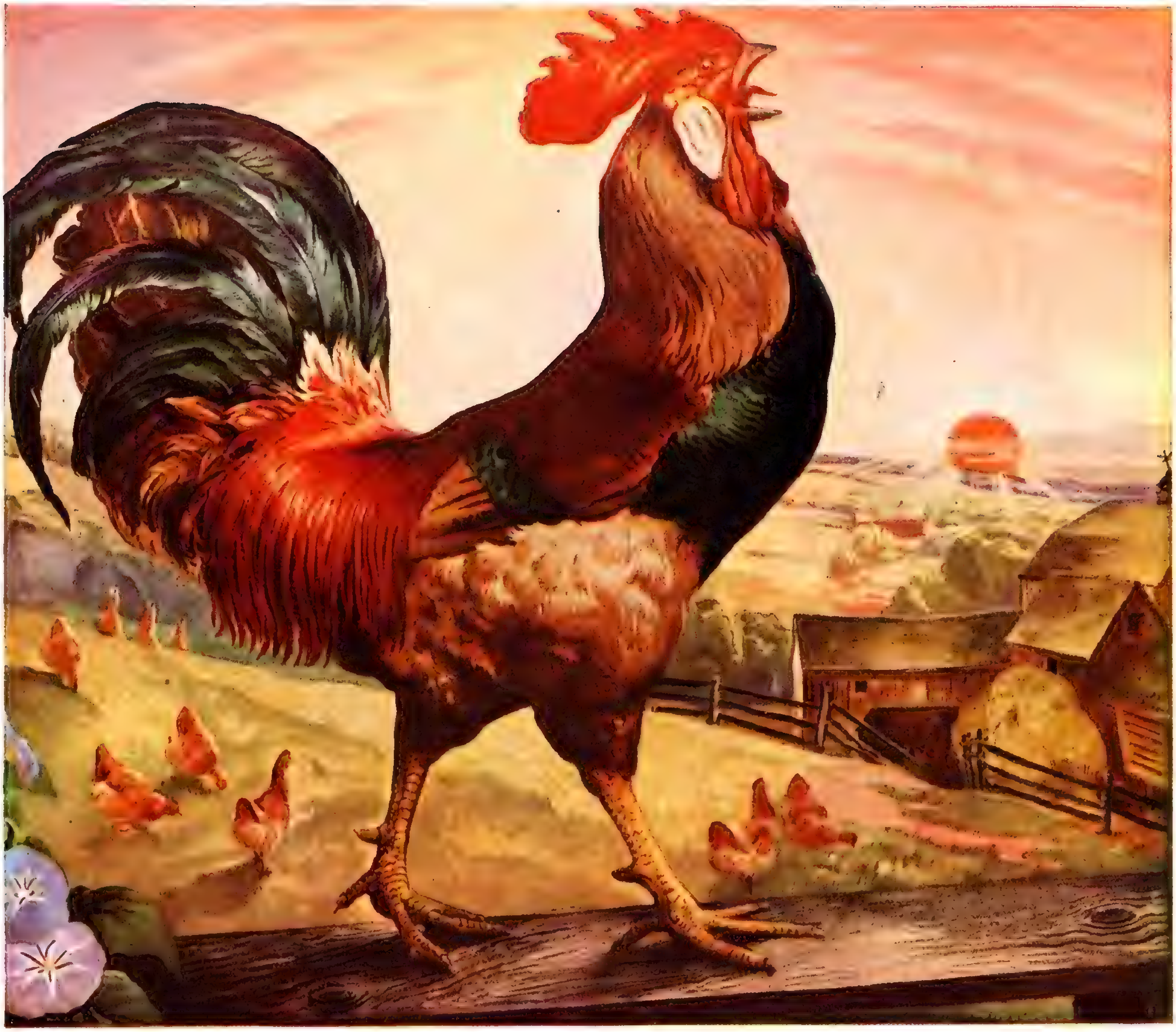

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No Rules in a Dogfight

Thoughts of a fighter pilot over Jap territory show our men have learned to hate and fight the enemy their way

by ROBERT L. SCOTT, JR.

• ARTICLE •

I DON'T have that feeling of exhilaration today that I usually have when I'm flying. Somehow the thrill of it all sticks in my throat, and I watch the shadows of our bombers skipping over the green mountains of China far below. That low sun at our back makes them grotesque, for the shadows appear to slowly climb the hills on the up-sun side and then leap across the valley to begin their next climb. Our bombers are in their Javelin Formation, and I know we're at bombing altitude. Our fighters, which I am leading, as the bombers' escort, are hideous with their leering shark jaws of red and gray. Somehow I'm not cheered by the American insignia on the wings, which represents part of home to me. You see, I've just walked to my ship through piles of broken Chinese bodies and parts of bodies. The Japs we are out to kill today —did that yesterday. Bombed that unprotected town where there had never been a gun or an airplane.

All of these pilots were with me and saw what I saw. I guess most of them felt the same tug at their hearts. Those who didn't, probably will when they've been out here long enough. If they didn't, then it's because they're yet living in the unreal world we left back home; that world in America they had when this game of life was played by the rules. Just a little over a year ago most of these kids were in schools and were looking forward to the Rose Bowl Game or the World Series. If someone tripped you on the football field—back in that unreal world—you listened for the referee's whistle and the foul to be called. There were policemen to protect good men from criminals—there were rules and regulations—but this is war.

I can see all of the fighter formation now—they're well closed up and we're getting close to where we can expect the enemy. I feel just a tinge of admiration as I see my boys in their perfect formation. I like the way Clinger over there flies his ship—he's an expert. Our training schools made him that way. I like the way Johnny Alison leads his squadron—he's one of the greatest of fighter pilots—he learned that by practice. I marvel at the speed and grace of my American fighter ship—it's the best there is. My guns are perfect—I like to kind of pat them caressingly after they do a good job of cutting an enemy column to pieces. I admire many qualities which are in my fighter group, but there's one thing that could not be taught in training schools—in the peaceful world we lived our lives in—we *couldn't be taught to hate.*

I remember what Elias said—he was one of my pilots, shot down about three months ago—shot down in his parachute. He told me, "I didn't come over here to fight for the world from some aesthetic standpoint—I didn't leave my good home in South Carolina 'to make the world safe for democracy.' I just came because I liked adventure. I like to fly, and all my friends who were worth a damn were coming." I remember Elias stopped there and looked around as though he expected someone to disagree with him. We're pretty critical of one another out here, for our lives depend on teamwork. But no one interrupted him; they just nodded. "Then one day I saw a bombed Chinese city—broken bodies of men, women and children scattered and smelling in the sun. I realized then that the enemy that I faced was not after soldiers—or these Chinese coolies—they were after me. That enemy was going to kill me if he could. He was trying to *exterminate* my race. Colonel, I learned to hate right then, and I'm fighting to keep that enemy from killing me. I am going to kill him before he kills me."

That kid Elias was just one of those pleasant American boys. He was happy and easygoing. His jokes raised the morale of the entire group. He had always played games—had fought in intercollegiate ring in college—by the rules. I guess when he first got to China he expected to fight a "fair" enemy. I guess when Elias bailed out of his burning plane he knew what to expect. He knew by then what "bushido" meant. I guess he wasn't even surprised when the Zeros riddled his chute and his body.

I looked around again to check the formation. Were we covering every angle the enemy could attack from; were we spaced properly? I cursed as I thought again of Elias. You see, I'm a little older than he was, but I'm a normal American boy too. I've often been sorry I killed a duck—I've stopped my car to keep from running over a stray dog. But that afternoon after they had murdered Elias I took off for Nanchang alone and I prayed, not that I would get back all right, but that I would meet a Jap or numbers of Japs. That I could shoot one down in such a manner that the pilot had to bail out. Then I would think—that's for you, Elias—and I'd blow the Jap in his chute to hell with my guns. That afternoon I had such hate in my heart for my enemy that, had I been unable to fire my guns, I would have cut the Jap to pieces with my prop.

Down below in one of our bombers is a Chinese captain that I know. We call him American Lee. He's a pleasant fellow, but just doesn't laugh much. He told me why one day—he'd seen his father bayoneted in Shanghai. Killed with his hands tied behind him—killed because he tried to keep the Japs from carrying his wife away. When American Lee had interfered, the Japs had bayoneted him and left him for dead in the mud of the street. There was a man, I knew, who had learned what hate was—who had learned that war is not fought by rules and regulations, with referees and umpires.

General Chennault told me once about a Chinese pilot—the last survivor from the first group of fighter pilots he had trained in China, back in 1938. That flyer had graduated from American schools and had boxed in the ring and knew the Marquis of Queensbury rules. He stopped when the referee blew his whistle or the umpire warned. The day arrived when all of his fellow pilots had been shot down by outnumbering, Japanese planes. On that day General Chennault had explained to him that he was the last pilot—there was only one plane left, which he could refuse with honor for it was an old Hawk Three. Besides there were twenty Jap T-97's less than a half hour from the field. The General waited for the Chinese to present some excuse or make some reply, but none came. General Chennault then looked his pilot in the eye and said, "Lieutenant Chang, do you understand you have only one ship—there are twenty enemy fighters and that you have very little chance of coming back?" Chang drew himself up a little taller and replied, "General, I wait for my orders!" Taking off

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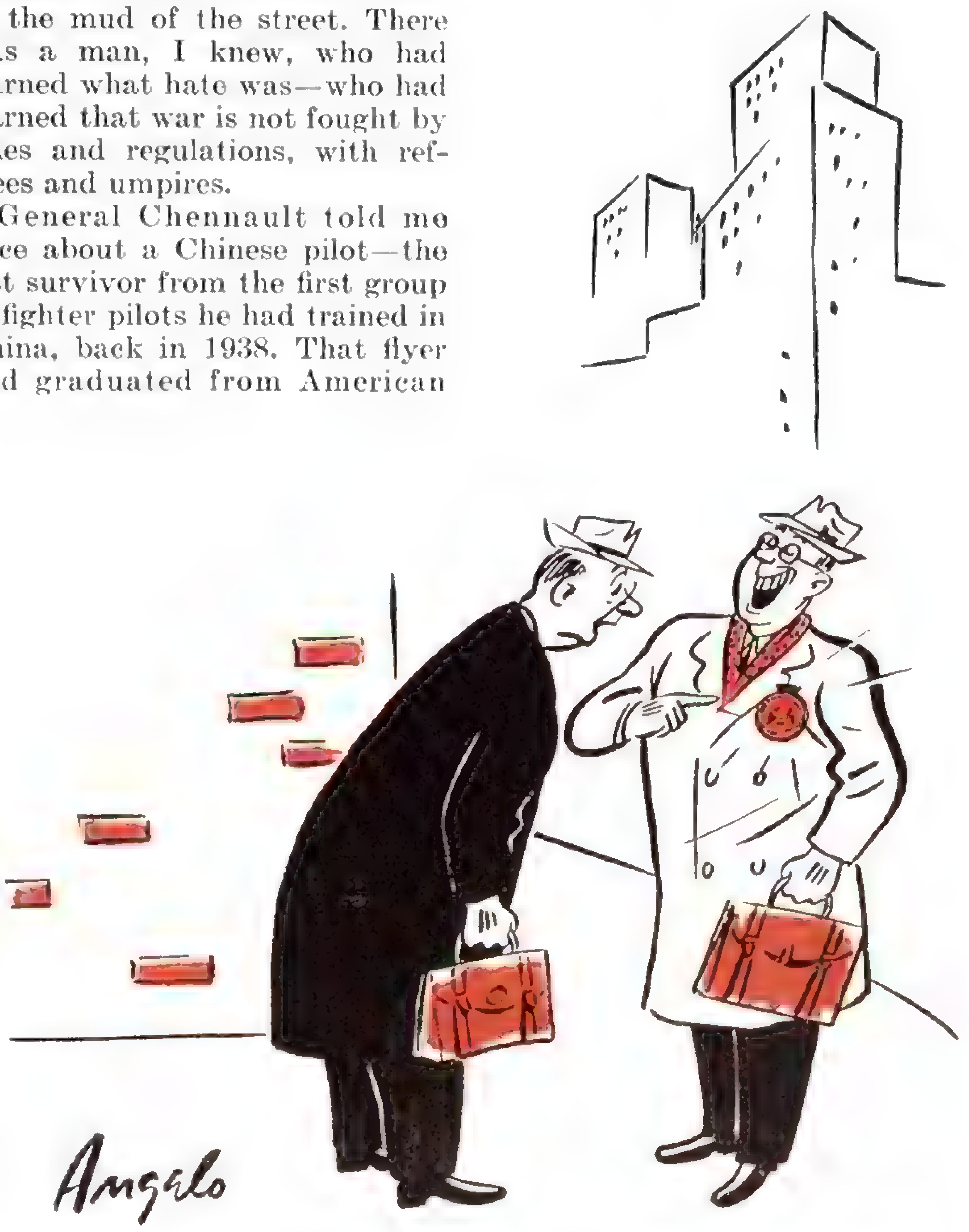


"The Income Tax people gave it to me for estimating my income tax correctly"

The Night Bus to Atlanta

The chaotic "pattern called the war" had thrown the guileless young girl and soldier together ever so briefly

by BRENDAN GILL

• FICTION •

THE moment the girl entered the bus, Harry wanted her to sit beside him. There were two other unoccupied seats, one of them next to an old man who was already noisily and untidily asleep, a yellow trickle of tobacco running from his lips, and the other next to a middle-aged woman whose child, torn between nursing and crying, bore on its chin a milky stain oddly similar to that which distinguished the old man. Harry stared at the girl as she made her way down the aisle, focusing his eyes on her impassive face and repeating over and over to himself, "Sit down here. Sit down here." He was not surprised when she sat down beside him, but he felt strangely relieved. He had bought several magazines in the shabby depot while waiting for the bus to arrive from Jackson; he held them fanwise to the girl and said, "Like to look at one?"

She said, without looking at him, "I guess not, thank you."

He pretended to glance through the window at the gathering darkness, but he held in one corner of his eye the image of the girl's hands folded neatly in her lap. He said, "Bus was pretty late, wasn't it?"

"It's 'most always late."

"You take it often?"

"No."

Harry wondered if the etiquette of the occasion demanded more confidence from him. "I'm going as far as Atlanta," he said. "Then I got to take a bus for Spartanburg. I just finished my leave, and the only way I can get back to camp in time is to hop a couple of buses. I've always gone on trains before, but for once I got to hop a couple of buses." The girl remained impassive, neither turning away nor giving any evidence that she had heard him speak. "I don't suppose you're going as far as Atlanta?" Harry asked.

"No, I guess not. I'm going to school—to a sort of school."

The driver of the bus, a fat young man with blond hair, swung into his seat and snapped on the head- and running lights. Harry waited until the first loud coughing sounds of the engine had settled down to a steady racketing, then said, "I never been in this town before. You live here?"

"Yes."

"Well, I guess it wouldn't be so bad if you grew up in it, you know what I mean? I can't figure out these Southern towns, they all look the same to me." Harry hesitated. "Say, didn't I see you in the depot? Weren't you saying good-bye to your folks?"

The girl nodded.

The girl's mother had been crying, and her father had been shifting his weight from foot to foot and turning a soft black hat in his hands. Harry had forgotten the scene completely before speaking of it. He had been waiting in line to buy a ticket to Atlanta, and he had paid less attention to the girl and her father and mother than to the Negroes herded together in the Jim Crow section of the depot, and to the nursing infant which could not seem to keep its mouth closed on it's mother's breast. He said, "You must be going away for quite a spell."

The girl said, "Yes, I am." She turned to him, her eyes so close to his that he could see where their blue irises were flecked with pin points of yellow and green. "It's like I was running away," she said. "I'm going over into Georgia to learn to be a nurse, but to hear Mom and Dad talk you'd think I was traveling out to the ends of the earth. That's 'cause they're so used to having me around."

"Yeah, I know," Harry said. "Mine are the same way."

"But I always wanted to be of some help to *some*body, and especially now, with the war, and afterwards, when the wounded ones start coming home—." She bit her lip. "I guess I shouldn't talk to you like that," she said, turning aside. "Could I look at one of your magazines, please?"

"Why, sure, I asked you, didn't I?" She's only a kid, Harry thought, and I bet she figures I'm a regular wolf. That's why she's afraid to talk to me. Why, hell's bells, *I'm* not going to get wounded. The thought of himself as a wolf gave Harry unexpected pleasure, and he tilted his chin and pushed back a lock of hair with his right hand.

The girl chose a magazine on whose glossy cover was printed a photograph, mostly teeth, bodice and legs, of Betty Grable. The girl began to thumb through the pages, but it was plain to Harry that she wasn't reading them. The bus swung away from the soiled and muddy area behind the depot and headed up the main street of the town. Electric lights or kerosene lanterns had been turned on in most of the houses, but no one had bothered yet to draw the shades at the windows. Perhaps it was the kind of town, Harry thought, where, even in winter, no one bothered to draw the shades. He could look inside the small, bare rooms and see men and women seated around their kitchen or dining-room tables, eating and drinking or merely talking. He said, "Funny to think of all those people nice and snug in their houses, and us driving away from them in a rickety old bus and never coming back."

The girl said sharply, "Why did you say that? What do you mean?"

"Why, I only meant that *I* won't ever be coming back. This is my first look at Mississippi, but I guess there won't be any *call* to look at it again."

As if her body were making the effort against her will, the girl leaned forward and sideways over Harry's knees, staring through the window. Her lips were parted and her hands were pressed together over the small gold cross which hung in the V of her dress. Harry noted that the scent of her body was apparently not that of perfume but of soap. "We're going to pass my house now," she said. "I declare, we're going to pass my house!"

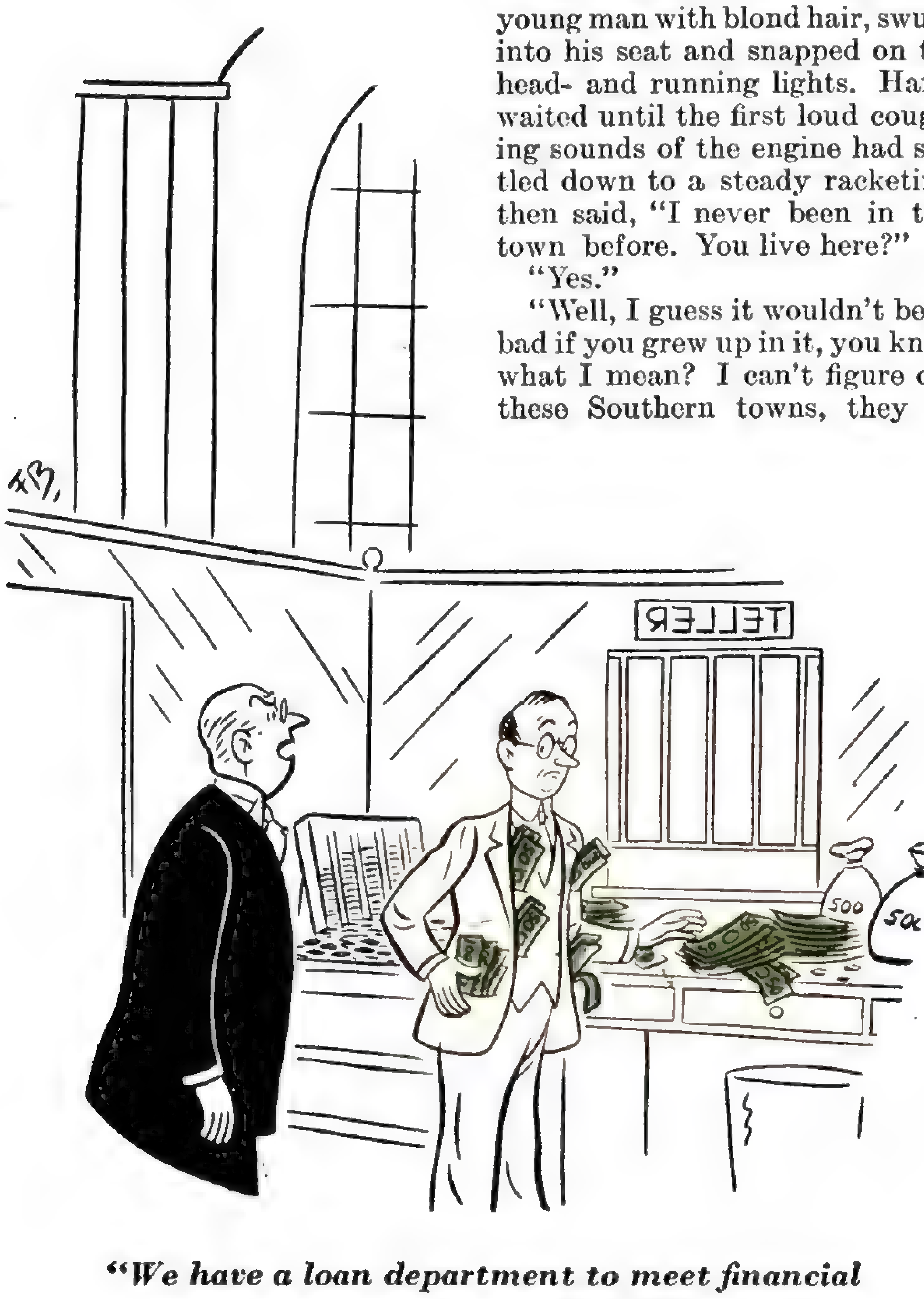
The bus labored up a slight grade, then swung east away from town. At the outskirts, where broken asphalt pavements ran out into the red clay fields, the girl pointed to a bungalow half-hidden behind a row of trees. "There it is," she said. "There's my house."

Harry said, "I don't see any lights."

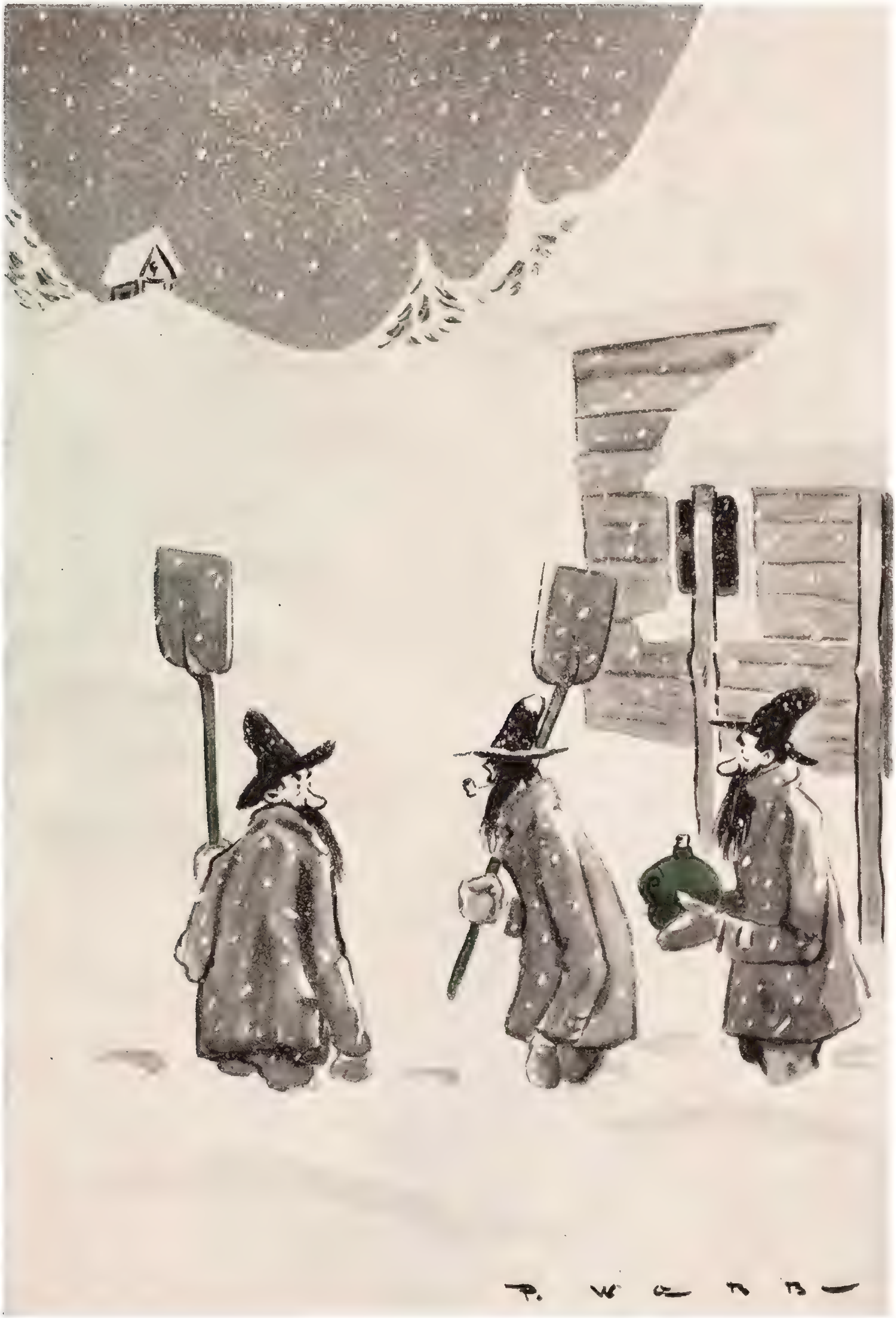
The girl shook her head. "It must be they're staying in town and going to a movie. They weren't going home to supper tonight. Mother said she just couldn't bear to go home to supper tonight."

As darkness fell, the air inside the bus grew cold. The fat young driver turned on a heater which gave off nothing but an acrid odor of gasoline. Harry had expected that the bus, like a train, would be well enough lighted so that he could read his magazines, but except when they entered a town or made a rest stop at some shanty gas station along the way, the lights were kept off; in the part of the bus where Harry and the

Continued on page 140



"We have a loan department to meet financial emergencies, you know, Mr. Melbourn!"



"Dangblast it! This orta learn Gran'pappy to kem in from out thar on the day he gits called"

Friend of the Obergruppenfuehrer

The visit of the nervous young man who asked for Herr Werner seemed no stranger than other events at the local Gestapo

by CURT RIESS

• FICTION •

It was shortly after midnight when Hans Werner, chief of the Gestapo in the little town, left his host, the wealthy industrialist Frederic Lannard. He had not known that it was so late; and, walking down the stairs, he decided not to visit Lannard any more. If they had further business, the Frenchman could just as well come to his office.

Werner stopped to light a cigarette. Of course, Lannard served excellent wines and liquors, but still he didn't like the skinny little man with the prominent nose. After all, he was a Frenchman who had betrayed his country. Werner didn't mind this in itself, but one never knew what a traitor might do in the end. He might turn traitor to the other side, too.

Well, Werner thought, we can take care of him later when we don't need him any more. Reaching the bottom of the stairs, he opened the door leading to the street and looked around carefully. The street seemed deserted. It was just as well, he thought, that the little town didn't know too much about Lannard's connection with the Gestapo. Maybe it was not a good idea after all to have Lannard come to the office. There would be talk.

Hans Werner heard no steps behind him on the stairs. He only sensed that somebody was behind him at the second the knife went into his neck. The blow threw his body around so that he saw his assassin. Mouth filled with blood, he was not able to speak, but there was a glimmer of astonishment in his eyes.

For a minute or two the man waited, without making a motion. Then he knelt beside the dead Gestapo man and methodically went through his pockets. That took a minute or two. After that he straightened up and went out on the street, sauntering along, whistling softly. Only at the corner did he stand still for a moment and take out his watch. The illuminated hands showed that it was 12:10. Thus June 6, 1944, began in the little town in the south of France.

Three hours later, local Gestapo headquarters heard that the Allied invasion had begun. The night operator there knew precisely what he had to do. Every agent working in the district, every officer and all the office help must be summoned to headquarters. The operator said only one sentence in each case: "The invasion has begun." As he said these words his voice was terse and he was so occupied with the calls that for a while he did not see the young man walking nervously up and down the little waiting room where the switchboard was located. Of medium build and very thin, his deadly paleness made his large, black eyes and shiny, brushed-back black hair look even more black. The young man seemed extremely nervous. Finally he went over to the operator. "It is of the greatest importance," he said, "that I see Herr Werner immediately."

The harassed operator looked up. "Who are you? What do you want?"

"I am Lucien Avocat. I am not supposed to talk to anyone but Herr Werner." As he spoke, a nervous twitch passed over the left half of his face.

The operator said: "I have tried to reach Herr Werner. His telephone doesn't answer."

By this time the agents and officers who had been routed from their beds were arriving at the office, walking swiftly through the waiting room unshaven and hastily dressed, eyes still sleepy. Some were still finishing dressing, fixing ties or buttoning their uniforms.

A young man, short and slim, dressed in a black SS uniform, stopped for a moment near the operator. He took off his cap and smoothed his blond hair. "Has the Obergruppenfuehrer asked for me?"

"No, Schmidt," the operator answered. "In fact, he isn't here yet. I haven't been able to reach him. Any idea where he could be?"

Schmidt grinned. "I think so. I'll make a few calls myself. Get me a line." He disappeared into one of the offices.

Lucien Avocat grew more excited. "My business is terribly urgent. If I don't talk to Herr Werner immediately, something might happen. It will be your responsibility."

The operator was about to say something nasty when the telephone rang. The operator listened, then interrupted. "What did you say? Repeat it . . . I don't understand." He listened for a moment and said, "Oh, I see."

Taking out the plug, he put it in another line and said, "Sorry to interrupt, Schmidt. You won't have to make any more telephone calls. They have found the Obergruppenfuehrer—murdered."

Plugging out, in rapid succession he made several connections with other extensions repeating tersely, "Obergruppenfuehrer Werner is dead. He was murdered. No, I have no other information yet. I will let you know as soon as we hear."

Schmidt rushed out of the office. "Get Gestapo headquarters in Paris immediately. Tell them what has happened." Then he rushed back again, slamming the door.

The operator put through the call to Paris. Then, when he had connected Schmidt, he suddenly remembered the young man who had wanted to talk to Werner. He turned around—and the young man had gone.

Shortly after five a little man, fat and with thick glasses, in the black uniform of SS, came in. He walked over to the operator. "My name is Stampfer. Gruppenfuehrer Wilhelm Stampfer. Paris sent me in a special plane. I will take over here until further orders come."

"I'll tell Lieutenant Schmidt. He is Obergruppenfuehrer Werner's adjutant . . . That is, he was . . ."

"Tell all the gentlemen to come to my room," Stampfer ordered. "I want to meet them all at once. I'm taking Werner's office, of course."

At this moment the young man with the twitching face entered again. He was breathless. "Has Herr Werner arrived now?" he asked the operator. "Can I talk to him immediately?"

Wilhelm Stampfer whirled around. "And who are you? Why

"Ted's jilting me's been a terrible blow, but I suppose I'll get over it in time"

do you want to talk to Werner?"

The operator answered: "His name is Lucien Avocat. He was here two hours before and waited for some time, saying he had urgent business with Werner."

Stampfer went over to the young man, eyes boring through his thick glasses. "Well, what is it? Out with it!"

"I cannot talk with anybody but Herr Werner."

"He said something might happen if he couldn't talk to the Obergruppenfuehrer," the operator volunteered.

"So you knew he was going to be murdered!" Stampfer thundered. "How much did you know? Who told you?"

The young man's face twitched more than ever. "Werner—dead? My God . . ." He turned as though to leave, then stopped. "Who will be in charge here?"

"I am in charge for the time being. The name is Stampfer."

Avocat hesitated for a split second. Then he spoke, "I think I had better talk to you. Now. It's urgent."

Stampfer nodded. "In my office." He turned to the operator. "Where is my office?" The operator pointed at the door and Stampfer and Avocat went in. The fat little Gruppenfuehrer came right back. "Who is he?" he whispered to the operator.

"Never saw him before."

"Hm." Stampfer reflected. "Tell Lt. Schmidt to come out here. Immediately!"

When Schmidt appeared, Stampfer introduced himself and then went on. "Ever heard of a man called Lucien Avocat? Says he has to talk to Werner immediately."

Schmidt shook his head. "No. But then, I didn't know all the people with whom the Obergruppenfuehrer worked." He added, "Suppose I have a look at him?"

"Is there any way you could listen in on the conversation? Suppose I leave the door open?"

"That won't be necessary. On the desk is a red switch. Right next to the calendar. You can't miss it. If you pull it to the right side, I hear every word said in the room. I can take notes, too."

Stampfer nodded. Then he went into the office. Seating himself behind the large desk, he found the switch and turned it to the right. Then he motioned Avocat to a chair. But the young man was too agitated to sit down. Instead he walked up and down murmuring: "Werner dead . . . It's awful. It's going to upset everything . . ."

Finally he turned to the German. "It is like this. I have been working for Obergruppenfuehrer Werner for some time, but I never came here. Nobody was supposed to find out that we knew each other. I was his contact with the . . . well, you may call it the underground."

"You mean you gave him information?" Avocat nodded. "Well, why did you come here tonight?"

"There were certain emergencies during which I had the right to get in touch with him. This is one. My underground channels have informed me that the Allied invasion is to take place this very night."

Stampfer's eyes sparkled with irony. "You don't say. Do you think the Gestapo is asleep?"

Lucien Avocat was unperturbed. "I am only doing my duty. In the case of an invasion

Continued on page 164

Technician Third Grade, à la Carte

Charlie is an experienced wine taster who often manages to mooch dinner with a king

by JOSEPH WECHSBERG

ARTICLE

THE boys in our outfit call him Charlie. In the Army most opular fellows are called by their irst names. Besides Charlie's lue-blood Belgian family name, hich in its full length would take p a whole page in an address ook, is hard to pronounce. Charlie s a Technician third grade, T/3, ets one hundred and fifteen dollars a month, including a twenty er cent overseas increase, and ears staff sergeant's stripes with T inside. Even in filthy fatigue lothes he manages to look like horoughbred *Gotha Almanac* stuff.

No one has ever seen Charlie un, even at the command "Double Time." He is over thirty-eight, one of the oldest men in our ompany, and looks older, because of his wrinkled forehead nd deeply pre-occupied expression. The wrinkles disappear temporarily when Charlie is in high pirits, during a good meal or at crap game.

Charlie is the company gourmet. He will pass up a meal if he oesn't happen to like the menu, nd subsist on coffee, butter and hat excellent rye-and-wheat read the American troops get in ngland. Charlie doesn't share he general opinion that our mess ergeant is wonderful. "Paul's a ood cook," Charlie says. "A very ood cook. But he is not a *chef*." n days when we have meat loaf frankfurters with sauerkraut, harlie goes into the nearby oods, collects mushrooms and kes them over to the mess sergeant of the next outfit, who is rench born *and* a *chef*. "He fries em on butter and toast," Charlie ys, his mouth watering. "*Champignons sur canapés*."

Before he was promoted to T/3, Charlie was frequently put on K.P., which may be tough on any gourmet, but not on Charlie. He forlornly washed pans and scrubbed floors, carrying on a serious discussion with a fellow gourmet, a French-born soldier, on where in France one could get the best *omelette aux fines herbes*. They agreed on La Mère Poularde at Mont Saint-Michel, with an obscure place opposite *Les Halles* at Pan's a close runner-up. Charlie knew at least one good restaurant in every city of France and Belgium, keeping close check on the *spécialités de la maison*. "Few people know that you get the best *Brochette d'Agneau* at the Tavares in Lisbon, Portugal," Charlie once told me, musing on the barrel-and-receiver group of his M1 rifle.

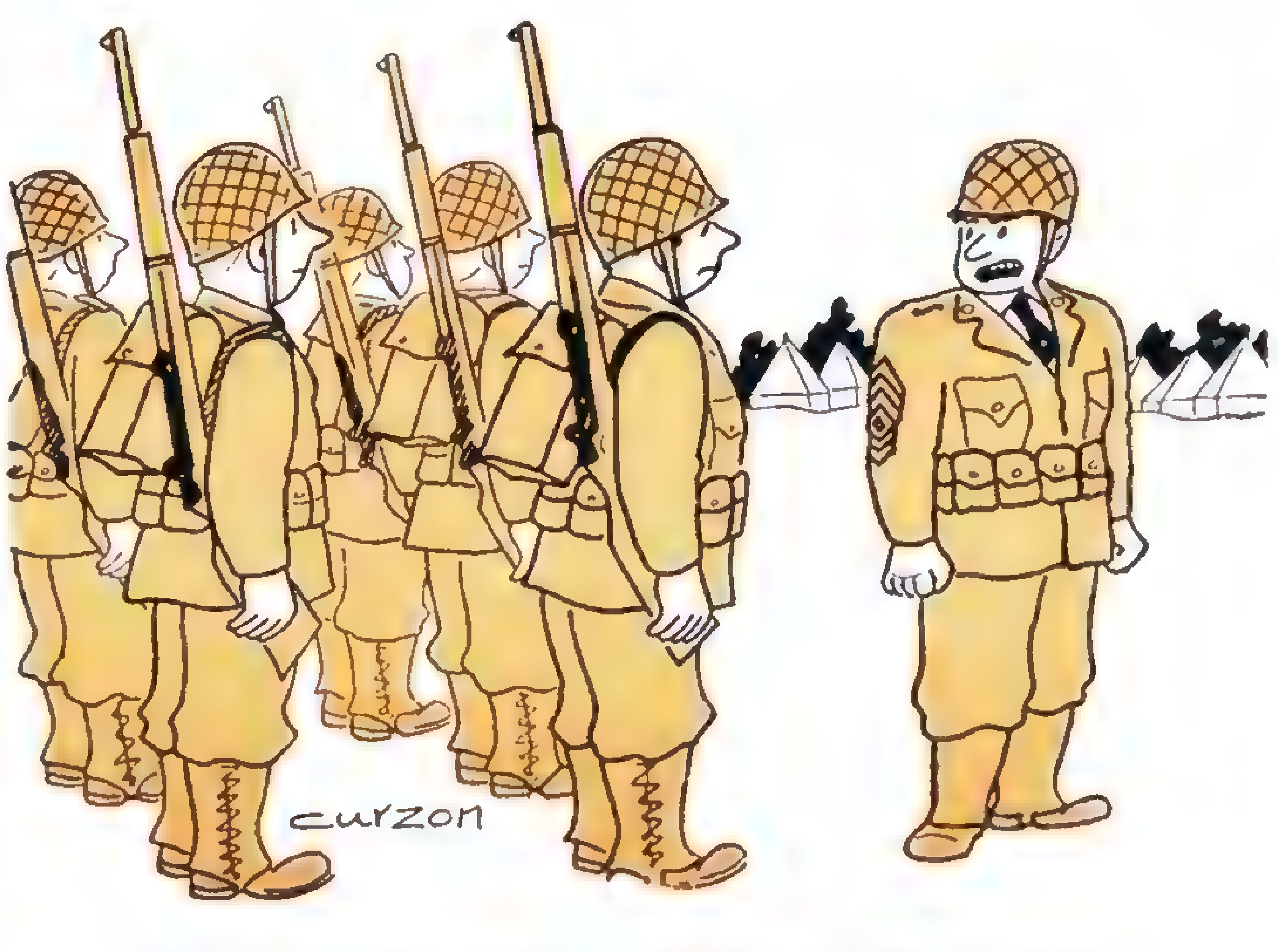
In the old days, Charlie would travel from Brussels to Paris, just to get a dozen oysters. There were plenty of oysters at La Marée in Brussels, but somehow there was "more romance" eating oysters in Paris. "I called up a friend in Paris and told him to reserve a table at Prunier's," Charlie recalls. "I took the Étoile du Nord, and arrived in Paris at 1 p.m. We had *déjeuner* and I took the four p.m. train to Brussels, which got me back at seven-thirty."

On his day off, Charlie goes to London. Two days beforehand he calls up the restaurant he has decided upon and books a table. When Charlie is broke, he has a different routine. He goes to the Claridge's bar where he is always likely to run into one of his former royal acquaintances from Europe. Charlie cleverly directs the conversation into culinary channels, and this is usually followed by His Royal Highness's invitation to dinner, with Charlie choosing the wine. No T/3 in the European Theater of Operations knows more of wine than Charlie.

Charlie often recalls his first trip to London, fifteen years ago, at the demand of his father that Charlie learn the English language, *en conversant*. On his first evening, Charlie and a young man from Paris walked through Hyde Park, where they met two pretty girls who had just arrived from France, presumably to make English conversation. The four had a wonderful time and decided to stick together. Nobody bothered to make English conversation. Much time was spent at the kitchen, where the girls cooked wonderful *plats*, which Charlie thought up. When the girls returned to France, Charlie and the Frenchman moved in with their steady bridge partners, a Swiss and an Italian. "I don't think I spoke more than a hundred English words a week," Charlie says. One day he had a telegram from his father. *Le père* was coming to London the next day to look into his son's progress in English. Fortunately *le père* didn't understand English. Charlie invited the only two Englishmen he knew, the tellers at the bank where he cashed his monthly checks. He bought a few bottles of whiskey. When *le père* arrived at the flat, the tellers were having their sixth whiskey-soda and were in a boisterous mood.

"They made beautiful English —noises," Charlie says, nostalgically. "Now and then I would butt in, saying some English things

Continued on page 175



"Stop bothering me—I'll let you know when the war is over"

Conquest of the English Channel

When Trudy Ederle swam the Channel she pitted her courage, training and spirit against the hazards of hostile Nature

by PAUL GALLICO

▪ COMMENTARY ▪

On August 6, 1926, there took place the greatest recorded athletic feat by a woman in the history of the world. Gertrude Ederle, the nineteen-year-old daughter of an Amsterdam Avenue, New York, German-American butcher, swam the English Channel from Cape Gris-Nez, France, to Kingsdown, England, in fourteen hours and thirty-one minutes.

Steve Dohanos has captured on his canvas the magnificent moment of triumph when the girl walked out of the bitter sea into fame. Bonfires had been lighted all along the English coast to guide the gallant American through the last hours of her struggle against wind, storm, rain and cold and darkness. The leaping flames lit up the scene when, at 9:40 at night, she walked up onto the beach to receive her first ovation.

In the light of the cataclysms that have overwhelmed us in the last years when, amongst other places, that stormy English Channel has provided a grave for so many brave men, the swimming of that body of water fades into memory as a peculiar and unimportant bit of exhibitionism.

But, actually, it was not, for those were the lush days of peacetimes, the pause between two wars, and Trudy Ederle was the demonstration of those times that courage, training, will power and indomitable spirit comprise the secret weapon against seemingly unconquerable obstacles. Our men and women demonstrate the same truism day in, day out, in these troubled times.

Nature has always challenged human beings. Conquest of that twenty-mile strip of treacherous tides and roaring currents has lured swimmers for the past seventy years, and who knows what attempts were made that remain unrecorded? Five persons had swum the English Channel before Gertrude Ederle. But they were all men. No woman had ever accomplished it. Several had tried and failed. As early as one week before Trudy succeeded, another American girl, Clare Belle Barrett of New Rochelle, New York, had failed by two miles. And Gertrude Ederle herself had twice failed the previous year. It did appear as though there was one feat of skill and endurance in which women could not approach men.

It is a curious thing that on August 6, the very day of Trudy's triumph, the London *Daily News*, editorializing on the question of women athletes in general, declared: "Even the most uncompromising champion of the rights and capacities of women must admit that in contests of physical skill, speed and endurance, they must forever remain the weaker sex."

The gent who wrote those words probably spent the next twenty-four hours eating them without cream or sugar, because Miss Ederle not only conquered the Channel, but her time was two hours and twenty-three minutes faster than the fastest man who had achieved the crossing before her, one Charles Toth of Boston, Massachusetts.

It was a big show, a great show. We had time in those days to stop and applaud a duel between woman and nature. Trudy was an American girl, sweet, gentle, unaffected. As a member of the famous Women's Swimming Association of New York, cradle of water champions, she had attracted attention by breaking the men's record for the classic twenty-one mile swim from the Battery in New York to Sandy Hook. No woman had ever completed the trip before. She covered the course in seven hours, eleven minutes, thirty seconds. When she raised her sights to the English Channel, and particularly after she had tried and failed, the whole nation paused to follow her attempt and wish her well.

The New York *Daily News* backed her financially, win or lose in 1926, and she moved to Cape Gris-Nez, France, and trained there under William Burgess, an Englishman who had conquered the Channel in 1911, after having previously failed *eighteen times*.

The Channel from Cape Gris-Nez to Dover is only twenty miles wide. Tides and currents add from ten to twenty miles to the passage for a swimmer. Henry Sullivan, an American from Lowell Massachusetts, who accomplished the feat in 1923, swam forty-five miles to get from one side to the other. The swimmer must be prepared to fight against the numbing discouragement that comes with battling forward one yard and losing five.

Anyone who has crossed the Channel in a boat knows it for the roughest, dirtiest, choppiest body of water in the world. It is never quiet. Wind and current and tides wage a never-ending duel and the surface of the sea is crisscrossed with nasty little waves that batter and buffet a swimmer, rolling and shaking, lifting and dropping and dizzying. The first time Trudy tried it the previous year she had to quit because she got *seasick* while swimming.

On the morning of August 6th, Trudy attired herself in black silk trunks, a narrow brassiere of navy blue silk bearing the emblem of the Women's swimming association and a tiny silk American flag She wore a red bathing cap and goggles of one curved piece of yellow glass. After she entered the water, she removed the brassiere

Her body was first greased with olive oil. Over this was smeared a coating of lanoline and finally a thick, heavy mixture of vaseline and lard. She entered the water at 7:09 A.M.

A tug flying French and American bunting accompanied her Aboard the tug were her father and sister Margaret, her trainer Burgess, and newspapermen and photographers. Amongst the press was Julia Harpman, crack reporter, covering for the sponsoring *Daily News*. She had been with Trudy through the entire period of training. Miss Harpman was the wife of a sports writer who was just beginning to attract national attention. His name was Westbrook Pegler.

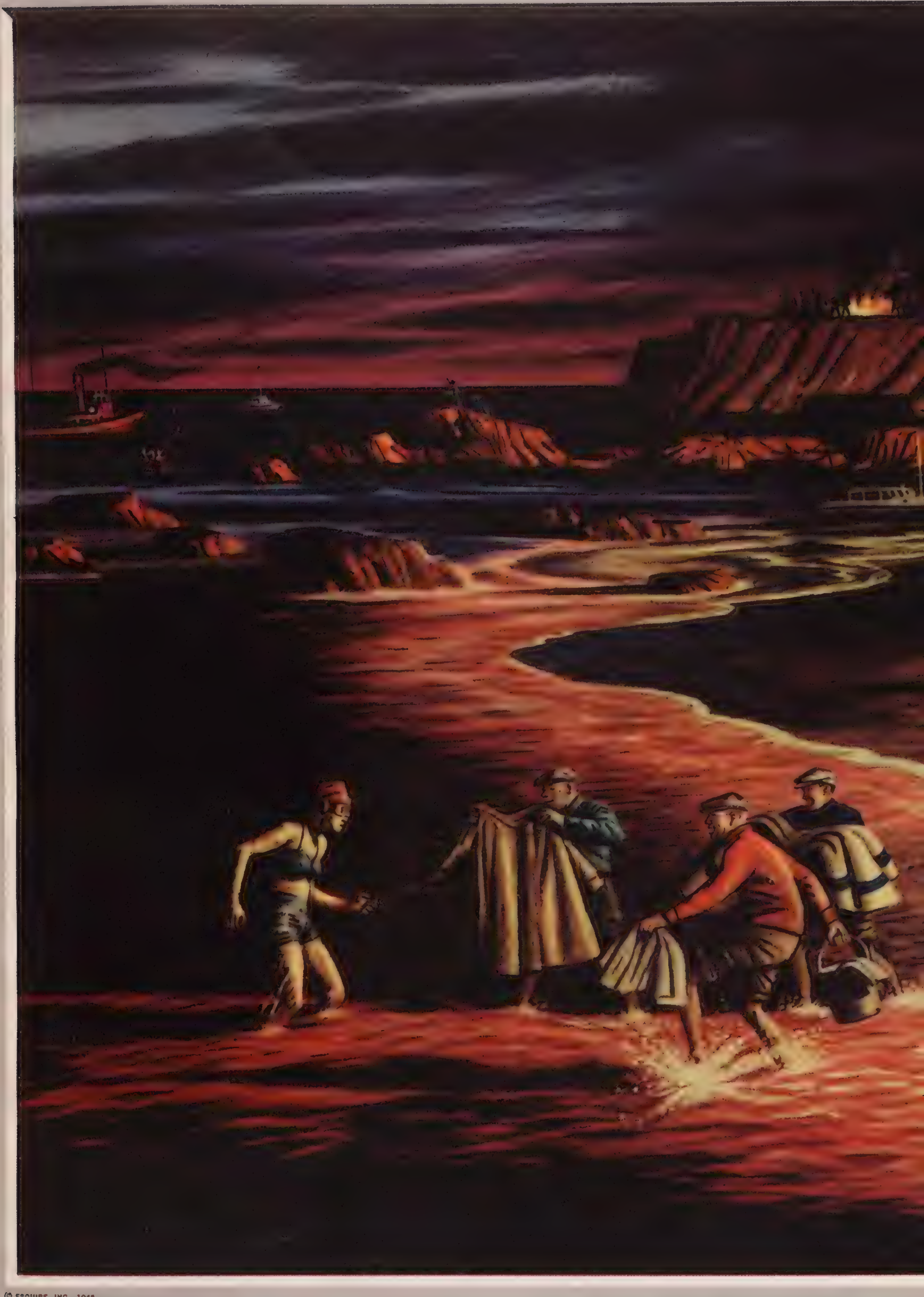
The story of the crossing is a classic of grit and stamina and guts There isn't time to record it here. Trudy Ederle went through hell Frozen, exhausted, battered, sickened, she never once complained and she never for a moment thought of giving up. She had to fight not only the sea and the elements of wind, rain and cold, but the contents of the sea, dangerous red jellyfish with long, stinging tentacles.

At one point, after she had been in the water for eleven hours the sea was raging so furiously and buffeting her so badly that trainer Burgess advised that the attempt be given up lest she be injured. The English coast was three miles away. Pop Ederle called to her to ask her whether she wanted to quit.

And out of the hissing spume of the stormy sea came her classic reply that was to ring around the world: "What for?"

And then, all of a sudden it was over and she was walking out onto the English beach in the glare of the bonfires and the roaring welcome of the people gathered there, while the wireless crackled and cables began to hum with the story of her achievement.

She went back aboard the tug by rowboat and sailed a few miles down the coast from Kingsdown to Dover where she had been expected and a welcome awaited her. That welcome was held up for three hours, while a customs official quizzed the most famous girl in the whole world and was on the point of refusing to let her land because she lacked a passport to enter the United Kingdom. ⌗



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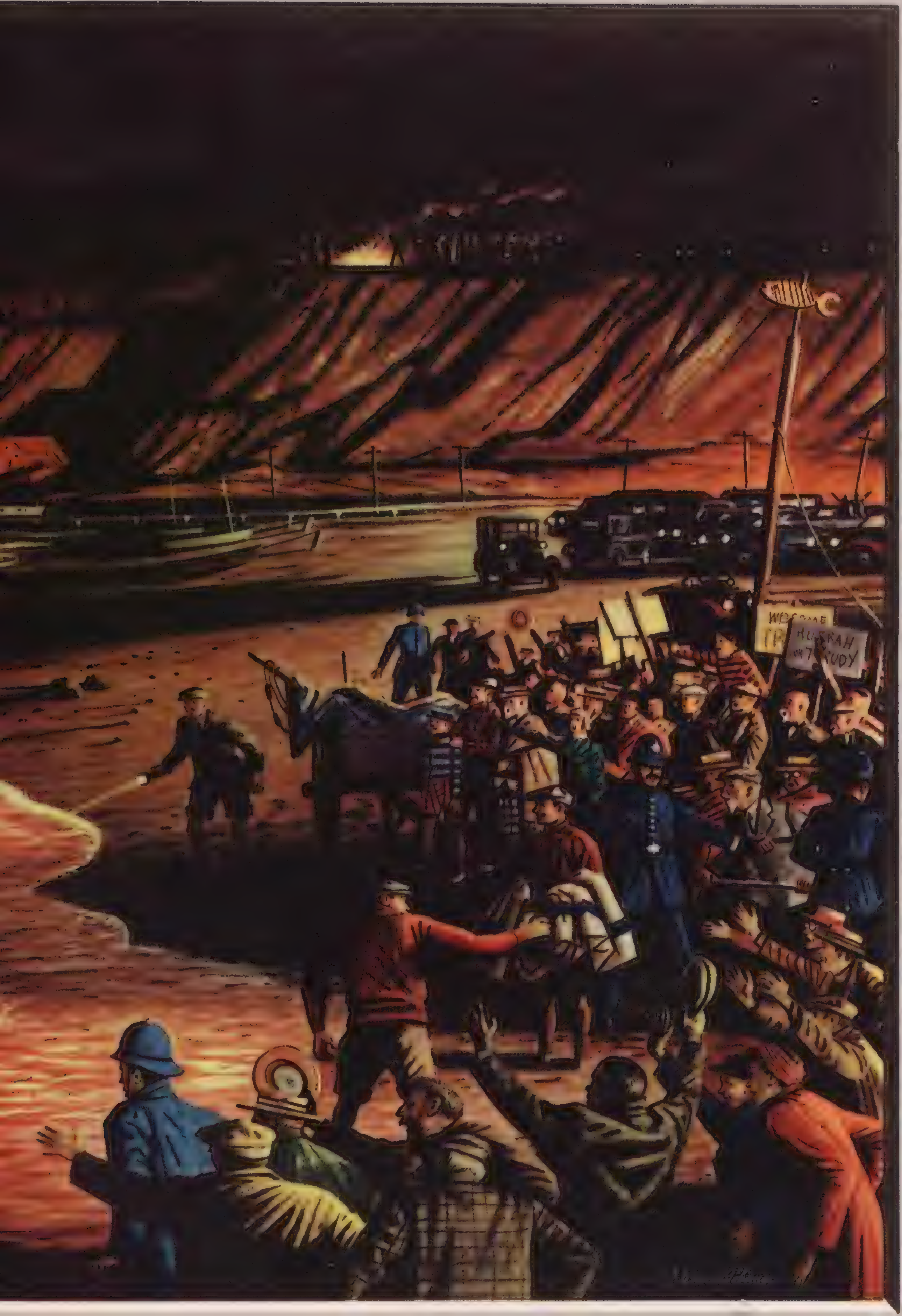
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HURRAH FOR TRUDY

CHANNEL *by Stevan Dohanos*

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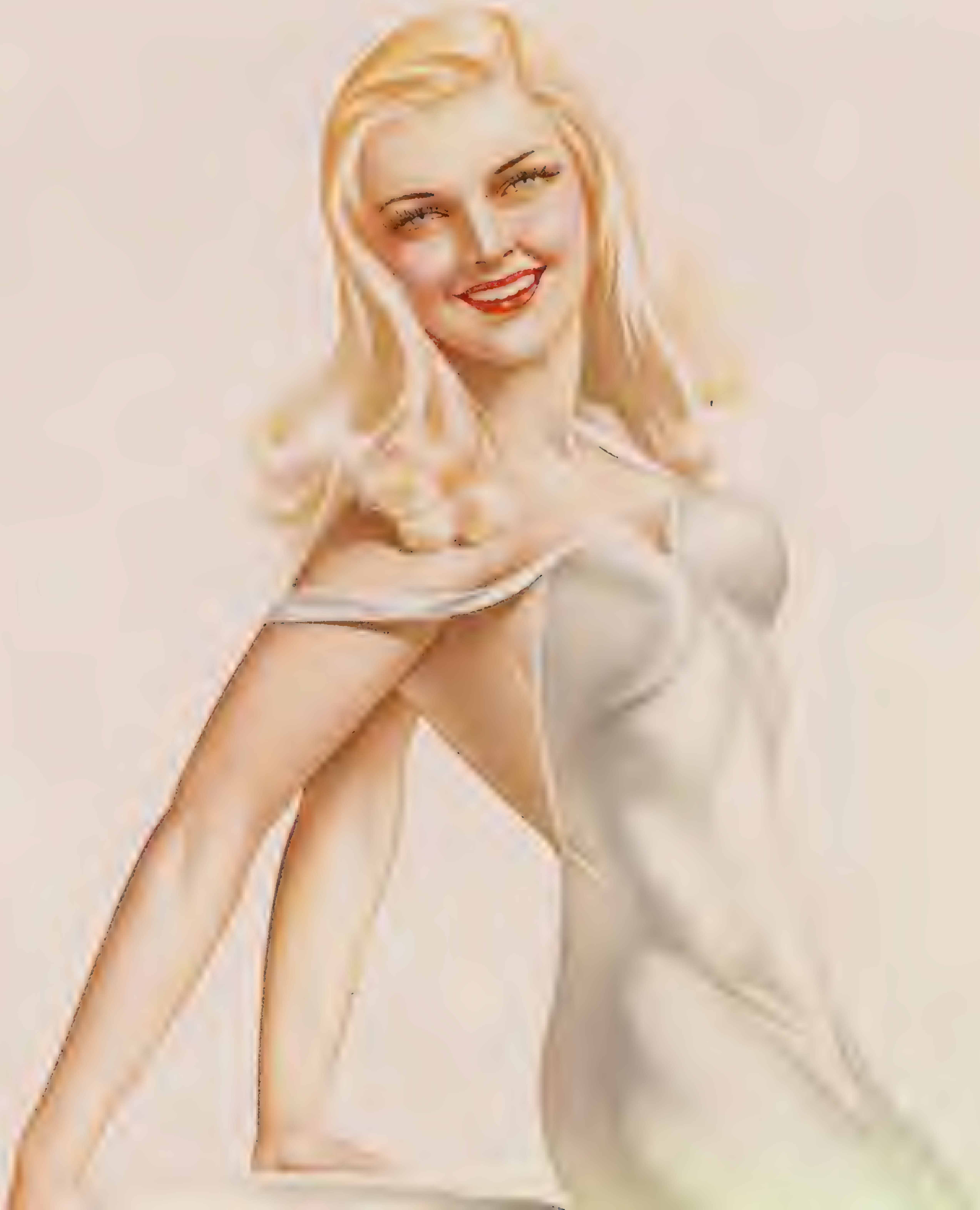


LADY OF LETTERS

Now this little blonde
Has a definite bond
With the boys who are fighting the foe;
She writes to an Ace
In a far-distant place
Which gives him a permanent glow,
And she scribbles a note
To a Tar on a boat
Which certainly lifts his morale,
And a cute billet-doux
To a Private or two
Just proves she's an all-around gal!

PAINTING BY VARGA
VERSE BY PHIL STACK

The Unforgettable Richard Hillary

Memorial to a high-spirited flyer of the Royal Air Force whose sacrifice was enhanced by his capacity for life

ANONYMOUS

• ARTICLE •

When Richard came into a room, something always happened. A presence at once dynamic, friendly and direct broke up all social conventions. Richard did not try to attract attention; it was the intensity of his own attention that disinfected his company from all pretense.

He was so alive, so curious, so excited by life itself; and therefore so well prepared to add to whatever life he found in his own vicinity.

Richard was a remarkable-looking boy, the son of a handsome mother, with the height and figure of Gary Cooper, and the spring of an athlete in his walk. He carried his head in an erect and challenging manner, his chin a little thrust forward, like the prow of a ship breasting the oncoming seas. His frost-blue eyes sparkled with amusement, anger, interest, love or hate, but they were seldom at rest. Before he was tossed out of the sky, caged in his burning plane, Richard must have been beautiful. Traces of this beauty remained in the molding of his scarred face, and through it—perhaps with more force and vim than ever before—his personality spoke without a veil. On the second occasion of our meeting he discussed with me—without self-pity—what had seemed to him far the worst thing that had ever happened to him—not his maiming or the torture of his long hospital experiences, but a timid official's denial of his right to live with, and speak to, the people of the U. S. A.

"Well," Richard demanded, "take a good look at me and tell me: could I have done this job I was sent out for or was I just too disgusting to be seen?"

I answered as I thought. "If a person can speak through his face as plainly as you do, it does not matter in the least what he looks like. He has done all that is required of any person's looks. He has communicated to another person what he himself is like."

It is only fair to say that this misguided official was not American. After his almost miraculous recovery the Air Force lent Richard to the Ministry of Information, and this London M. O. I. sent him to New York on a lecture tour. Had the British official in New York had the courage and common sense of the British official in London, he could easily have found a use for Richard in the U. S. A. Offers poured in from radio and factory which would certainly have been innocuous from even the most sensitive propaganda point of view. But unfortunately, and immediately on his arrival, this official told Richard that his appearance was such that no one could bear to look at him, and that he must hide from human intercourse until his return home to final obscurity could be arranged.

But Richard was not an obscure person. He was immediately invited by Edward Warburg, and accepted the invitation to stay in his flat, where he met the warmest and most unfeigned welcome from some of the most famous of New Yorkers; and here Richard settled down and wrote the one book on the war that will without doubt go down into history, for *The Last Enemy* (the American title is *Falling Through Space*) is the authentic voice of the R.A.F. who won the Battle of Britain. This book is literature; and it carried towards a future—most of its living members knew that they would never share—their actual experiences and their real thoughts about them.

Richard was not a typical Englishman; for this he had too much pioneer innocence and gift for self-expression; but he was typically British. His parents were Australian and brought Richard to England at the age of three. He was an only child, fortunate in his parents, who gave him unstintingly the best either of them had. The parents of an only child who allow him to produce exceptional courage must be good parents. Richard was educated at an English public school, where he distinguished himself and his school as an oarsman, against the Pro's reading of his character. "He has not the guts for a rower," this trained observer stated. Richard, probably with added satisfaction at disappointing this prediction, proceeded to prove him wrong. Again, in an odd but triumphant rowing experience in Germany against the pick of the Nazis, Richard helped to bring off an almost unsustained victory. Richard was brilliant; and he was courageous, when and where he wanted to be. He was by nature too much of a fighter to do more than take a friendly interest in the Pacifists of his short period at Oxford before the R.A.F. claimed him.

He had no wish to die or to kill for his country; but he had the common sense to see that against the rising dictatorships of Europe, it might be necessary to do both. He was, as most of his generation are, without expressed religion, ideals or even hopes. But he had faith in life. He had always had a lovely time in the class into which he had been born and was brought up. "Do you think," he asked a fellow writer, "that I'll have to give up being a gentleman to be a writer?"

"Probably," was the cautious reply.

"Well—I daresay it's worth it!" Richard replied with a grin.

He enjoyed all his privileges but he did not take them as rights; they were simply part of his fun. When life, through the bitter processes of trial and error, enlarged his sense of the rights of others, he was quick to accept and further those rights at the expense of his own. Through pain he became a universalist; but he had always been a giver; it was only that he found there was more to give than at first, in his blindly eager youth, he had realized.

Richard was, in point of temperament, an Elizabethan, a man full of loves, fights and interests—ready "to take any drink once." He had very little time to cram all that he thought, felt and discovered, into his meager years, for at twenty-three he forced his way back into active service and took his second and final leave of life. What time he had he filled to the brim—he took three decisive love adventures; and made unnumbered swift and ardent friendships. Each of the women he loved helped to develop a different and vital side of Richard's sensitive and omnivorous character. Nor, strange to say, did his mother—the woman who after all was the last and longest as well as the earliest of his loves—ever have to feel herself deserted for these later claims upon his manhood. He told her all—or nearly all—about them. Richard's first ladylove was as young and as new to love as her lover. She might have been the great love of his life instead of only the first, had she not been several sizes too small for even the boy Richard. However, he believed in her with ecstasy and sent for her, in the terrible hour after his first great crash, when he knew he must be disfigured and his life different from that which nature had intended. As soon as the bandaged stumps left of his hands

Continued on page 122

NTED
SGT Ned HILTON

"Don't blame me—you asked for a full confession"

Fall of the House of Fanning

Uncle Walter and Aunt Martha esteemed their gilded nephew as a spider loves a fly and hungrily bided their time

by C. P. DONNEL, JR.

• FICTION •

Because Thomas D. Fanning II had family and money, he was news. He was photogenic, too. Consequently his youthful lapses from sobriety and monkhood assumed, against the neutral background of Boston, spectacular hues.

Because Tom Fanning did not go daily to an office, people said he was lazy and unintelligent. His parents, THE Fannings, were dead; but fortunately for the gossips, he had an uncle and aunt living near Belmont, so it could be truthfully said that there was somebody he was a great trial to.

The uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Devereaux Fanning, said little. It is not unpleasant to be considered martyrs. They received sympathy with tight-lipped gratitude—not exactly the way they received the substantial sums Tom forked over to revive his Uncle Walter's moribund brokerage business in Boston. For these monies they thanked Tom fulsomely; and when they went to bed the gifts festered and festered.

When war came and Tom enlisted as a private in the Army Air Force, people promptly forgot him. He recalled himself to his critics by becoming a captain in the least possible time; this gave rise to talk of wires pulled and family influence in Washington. There was a temporary revulsion of feeling in his favor, however, when he arrived home on his first furlough. He carried his uniform well. He was clear-eyed and reserved where formerly he had been noisy and a little bloated. He substituted a highball or two for the strenuous drinking of his prewar career. He was now invited out a great deal, especially to homes containing marriageable daughters; for, although he had thrown away a great deal of money, it was common knowledge he had a lot left.

Tom comported himself admirably, even to spending a decorous week end with his uncle and aunt, who regarded him with mingled emotions. True, his new abstinence would undoubtedly prolong his life. On the other hand, he would be overseas before long and in the event of some tragic accident, Uncle Walter and Aunt Martha would be his only surviving relatives and, of course, his heirs.

So they were kind to him and solicitous and he appreciated it. It was unfortunate then that, after such a notable reformation, Tom should mar his last days in Boston by an unforgivable act. But he did. He married. Worse, the girl had neither family nor money. He met her at some servicemen's center shindig and married her two days later. Her name was Dolly Carroll and she worked in a department store. The gossips, led by some outraged mothers with eligible daughters, were off instantly in full cry, nosing up such bits as the degrading fact that Dolly's parents, now deceased, had been country schoolteachers in some unheard-of little Western village. They did not stop to ascertain that Dolly had looks, character and a moderate amount of brains, and, above all, that she and Tom were head over heels in love. She was an emotional little person, somewhat frightened by life and amorous floorwalkers, and she and Tom soon found refuge in one another.

Tom and Dolly had just three days together; he already had his orders. His final act was to take Dolly to his kind Uncle Walter and Aunt Martha and ask them to give her a home for the duration.

Uncle Walter and Aunt Martha expressed themselves, naturally, as delighted. And Tom, for all the heartbreak of the parting, carried away a very reassuring picture of Dolly's security and comfort in the big Belmont mansion.

The Fannings found Dolly anything but a difficult guest. Quietly responsive to the least kindliness, she was not obtrusive in seeking attention. On the contrary, the Fannings found her as easily contented as a cat. She wrote Tom every day, spending considerable time over the letters, and managed to put in many profitable afternoons in the kitchen, taking cooking lessons from the frail and ancient Mrs. Emma Higginside. She liked also to walk in the garden and watch Aunt Martha dealing competently with puny or nonco-operative shrubs and flowers. Then she would sit in the arbor and read or write, and Aunt Martha, on her knees on the sod, would stop working to watch the small figure in the arbor with curiously cold, speculative eyes. She watched Dolly a great deal in the evenings, too, glancing up from her knitting as they sat in the living room. Finally Uncle Walter became aware of this habit of his wife and he, too, began to look speculatively at Dolly in odd moments. At first he used to wonder what his wife was thinking; then suddenly he knew, for he had begun to put forth cautious, ever-so-tentative thoughts along that line himself.

"My first husband had no principles—he let me marry him for his money and then confessed he hadn't any!"

What might have happened if Aunt Martha had not found the letter in the wastebasket is hard to conjecture. Nothing, perhaps. But she did find it. And from that day on, although he had not been told about the letter, Uncle Walter had a sensation of waiting—waiting.

Then came the telegram that Tom was missing in action.

Strangers took Walter and Martha Fanning for brother and sister, perhaps because their relationship had been little more than that for a dozen-odd years. They had the same bright, greenish eyes, and the same tight mouth and upthrust carriage of the head, and there were other resemblances.

Martha Fanning, although barely middle-aged, wore severe dresses and white linen collars that were spiritually akin to Walter's angular serge suits and absurdly high, stiff collars. But the thing that struck most people most forcibly was the understanding that existed between them.

Said one man (this was two weeks after Tom was reported missing) after an evening of bridge at the Fannings': "It's odd. I have a feeling that they hate each other. Yet they always agree. Their minds work along precisely the same lines. Some of their bidding tonight was uncanny. I'm not suggesting . . ."

"They didn't cheat," said his wife shortly; she had a headache from overconcentration on the ards. "They're just better than re are. Besides, they play for lood."

"Not blood," corrected her husand. "Money. Because they're Ir. and Mrs. Walter Devereaux 'anning, they have to scorn noney. That's what makes them ove it so. I can't exactly explain , but . . ."

"Don't try." His wife closed er eyes. "Walter Fanning gives ne the creeps. Step on it, George; want to get home to a drink."

"You'd think they'd turn loose highball now and then." Her usband trod on the accelerator. Walter Fanning used to soak up ne stuff in college. Always halfotted. And now—not allowing ven a drop of stuff in the house, ven for unfortunate guests like s. Well, I suppose the most moral nan in the world is one with a angover . . ."

"If that's an epigram, spare ne. Let's forget the Fannings. Ve've had 'em to dinner. We've een to their house. Now we're hut of them for another year, hank God." She sighed. "Such a ity, too; it's certainly the loveest old house in Belmont. I wish could like them." She meditated. "What a blow it must have een for them when Tom married -they had a good chance of ineriting, you know, George. But ow . . . I wonder that the little iece-in-law didn't come down to inner tonight. I hear she's sunk bout Tom. Poor child! And poor om . . .!"

Her husband said in the darkess, "We're a gruesome twosome, ren't we, Alice? Walter Fanning old me the child is taking it hastly hard. He sounded wored . . ."

Said his wife, "I wonder."

He was wrong about the wine. 'here was a bottle in the house. ut Walter Fanning did not know .

Martha and Walter Fanning, in nat order, mounted the broad tairway to the second floor. In Valter's wallet was exactly half nat night's winnings. Martha's alf was already locked in the Vinthrop desk in the library, in a rawer to which Walter had no ey.

Walter Fanning looked without ppetite at the iron-grey bun of air at the nape of his wife's thin eck. His eye traveled down the at aspects of her figure; he wonered vaguely how she managed o make herself so unattractive.

"That Alice Westcott's a handome woman," he said incauously.

"I noticed you thought so," aid Martha, without heat. "You're ot pretty when you try to be the allant cavalier, Walter." He did ot answer. They paused at the op of the stairs.

"I wonder why they don't like s," he said thoughtfully.

"Perhaps because we don't like nem," said Martha Fanning almly. "You resent George Westott because he enjoys life. I reent Alice because . . ."

"I know." He bit the nail of his right forefinger. "I suppose I'll be going into Boston tomorrow. Heaven knows why."

His wife drew a short, sharp breath—her way of expressing acute emotion. Walter Fanning looked quickly at her.

"Come into my room, Walter," she said. There was that in her voice which announced an important decision. Walter Fanning experienced a tingle at the base of his scalp. The waiting, he knew somehow, was over.

She handed him a single sheet of writing paper, filled with Dolly's round, childish hand. As he read, he nibbled at the ragged nail. When he handed the paper back, the room was very still.

"How did you get hold of this, Martha?" he asked finally.

"In the wastebasket in her room, about a month ago. I imagine she was depressed, then decided it sounded too unhappy to mail to Tom." Martha Fanning held the letter to the light, read in her low, flat voice: "'. . . and so, my dearest, you are my heart and my life. Oh, Tom, if anything should happen to you, I shall not let us be lonely. I shall come to you. Surely, wherever we might be, they would let us be together. . .'" She stopped reading, looked up at him.

"You said she crumpled it up."

Martha said, "I ironed it out."

"Have you done anything since then?" he said after a moment.

"Not until after the telegram about Tom. I got some of Tom's things—his hunting gear and some clothing—from the attic, and asked her to let me store them in that old walnut chest in her room. Tom's target pistol was among them. Still loaded. She saw me put it in the chest."

"Anything else?"

"We talked about Tom's boyhood. I told her that he used to read spiritualism; that for a while he believed in communication with the spirit world. I told her also that when he was younger he had a morbid fear of being alone in the dark. I told her he had always been terribly dependent, emotion-

Continued on page 170

"I just dreamt the boys were all home again and woman was once more in the driver's seat!"

After the Shooting Comes Sport

Outlining the Clark-McCormick plan to entertain servicemen marooned overseas on V-Day till ships can bring them home

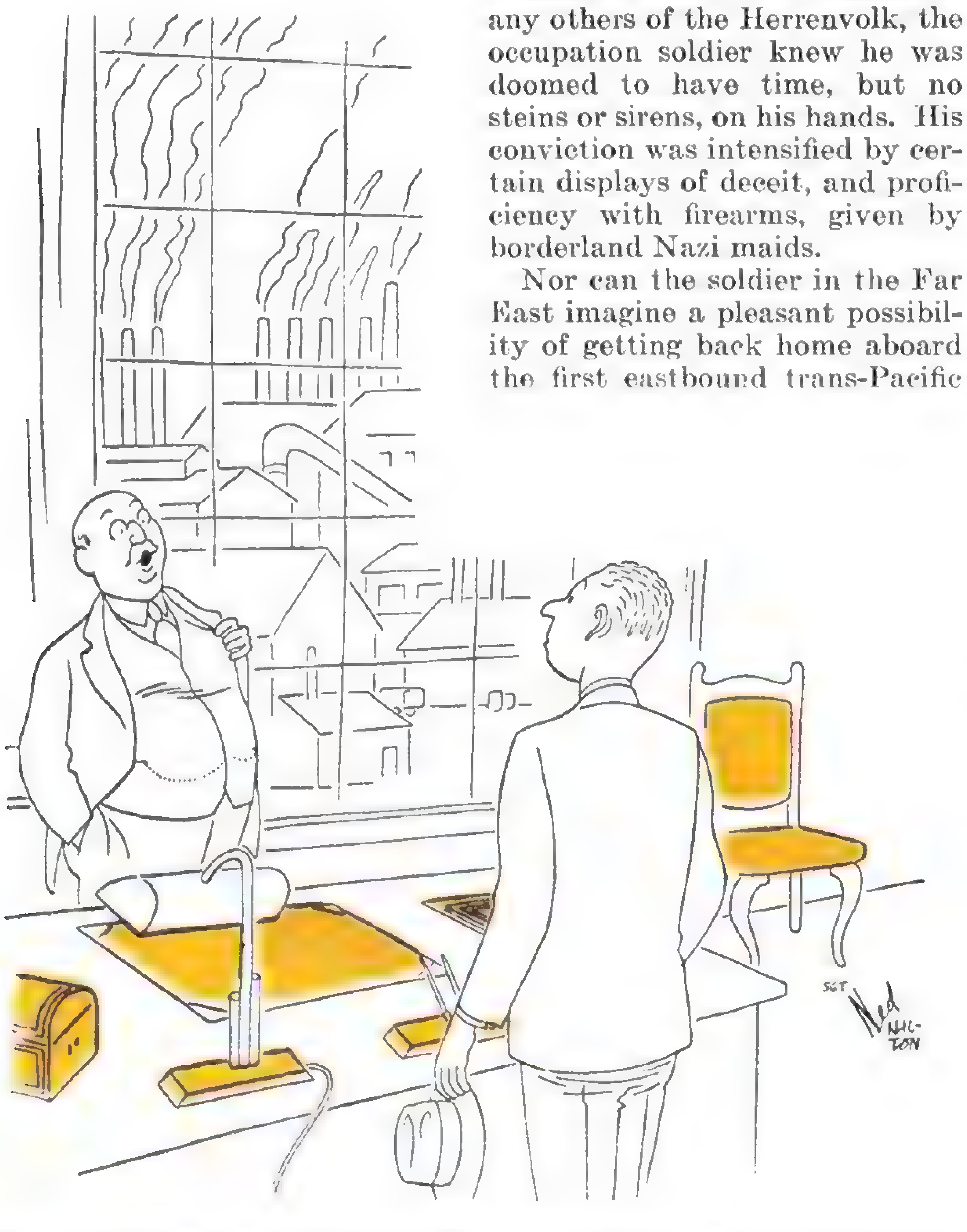
by HERB GRAFFIS

▪ SPORTS ▪

Maybe your old man mentioned to you, bub, that when he was a gladiator in the war to end wars, the finale of that affair was followed by many a soldat Americaine making a quick break for a homeward-bound vessel. In their eagerness to come early and avoid the rush, some of papa's pals took off from the trenches promptly at eleven hours and one second, November 11, 1918.

Unfortunately for those who thus volunteered to save Uncle the paper work of getting troops out of la belle France, Uncle didn't show gratitude for the co-operation. He put the impetuous ones in cold storage. There they heard sundry transports whistle bye-bye. Those whistles weren't blowing the opening strains of sweet land of liberty for the doughboys who'd tried to effect their own demobilization.

Yet the impatience persisted. Officers and men who were ordered to keep themselves occupied by military exercises until it came their turn to walk up the gangplank, stalled on the assignment. A mutinous mood might have developed had not Pershing taken emergency action in inaugurating a sports program which, although of a sketchy sort, kept lads interested if not resigned, to delay in getting home.



"I should say we are busy—I'm starting to work in the plant myself as soon as the union sends me my card!"

Having learned from adequate experience not to count on any marked changes in the nature of mankind, the Army is looking ahead to minimize the impulse a khaki-clad gent might have to cut his own orders for home when the shooting stops.

This is real white of the Army since the soldier has no choice in the matter (or in damn few others). As this essay was pecked out in frigid France, the Yank warrior in the E.T.O. could look forward only to a ripe old age in the Army of Occupation or a transfer to the Far East after Germany gave up. With edicts forbidding fraternization already promulgated to chill visions of frolic with fräuleins or any others of the Herrenvolk, the occupation soldier knew he was doomed to have time, but no steins or sirens, on his hands. His conviction was intensified by certain displays of deceit, and proficiency with firearms, given by borderland Nazi maids.

Nor can the soldier in the Far East imagine a pleasant possibility of getting back home aboard the first eastbound trans-Pacific plane after the last "so solly; excoose plizzz" comes out of some pony-toothed, slant-eyed, ochrepuss. The Yank in the Far East may have the gloomy notion that before the occupation of Japan comes to an end, he will.

To dispel such morbid contemplation, the Army is working on a field version of one of the cheerier aspects of the American homeland.

A supercolossal Army sports program is being laid out to achieve the miracle of reconciling the American soldier to inevitable postponement of his return to the States immediately after hostilities cease.

This is the toughest job sport has ever had.

Nobody knows how difficult the task will be any better than Lt. Col. Henry W. Clark, ex-Harvard athlete and Lafayette College athletic mentor, and Lt. Col. Frank G. McCormick, who came into his second World War from his work as the University of Minnesota's athletic director. Clark is head of the athletic branch of the Special Services Division. Frank is head of Army athletics in the European Theater of Operations.

Both of them have qualified close up to the fighting men overseas. They have no rosy delusions that the combat or the non-combat soldiers will immediately and joyfully accept any substitute for getting home. They are fully aware that the fun-loving, vigorous American youth, when he hears "cease firing," won't instantly jump up and down in glee, clapping his hands and saying, "oh goody; now for a perfect orgy of quoits and football, baseball and beanbag, basketball and a rousing hop-scotch tournament!"

What the guys will have to have is a show bigger and better than any sports shows that can be seen at home. In some respects, of course, that can't be supplied. Baseball's world series couldn't be held overseas. The bowl football games couldn't be sent away. The Army-Navy football game? Clark and McCormick may find their program for marooned soldiers doing so well that their clients will clamor for that event. Inasmuch as the 1944 game was shifted from Annapolis to Baltimore for the accommodation of 70,000 customers, mainly civilians, there might be logic in sending the game overseas for the gratification of fellows who will be beginning to feel that they are men without a country.

The big show—or series of them—that the two colonels have in mind, will have as a spectacular attraction in one of its many rings an inter-Allied sports meet. An indication of the entertainment possibilities of such an event was given in Rome last year before a huge crowd of men in Allied armed service. Field, track and swimming competitive performances were put on in a manner that demonstrated good stage management could make a meet of this sort a much better gate attraction than it generally is in the United States.

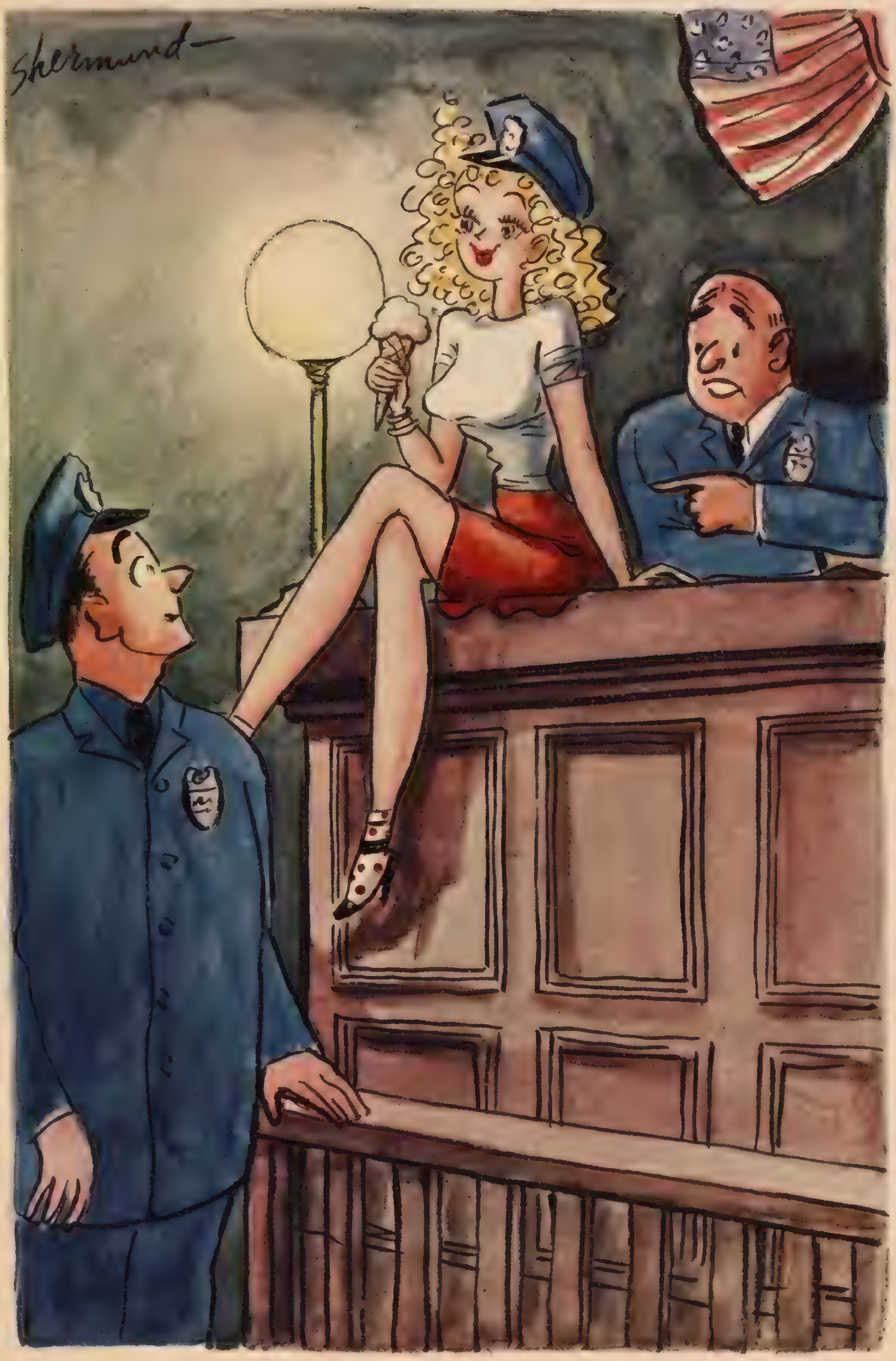
U. S. Army and Navy, British, French and Brazilian servicemen performed in the meet. The Navy's Hawaiian swimming team and the French-Arabian distance runners topped the carnival. An Arabian in his mid-forties ran the legs off the rest of the Allies' distance talent that was assembled.

An abundance of serviceman talent will be available for the sports spectacles. The attitude of the overseas serviceman precludes almost all possibility of presenting civilian sports stars, regardless of their magnitude or validity of exemption from armed service. The lads who have been in the Big Game may ask the visitor who comes across after things are quiet "where were you when that stranger threw the stuff in the electric fan?"

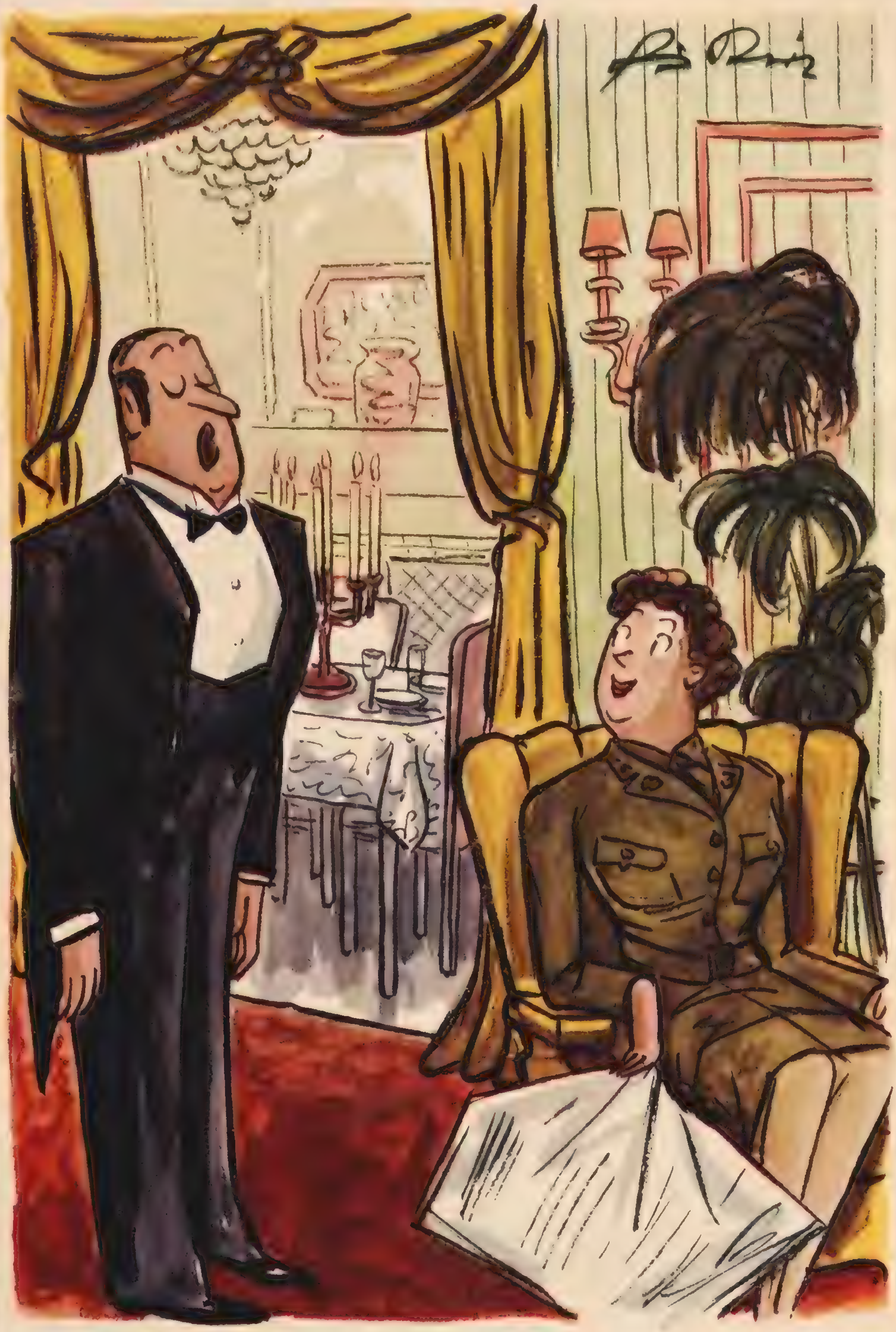
This attitude, which already prevails, is most noticeable among combat troops who constitute probably somewhere between twenty-five and thirty per cent of American forces overseas. These men, whose stay in the front line sometimes stretches beyond 100 days, have been through such grueling ordeals it simply isn't human nature for them to embrace conflict for amusement. Sport might wisely bring itself to realize that the less the ordinary mudborne soldier or common Navy man-of-war is handed high-pressure ballyhoo on sports figures who are not physically able or temperamentally willing to fight in war, the less resentment will be aroused among the men who do get shot at.

Editors and reporters of the soldiers' paper, *The Stars and Stripes*, have noted interest in sports news diminishing as its circulation reaches the advanced areas. However, these authorities

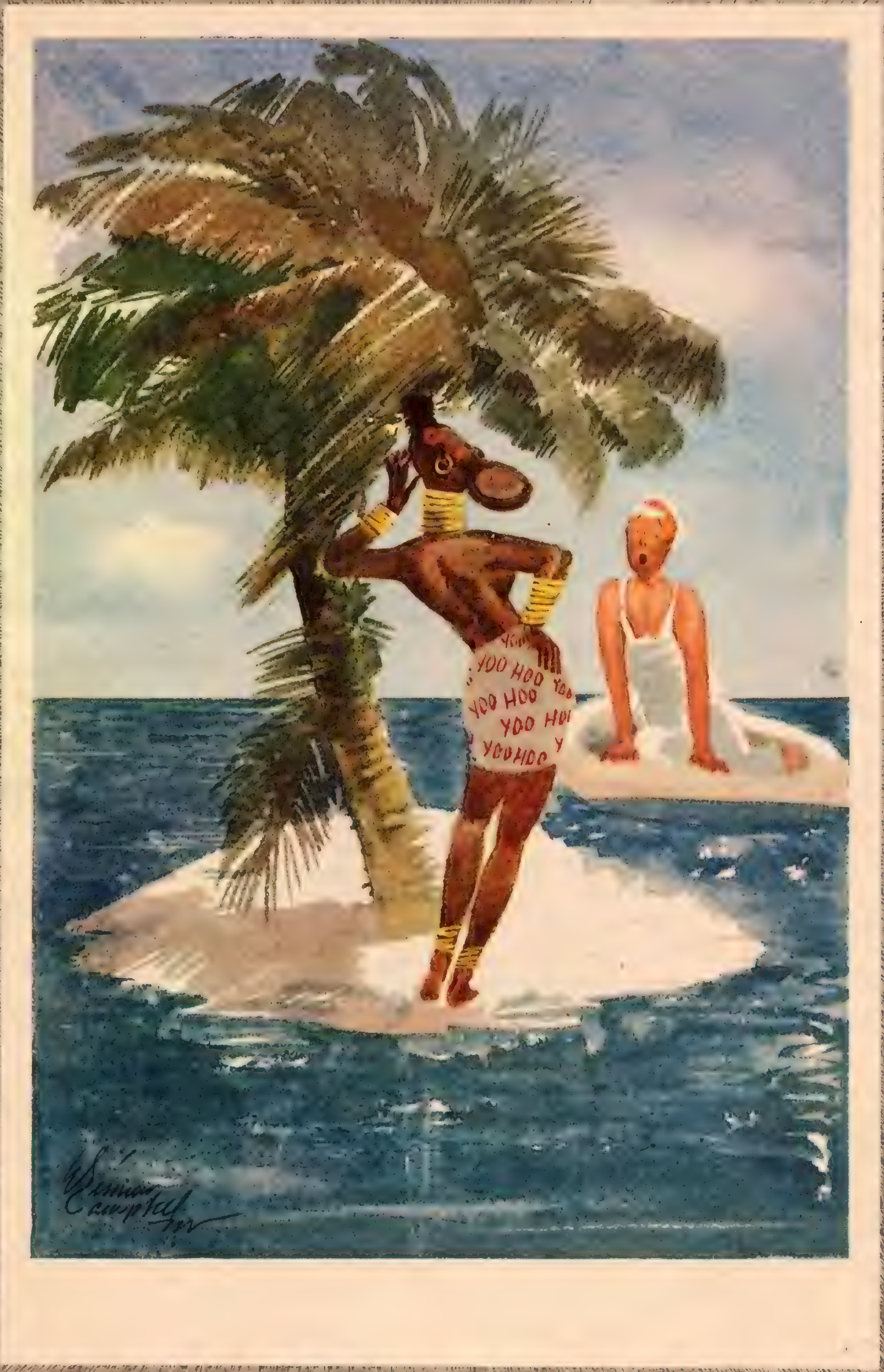
Continued on page 150



"She's lost!"



"Chow is served, Madame"



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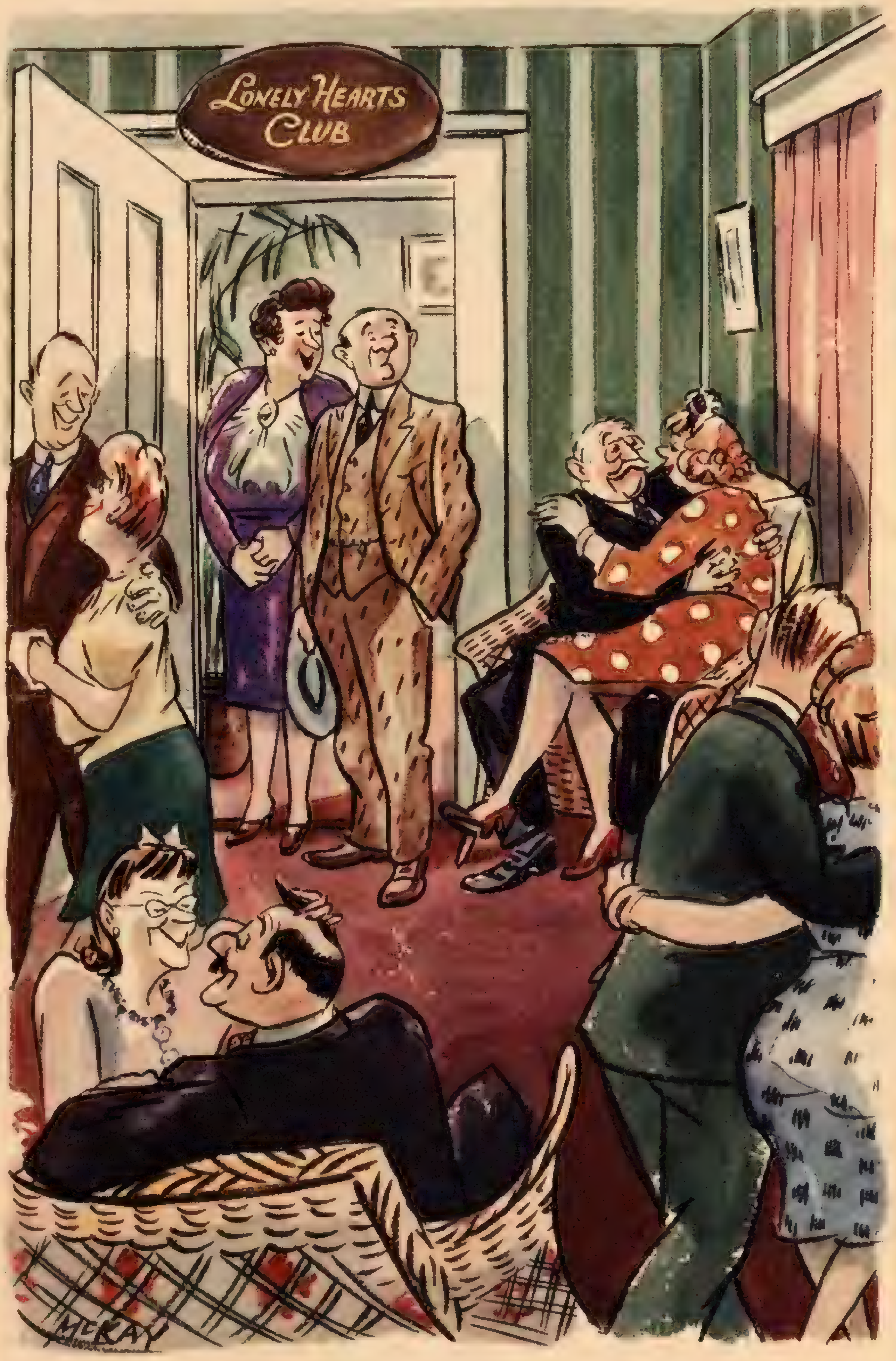
LONELY HEARTS CLUB
McKAY

"We have thousands of satisfied customers"

Black Sheep No. Six: Harrison Barr

His life in Greenwich Village was even stranger than *The Subway*, that endless drama fed by infinite bright young men

by THEODORE DREISER

• SEMI-FICTION •

When the Eighth Avenue subway was being built, I used to walk sometimes of late afternoons along the part of it between Eighth Street and Houston. After the El turned, the street widened and became almost a public square. It was boarded over with big Douglas fir planks, and excavations were in process below. Somehow the street was like a stage, and the hollow sound of footsteps was as meaningful as backstage footsteps. The cold water flats where Italian and Irish families lived, artists' garrets and studios, prim old houses on Washington Square—these were the wings to my stage.

I began to notice a group of young men who often walked along together. They had a holiday spirit, yet they were always busying themselves about details of the building of the subway. Once they came close to me to examine the large square beam on which I sat. One of them remarked that this would be a good spot for someone named Mort to talk to someone named Linda. I soon realized they were speaking of characters in a play or story. Apparently I was not alone in viewing this spot as a stage.

Then one of them had an inspiration. Someone he called the Sphinx might live in one of the buildings nearby. He pointed out windows in the side of a building left stark by the path of the subway builders.

This suggestion was greeted with wild enthusiasm. Just wait until Harrison Barr heard of this, they said. Just wait until this new idea was incorporated into the opening scene! One was even ready to depart at once to dash off a new finale for act one.

"Wait," one said. "Here comes Harrison now."

I looked from the five young men—all around twenty and all dressed with the exaggerated casualness affected by students of expensive schools—toward an older man approaching. He was about forty, an outdoors-looking individual garbed in English country-squire attire.

What was this, I wondered. Baker's famous 47 Workshop come down from Harvard to the Village to write a play?

The young men eagerly explained the idea that had just struck them. Harrison Barr listened to them with benevolent aloofness, then when he had heard enough he held up a gnarled walking stick for silence. "Wait!" he commanded patiently. "Let me get this. Let me *feel* it." He closed his eyes, walked back and forth along the hollow boards.

He announced presently, "I think it will work. Yes, I see it. A revolving stage on the second floor of the tenement house." He pulled himself back to the everyday world. "All right, boys. Story conference at four. Will one of you remember to bring biscuits for tea?"

What was this *story* conference? Later, in the thirties, the glories of the Hollywood story conference had been revealed, but in the twenties—my, my, what momentous words.

I wondered who this Barr was who seemed to have such a coterie. He was not one of the Village theatre groups, for I knew most of them, and there was an equality in them that had nothing to do with patient commands or bring-biscuits-for-tea.

One time when I was in the company of a newspaper man who knew all the theatre gossip, I saw Barr come along 43rd Street. He was wearing a cape and was the object of some merriment. My friend knew Barr and told me quite a little about him. He was from Baltimore and his family had a little money. Harrison had been on the fringe of the theatre for some years and at times had had a little success with sets. He did a few for one of the fabulous revues several years before, and had had a Hollywood contract as a designer for a brief period.

I asked what he was doing now.

"That's a story. Four years ago he began thumbing through the classics for something to design sets for. He couldn't find anything of the scope he had in mind, so he wrote a play. It was set entirely in Central Park."

There was a wave of one-set plays about that time. *Street Scene* had set every typewriter clicking off an echo or reverberation of it.

"Barr stipulated that the play could not be staged without his sets, and he had it worked out to the last leaf. The only thing he forgot," my friend continued, "was to write a play anyone could sit through." Then he got another idea. He wrote a play around the Hayden Planetarium. He built a miniature stage and designed the costumes down to the last hook and eye. But you couldn't even *read* through that one."

"What's he doing now?"

"I don't know. Maybe St. John the Divine."

Every few days I saw the boys around the subway. Then one day there was a new young man. He seemed familiar, and when the group came closer I recognized him as a son of a doctor I knew. I called to him and he came over. The other boys halted. Steve waved them off. "Go ahead," he said. "I'll see you at Tony's or the diggins."

I asked Steve what he was doing, and he said Barr had hired him to write a play. He took a newspaper clipping from his wallet, and I recognized it as an ad that appeared nearly every Sunday in both the *World* and *Times*. It asked for a young man collaborator experienced in dialogue. I had wondered about it.

"Do you mean," I asked Steve, "that Barr pays a staff of collaborators?"

"Oh, no. There are only eight of us now. The movies often use a dozen writers on one story. But someone's always getting tired or dropping out or getting a job."

"Job? You mean Barr doesn't pay you?"

Steve hedged a little. I imagine his father had asked him the same indelicate question, for he seemed to have been over this matter before.

Barr paid no salary at all. In lieu of salary each writer was given an interest in the proceeds—when and if finished, and when and if produced—from a play written around and titled *The Subway*. For two years young men had been writing and rewriting the play for Barr. This was marvelous. Two years, an endless succession of writers—and still no play.

"Just how do you live, then?" I asked.

Steve laughed. "Come and see," he urged.

The writing studios of Harrison Barr were in an old dwelling on Charlton Street. The building had been condemned in connection with the construction of the subway, but had not yet been touched. Barr had for some time occupied the top floor and now continued to do so, rent free. He used the three vacated lower floors for housing his writers. They wrote on tables made from boards (stolen from the subway) supported by

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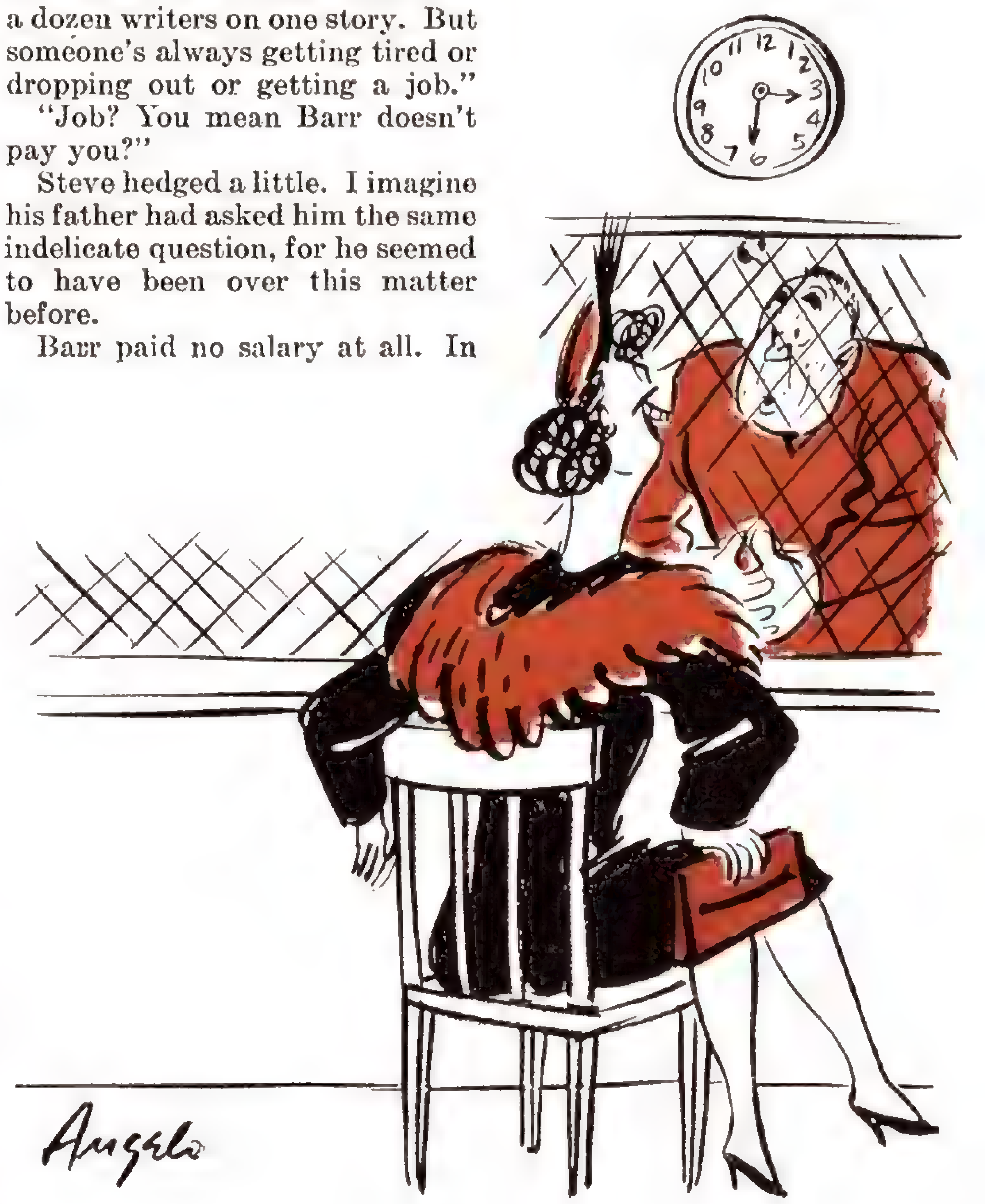


"Well, at least I know where you are every night now!"

Everybody Reads the Comics

Never doubt the power of Joe Palooka, Li'l Abner and other "funnies" to pull circulation from seventy million fans

by FRED RODELL

• ARTICLE •

They used to be called the funny papers. They used to appear only on Sunday—to be read by kids sprawled out on the rug, or by adults who grumbled at "having" to read them aloud to children too young to read for themselves. Now they are called the comics, though the name is a rank misnomer for most of them. And they are big business.

Four out of every five of the 70,000,000 people who read the papers at all today, shamelessly and regularly read the comics. They are published by almost every newspaper in the land, save notably the stately New York *Times*. The huge syndicates that handle them claim that, next to front-page news, it's the comics that sell the papers. Sixty per cent of the income of the vast Hearst empire is attributed to the comics owned by Hearst's King Features Syndicate; and the NEA syndicate spends more on them than on all other editorial features combined. Top-flight comic artists rank financially with movie stars, at 2000 dollars or more a week. *Life* magazine has called the comics "the most significant body of literature in America," and a college professor has learnedly laid it down that their "ethical significance is almost immeasurable."

The weight which the comics now swing in public affairs is shown by the fact that when Joe Palooka, first comic-strip character in uniform, enlisted in 1940 and made Army life look pleasant to his millions of faithful followers, President Roosevelt is said to have thanked Ham Fisher, during a White House press conference, for helping "put across" the draft. A Sunday speech by Flip Corkin, a top character in *Terry and the Pirates* and the cartoon counterpart of real-life hero Colonel Philip Cochran, inspired serious newspaper editorials and was read into the Congressional Record. The United States Treasury commandeered the help of the comics for the sale of war bonds; drives for the Red Cross, for the U.S.O., for scrap collection, have been boosted by the strips.

Even the Nazis appreciate the power of the little pictures. Goebbels is reliably reported to have rated *Joe Palooka* as "highly effective anti-Axis propaganda." And after Superman (since classified in 4-F because his X-ray eyes read right through the eye chart) had ripped up the Westwall singlehanded back in 1940, *Das Schwarze Korps* ran an article announcing that Superman was a Jew.

Although almost all comics steer clear of partisan politics—for the obvious reason that they are printed by papers of every political hue—they carry potential political dynamite. When *Little Orphan Annie's* artist, rock-ribbed Republican Harold Gray, used his strip to lampoon labor leaders, several liberal papers were reportedly outraged; although Gray now dismisses the incident, saying that he doesn't recall any trouble over labor leaders inasmuch as Annie isn't mad at labor leaders or at anybody else. Left-wing intellectuals have even inveighed against all comic strips; as one of them put it, the comics add up to "an insidious defense of the *status quo*" and provide "distractions from the real problems of our times." Nevertheless, the Communist *Daily Worker* runs a strip called *Pinky Rankin*.

The comics not only win friends; they influence people—in strange and various ways. "Sadie Hawkins' Day," a sort of annual leap-year-day first celebrated in Li'l Abner's village of Dogpatch, has burgeoned into a national institution with hundreds of colleges, towns and Army posts taking hilarious and semi-official part. *Blondie* has given the nation the mountainous and precarious "Dagwood sandwich"; *Bringing up Father* has inspired "Dinty Moore" restaurants, specializing in corned beef and cabbage; hamburger stands have been christened for Popeye's hungry hanger-on, Wimpy. When prize-fighter Palooka once revealed that he trained on cheese and national cheese consumption jumped, the National Cheese Institute up in Wisconsin crowned artist Ham Fisher the "Cheese King of 1937." By contrast, when Polly addressed one of her Pals as "you poor prune," a prune growers' association in California protested.

Polly and her Pals, the first of the girl strips, and others like *Winnie Winkle*, *Tillie the Toiler*, *Dixie Dugan*, and *Boots and her Buddies* (whose artist, Abe Martin, goes to fashion shows) help set—or spread—feminine styles by portraying the latest and smartest to every town and crossroads. The glamor-girls-of-the-future who decorate *Flash Gordon* have been credited with popularizing the upswept hair-do, the bare-midriff playsuit, and wedgies.

Somewhat less harmless is the occasional influence of the comics on the young, who go for what have been called "the murder, mayhem and arson strips." One youngster had to have sixteen stitches taken in his mouth after trying to bite off the top of a spinach can like Popeye. Another fell thirty feet and landed on his head trying to fly like Superman. Religious groups, judges, and other solemn folk regularly pounce on incidents like these and—with perhaps more warrant—on juvenile and possibly comics-inspired crimes as evidence of the menace of the strips to imaginative young minds. But child psychologists, unworried, call the comics a "method of release," a "type of mental catharsis," for "normal, well-adjusted children." And an expert on child education has urged: "Please let your children read the comics. They fill a basic emotional need for adventure and escape from adults."

In fact, adults are just as likely as their offspring to take the strips ultra-seriously. When Blondie was expecting, artist Chic Young offered 50 dollars for a name; along with 400,000-odd suggestions ("Cookie" took the 50 dollars) came copious advice on how to rear summer babies. Lady Plushbottom of *Moon Mullins* did better yet when she had twins, receiving several real gifts, including a perambulator. When Uncle Bim of *The Gumps* seemed about to die and leave a fortune to Andy, financial advice poured in from anxious hundreds, some of whom volunteered personally to help locate a good gold mine. Dick Tracy, wounded, was showered with notes of sympathy and at least one offer of blood for a transfusion.

Death, which is rare in the comics, brings the most revealing personal response. When beautiful Raven Sherman was killed off by Artist Milton Caniff—the first major death in the strips in fifteen years—phone calls tied up the switchboards of papers that carried *Terry*, flowers were sent for the funeral, and 450 students of Loyola University, Chicago, met together at dawn and faced East for a minute of silent mourning. When Flattop, one of a series of descriptively monickered villains, met his inevitable end in *Dick Tracy*, several admirers claimed his corpse, and in Middletown, Connecticut, a wake for the late killer was solemnly held in a bar and grill.

Nor is it only the average addict who pays tangible attention to births, deaths, and other accidents which befall favorite characters. *Time* magazine, in its "Milestones" column, reported straight-faced the recent marriage of *Gasoline Alley's* Skeezix Wallet to his pun-named sweetheart, Nina Clock. *Newsweek* took space in its "Periscope" pages to predict that Daddy Warbucks, Little Orphan Annie's protector, who has perennially disappeared from her life only to reappear in the

The Top Ten Comics

Based on the best available totals of weekday-plus-Sunday subscriptions in the U. S. for each strip named, here are America's top ten comics:

1. *Joe Palooka*, by Ham Fisher. 1930. (first appearance). 40,000,000.
2. *Blondie*, by Chic Young. 1930. 35,000,000.
3. *Li'l Abner*, by Al Capp. 1934. 32,000,000.
4. *Little Orphan Annie*, by Harold Gray. 1924. 32,000,000.
5. *Terry and the Pirates*, by Milton Caniff. 1934. 31,000.000.
6. *Dick Tracy*, by Chester Gould. 1931. 30,000,000.
7. *Moon Mullins*, by Frank Willard. 1923. 28,000,000.
8. *Gasoline Alley*, by Frank King. 1919. 27,000,000.
9. *Bringing Up Father*, by George McManus. 1912. 26,000,000.
10. *The Gumps*, by Gus Edson (formerly by Sidney Smith). 1917. 26,000,000.

nick of time, will never appear again. And it was Annie who, a few years back when she lost her dog Sandy, was honored with a telegram addressed to artist Harold Gray: "Please do all you can to help Annie find Sandy. We are all interested. (Signed) Henry Ford."

Many famous men have been comic fans. Wendell Willkie read them religiously. Justice Holmes thought Milt Gross was a genius, and William Lyon Phelps often badgered the syndicates for advance proofs because he couldn't wait to see what happened next. During the first World War, Woodrow Wilson used to read Herriman's *Krazy Kat* to get in the right frame of mind for cabinet meetings. During the present war when things looked black for England, King George VI would relax with Otto Soglow's *Little King*. The former King of Siam used to get such delight out of *Bringing up Father* that he sent artist George McManus a baby elephant. Today's list of fans ranges from Jesse Jones to Eddie Rickenbacker, from ex-Governor Lehman to Dr. Hu-shih, from Dorothy Parker to J. Edgar Hoover whose favorite is *Dick* (for policeman) *Tracy*.

Although efforts have recently been made to lend a fake dignity to the comics by tracing their ancestry back to ancient Egypt and the Orient, they are actually just half a century old. On November 18, 1894, readers of the New York *World* opened their Sunday supplements to find a six-box series of colored funny pictures about a snake and a dog, which staff artist Richard F. Outcault had clairvoyantly entitled *The Origin of a New Species*. Borrowing the technique of putting talk in balloons from political cartoonists, Outcault later fathered *The Yellow Kid* for Hearst. Parents and preachers who thought the Kid was vulgar protested violently, thus initiating the criticism of the comics which has continued ever since.

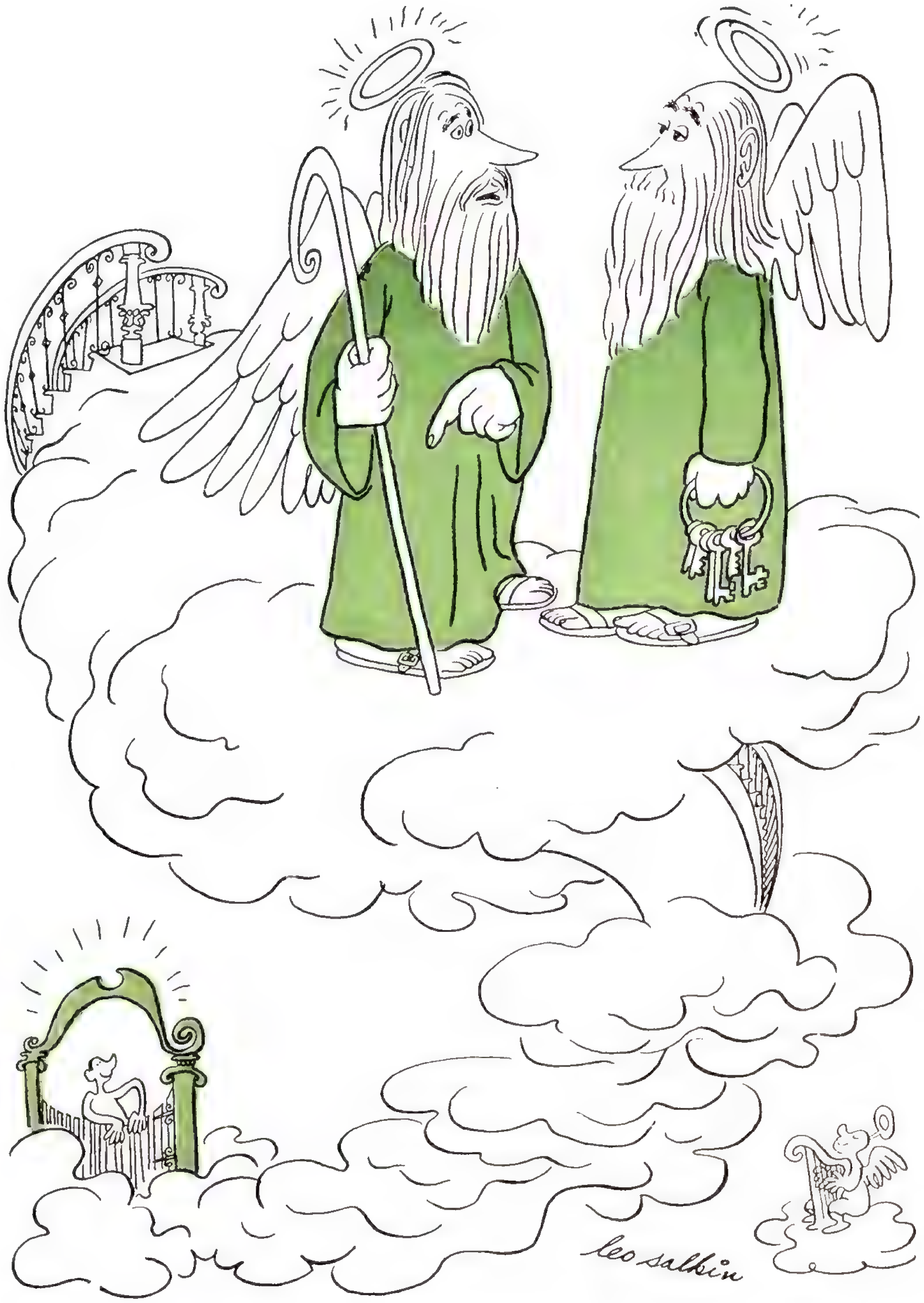
Meanwhile Rudolph Dirks created *The Katzenjammer Kids* for Hearst's New York *Journal*, and soon—after a famous law case, still taught in law schools—transferred the Kids to the New York *World*, complete with everything but title. Since the Katzies still cavort for Hearst under artist H. H. Knerr and Dirks still draws *The Captain and the Kids*, Hans and Fritz are not merely the oldest living comic-strip characters, but also the only ones who lead a double life. The Kids were typical of many early comics in poking friendly fun at a recent immigrant strain; Opper ribbed the French in *Alphonse and Gaston*, Harry Hershfield the Jews in *Abie the Agent*. Most popular of all these, almost since its birth thirty-three years ago, has been George McManus' *Bringing up Father* with its newly-rich Irishman, Jiggs. This strip has been published in seventy-one countries and translated into twenty-seven languages, with Jiggs' pet dish, corned beef and cabbage, becoming tripe and onions in England, rice in China, spaghetti in Italy, and hot tamales in Mexico.

Another ancient favorite, still going strong, is Bud Fisher's *Mutt and Jeff*. The first of the daily strips, it came to comic life in the San Francisco *Chronicle* in 1907 as *A. Mutt*, and changed its name two years later, when Mutt, passing by an insane asylum, ran across a sawed-off inmate who introduced himself as James J. Jeffries, retired heavyweight champion of the world (hence, Jeff). It has been *Mutt and Jeff* ever since, in the comics and in common speech. From *Mutt and Jeff* right on to J. R. Williams' *Worry Wart* and H. T. Webster's *Timid Soul*, the names of popular comic characters have passed into the language. And American slang has been enriched by a long list of expressions — hot dog, wisecrack, thanks for the buggy ride, applesauce, baloney, banana oil, horsefeathers, hotsy-totsy, sweet mamma, heeby-jeebies, goon, twerp—all of which were born in the comics.

Most of these words and phrases were coined during what has been called "the golden age of the comics," from 1910 to 1930. Then the comics really lived up to their name. But after the big syndicates, led by King Features, had started to spread the comics nation-wide and to encourage the drawing of black-and-white daily strips to supplement the Sunday pages in color, humor began to give way to straight storytelling.

Artist Frank King started it back in 1921 when he turned his *Gasoline Alley* from a funny noncontinuous strip into a pictorial novel of the life of Skeezix who has, so far, developed from a foundling to a G.I. and a benedict—and will soon become a father. Three years later, Little Orphan Annie—who never grows up—began her series of quite unfunny vicissitudes. And in 1931, Captain Patterson—head of the Chicago Tribune-New York News Syndicate . . . and personal ob-

Continued in center of page 124



"He wants to know what have we got that California hasn't got?"

Bowldom's Boy Wonder Grows Up

Now a seasoned thirty-six, Joe Norris continues to make bowling history, his career a demonstration of high courage

by STEVE CRUCHON

▪SPORTS▪

Their cottage was a small, comfortable-looking place some ninety miles from Detroit. Neat and white, near a quiet inland lake.

"The fish are biting, and Joe's out trying his luck."

It was "Billie," his attractive wife.

"How is Joe?"

A seemingly interminable pause. Then, with studied composure: "The doctors say Joe will never bowl again. It's his leg."

It was July, 1942. Five long months and his left leg was the same—a mass of swollen, discolored flesh. *Thrombophlebitis*. "Inflammation of the wall of the vein . . . blood clot . . . recurrent and migratory . . ."

The affliction had cropped from an emergency appendectomy. Medics could do no more than caution him to "take it easy for awhile."

When stricken, Norris was leading man in Detroit's top-ranking all-star pin productions—The Greater Detroit league, and the famous Times Classic—and wowing 'em with averages of 215 and 208, respectively.

Rushed to the Providence Hospital with a ruptured appendix that sub-zero morning, Joe consoled himself with the thought that, anyway, he'd be okay by April 19th, when his team was scheduled to roll in the ABC at Columbus . . . As it happened, it took a mountain of courage to appear even as a rooter—the first time in eighteen years he had failed to star in the big event.

After John Paulus, Detroit bowling alley proprietor, had left the cottage that day, Joe, allergic to sympathy, vowed he'd be out there bowling again if it killed him—a possibly literal cliché.

In fact, they had him all through as a bowler, up to three weeks before the start of the 1942-43 season. For, "How's the guy gonna bowl when he can't even walk?"

Somehow Norris had a different slant. *His* reckoning was inspired pin-music that drowned out the dirge and amounted to averages of 205, 212, and 224 for that impending season!

A two-inch-wide Mayo-devised rubber tape, with which he was forced to keep his leg tightly bound, helped him out of the keglers' grave they had dug for him. It sustained proper circulation and kept his leg from puffing up, but even at that each frame was an ordeal.

Then in the Summer of 1943, Norris broke his left arm at the elbow and it failed to knit properly, necessitating a refracture which rendered it practically useless for the first half of last season.

But this time the general tune was respectfully changed to "That'll probably keep him down to 210!" And they weren't far off at that. His all-round competitive average last year, laboring under the twin handicap, was 208 plus for more than 400 games.

When Mort Luby, publisher of the *National Bowlers Journal*, and an esteemed authority from 'way back, picked Norris last April as the Number One man on his mythical All-American team for 1944, it was the fifth year in a row that Joe had earned that distinction. A tribute not only to rare bowling skill, but also to courage and leadership.

Shrewd, loyal and honest, blending diplomacy and tact with innate kegling sense and contagious fighting spirit, Joe, ideal pilot that he is, is possessed of an uncanny faculty for squeezing a bowler dry of good scores. They say along the Detroit rialto that one has only to bowl with Joe Norris and his Stroh gang to shoot a fat series. Everyone knows that Norris is directly responsible for the success of the Strohs, present match champs and winners of countless laurels since Joe took the reins twelve years ago.

Often called the "perpetual boy wonder," Norris has changed little in appearance with the years. Tall, dark, sleek of hair, his lean, square frame perhaps a little more padded, he is still much the same boyish-looking, impulsive kid who started to make bowling history in Detroit at fifteen. Today Joe continues to make with the history—with pictures.

Of Lithuanian descent, Norris was born in Springfield, Illinois, in 1908. His was the average Slavic family—hope, ideals, work. They were four: Pa, Ma, Joey and Ann. "Pa" was a butcher.

Joe was six when they moved to Detroit's Eastside in 1914, and attended Lingemann school.

Five names figure in the Norris career at its outset.

Charlie Roberts ran the Fairview Recreation when he hired the pale, weedy sixteen-year-old as a pin setter in 1924.

It was Joe's introduction to the game and a clear case of love at first sight. The soft-spoken, spectacled proprietor let his hirelings bowl after school hours. From the beginning Joe was a natural. He had a quick, sure stride and a speedy delivery.

Jerry DeSantis saw Joe in action and promptly bagged him for his team one mid-season night in the Fairview house league. It was Joe's first league encounter. Shaking, he sweat a heartbreaking 473 series, which left DeSantis as cold as the beer he was mumbling in.

At that callow stage Joe charged the foul line like an angry bullock and blew his ball down the slick lane with a fierce gust of speed, applying a terrific turnover off the corner. It was a colorful delivery and a highly effective ball, albeit erratic.

Young Norris returned to pin setting the following year, and before the season was a month old, Henry Leahy drafted him to roll on his Wolverine team in the fast house league at Peck's old spread on Randolph Street.

The seventeen-year-old phenomenon, taming his wild style somewhat, showed an average of 192—easily worth 200 under present-day conditions what with raised gutters, light pins, and lively kick-backs and side-boards.

Walter Reppenhagen figured in a run of events that served as the kid's initiation in big-time bowling.

It was Joe's third season. He was eighteen years old and still stacking pins. Some of the city's top slickers—North, Reppenhagen, Norm Lund, Ernie Hartman, Joe Scribner, Harold Allen, Walter Shackett, Harry Gerloski and Augie Bamberg—would herd at the Fairview and tangle in high-powered pot games. The nervy "punk" mixed in some of them—and invariably got in a good poke.

Finally came the day when he was asked to appear in the Major League. "Repp" captained the league-leading Fairview outfit and needed a man to fill in for Al Robinson, an ailing member. Showing up at the Recreation Building, the circuit's battle-site a full hour before starting time, Joe came through with a neat 637 total, tense and eager as he was, and was asked to finish the remaining half of the season as a regular. He compiled an average of 197 for the balance of that season. Now he was in solid as a top-flight competitor.

Continuing with the Fairview team still another term, Joe pro-

Continued on page 132

AMERICAN BEAUTIES, WESTERN STYLE

The face and fortune of Lois Collier

At eight she sat in a Salley, South Carolina, Sunday school. She listened spell-bound to a missionary tell tales about brotherly love in the South Seas. So she decided then and there her career would be to spread good will toward men in some tropic paradise. At eighteen little Madelyn Earle Jones, now Lois Collier, was in a jungle. She was wearing not the habiliments of a missionary but a sarong . . . and very well too. This took place not on an island in the South Pacific but on Universal Studio's back lot . . . a private custom-built jungle complete with Cypripediun, Cattleya and Odontoglowsum . . . orchids to you! She was carrying a message of good will all right, good will to men, the ones who came to see Universal's *Cobra Woman* starring Maria Montez and remained to whistle for little Lois. It was Lois' childhood missionary spirit that led her to movieland. She majored in elocution so she'd be a good preacher. She was so good she won a competitive audition that landed her on the air in the Irene Rich *Dear John* program. A rapid succession of feature radio roles followed ar then it was only a question of tin until the talent scouts tuned i Now she is on her own in th jungles, playing the lead in *Jung Woman*. And she is beginning regard her sarong as a unifor which she's not too happy abo . . . wants to get into smart cloth and comedy to match. This is on one of her worries. Says she, "I' a chronic worrier, worry abo everything, can't make a decisi whether it is about a dress or man." The only thing little Lo is "definite" about in the ma department is that she would ha fallen in love with Lord Nelson Robert Browning. But sin neither of them is alive that leav her looking for a Dream Prin who is strong of muscle and min but who will sit by the fire ar read romantic poetry, who kno about matching ties, shirts ar moods, who is handsome but n aware of it, who has a cleft ch and who knows all HER answe "At least that's what I think want," says Miss Collier who ca make decisions, "but I'm not t sure about that either."

PHOTOGRAPH BY HURR

How to Read a Mind

Taking a look at Dunninger's "mental vibrations" as well as the clip board, sealed envelope and other magic tricks

by MAURICE ZOLOTOW

▪ ARTICLE ▪

Joseph Dunninger, the most celebrated mental telepathist of all time, reads about 7,500 minds a year. Each Wednesday night at nine, he reads the minds of strangers in studio 6B at Radio City, and these experiments in thought transference are broadcast over 161 stations of the Blue Network. Next to Frank Sinatra, Dunninger is the most talked-about personality on the air waves. During the first three months of 1944, his clipping service sent him 6,400 newspaper stories about his clairvoyant exploits. Besides his weekly radio program, Dunninger makes several personal appearances a week before such groups as the national convention of the 4H Clubs in Chicago, the Lancaster (Pennsylvania) Junior League, the Elks Club of Elizabeth, New Jersey, and the American Fruit Growers Association, meeting at Roanoke, Virginia. For his personals, he receives as high as 1,500 dollars a night. Working an average of only two hours a night, Dunninger's supersensitive cerebrum will gross close to 200,000 dollars in 1944.

"I believe," Dunninger states, rolling his r's and delivering his utterances in a deep pontifical voice, "that I have the ability to place myself in a hypnotic clairvoyant state and receive mental vibrations. My theory is that my subconscious is in this receptive state and receives impressions, shooting in like sound waves. I concentrate my conscious mind and dismiss all irrelevant thoughts. This is a perfectly natural power. There is nothing supernatural in it. I believe that anybody can place himself in such a condition of receptivity that he will be able to tune in on the thoughts of others. I receive absolutely no assistance from ghosts or spirits. Furthermore, I cannot foretell the future."

In addition to receiving mental impressions, Dunninger also does *projections*. He asks his audience to concentrate, and then he recites a group of names—five titles of popular songs, the Four Freedoms, a list of Allied generals or the signs of the Zodiac—and he says he will *project* one of these. Invariably, his listeners receive the name which Dunninger has projected. He has also submitted to difficult tests, supervised by a committee of three, which have included, variously, such notables as Walt Disney, art critic Thomas Craven, Paul Whiteman and John Roy Carlson, author of *Under Cover*. In one test, Dunninger correctly named the breeds of three dogs, names which had been sealed in metal containers. Another time, Congressman William A. Rowan, in Washington, selected three words from the *Congressional Record*, and telephoned them to Major Lenox Lohr, president of the Museum of Science and Industry, who was sitting in a radio studio in Chicago. Dunninger, stating that he was receiving thought vibrations from 1,500 miles away, correctly gave the words as "Thanksgiving," "unanimous" and "consent."

These experiments, occurring with almost clocklike regularity, have stirred a storm of excitement in psychic circles, an amorphous group consisting of some four million spiritists and occultists, elderly ladies given to intuitions and dreams which correctly predict the deaths of relatives, novelist Aldous Huxley, actor Raymond Massey, novelist Thomas Mann, socialist Upton Sinclair, Dr. Alexis Carrel and Dr. J. B. Rhine, head of the Parapsychology Laboratory at Duke University. (*Para* is a Greek word meaning *beyond.*) For several years, Dr. Rhine has been making experiments which apparently prove the existence of a sixth sense, which he has called Extra-Sensory Perception. He is the co-inventor of a deck of twenty-five cards, consisting of five separate cards duplicated five times. The cards bear a printed circle, square, wavy lines, cross and star. The "sender" is in one room, and the "receiver" in another. The probabilities of correctly calling the cards by chance would be one in five. Yet students at Duke have named as high as twenty-five out of twenty-five ESP cards in succession!

I recently purchased a deck of ESP cards and for several nights attempted to receive impressions broadcast by my wife. I consistently made scores of three out of twenty-five, and once got one out of twenty-five. I am clearly a person of Subnormal Sensory Perception.

I also attempted to duplicate the Upton Sinclair experiments in "mental radio." Sinclair goes into one room and scrawls a picture at random—a horse, or a spoon or a mountain. His wife is lying on a couch in another room in the dark and she writes down her impressions, often reproducing in detail the picture which her husband has drawn.

I "sent" a rippling lake to my wife. She drew a pig. Then I tried broadcasting an electric light bulb. She drew a man's face. The man resembled Wm. Randolph Hearst. Getting discouraged, I finally drew simply a square box. My wife came up with the picture of a shoe. She said this wasn't a shoe, it was meant to be a map of Italy.

I spent a lot of time talking to Dunninger about how I could become a mental telepathist; I read all the books in the New York Public Library on thought projection, and I interviewed many clairvoyants in New York City. Some said I should change my diet and stop eating beef and drinking milk. I should also read much in abstract philosophical works which disproved the existence of the body, such as Bishop Berkeley's *Treatise Concerning the Principles of Human Knowledge*, and the *Bhagavad-gita*, a work in Sanskrit, which incorporates the ideas of Vedanta and of Yoga. I was told to massage my pineal gland; the pineal gland is supposed to be the source of Extra-Sensory Perception. It is located in the brain above the nape of the neck. Your neck becomes quite sore when you massage your pineal gland steadily. I tried my best to strengthen my pineal gland. I was told to try such simple experiments as (1) Pick up the telephone. Concentrate on a person you intend to call. Dial his number. Before the phone starts ringing at the other end, hang up. In a few moments, the person at the other end, having received your mental vibration, will call *you* up; and, (2) Write a letter to somebody. Do not mail it. Tear it up. Shortly, you will receive a letter from this identical person.

I was also told to learn to relax and let my body drift away from me. I hold my mind still. I sit in a darkened room. I begin to breathe rhythmically. I close my eyes and suddenly telepathic images will flash into my mind. I did this, successfully breathing rhythmically for about ten minutes. My body faded away. My senses became lulled. The next thing I knew, the maid woke me up. She said she wanted to clean the living room, and I had been fast asleep there for two hours and she could not begin getting dinner until she cleaned the living

Continued on page 153

THE ESQUIRE CANTEEN

We Remember Joan Tetzel

Of all the lights that gleam on this season's Broadway, two of the most warmly glowing are Joan Tetzel and John van Druten's charming play *I Remember Mama* —represented opposite by the Victorian parlor lamp. In the play, starring Mady Christians and Oscar Homolka, Joan plays the important role of the eldest of Mama's daughters—the one who becomes a writer and in her stories "remembers" the life of her childhood in the immigrant Norwegian family in San Francisco, some years ago.

Joan delicately lines her role of the young girl, who lives in a dramatic world of words, with the same luminous sensitivity and gentle humor that the play radiates. Although she is camouflaged through most of the scenes of the two acts in a shapeless blouse and high button shoes, when her hair goes up and her skirts go down—and she reaches the age of drinking coffee with the grownups—she reveals a memorable beauty.

Born in New York City, Joan grew up in the Hudson River town of Spuyten Duyvil. Her father is an illustrator, and besides posing for papa, she did commercial modeling as a child in John Robert Powers' junior league. About the same time she debuted on the children's radio program "Coast to Coast on a Bus." The networks haven't let her get far from a mike ever since, and she estimates that there has been scarcely a day in the last decade when her voice hasn't been heard on some program originating in New York studios.

Radio is bread-and-butter stuff to Joan. The theatre is cake-and-candy, and harder come by. Of her first two plays, one never opened and the other ran a week. She began a series of daughter roles when she understudied in *The Little Foxes*. Later she played Ingrid Bergman's daughter in a revival of *Liliom*, and Helen Hayes' daughter in *Harriet*. Non-daughter roles include appearances in *The Happy Days*, *The Damask Cheek*, *The Peep Show* and *Pretty Little Parlor*.

You'll soon be making mental notes of Joan in the movies, since she's under contract to David O. Selznick.

ANTON BRUEHL PHOTOGRAPH

Survival of the Cunning

It was not his war, and Mujik questioned the sanity of this white man who drove him on through the perils of the storm

by FRANK HERBERT

▪ FICTION ▪

MUJIK was very tired. Far back on the trail, his mind, hardened by the merciless control necessary to survival in the Arctic, had rebelled at this "useless" hunting for something that probably was not there anyway. He plodded on, though, mittened hands gripping the sled arms, face betraying none of his feelings.

The storm long had ceased to be just a williwa and now was a full, roaring blizzard.

"The sergeant is a cruel and senseless man," Mujik told himself.

The Eskimo lowered his head still further to avoid the stinging bite of wind-driven snow. He barely could distinguish the broad form of Sergeant Kovacs wreathed in the swirling whiteness ahead of the huskies.

With wild instincts, the dogs, too, sensed that all was not right. They knew man should be safe in a snow hut when the wind demons howled. The fish should have been thrown to them long since. Koto, the lead dog, whined softly and his mood passed down the line of heaving, rime-coated backs. They slackened in the traces.

Ahead, Sergeant Kovacs half turned, cupping his mittened hands to his mouth. "How much farther?" he shouted.

Yanking up the brake arm, Mujik brought the dogs to a smooth stop with a hoarse-voiced "Hoh."

Kovacs struggled back beside the resting animals which already were almost covered by drifting snow. He put his mouth close to Mujik's face. "How much farther?"

Mujik swung his arms against his sides. His stolid features did not change expression. It was as if he had not heard the question. He shrugged. "It better we stop here, wait for storm to go."

Kovacs cursed savagely. "I volunteered to find that Jap weather station and we're going to find it before we do another damn thing," he gritted. "Every minute counts. The major didn't send out seven radio patrols just so we could camp at the first sign of a blow."

Again Mujik swung his arms and shrugged. "We dead before we get there," he commented. His mission-school English made the statement sound like a casual remark about last week's weather.

Kovacs' face hardened. "Mush!" he commanded.

Turning, the sergeant sloshed off to break trail for the team.

Slowly, Mujik raised the long, black whip. It cracked sharply over the dogs' heads. "Mush!" he shouted.

Heaving and breaking from the snow, the dogs lunged into the traces. Creaking slightly, the sled again moved forward.

Mujik's face showed no emotion. "It is of no use to argue with the white man," he told himself.

He wondered if the little brown men from across the ocean would pay more for furs if they defeated the Whites. It was a bad thing to be away from the trap lines in the best part of winter. The money they were paying for this work probably would not be enough, either. His slitted eyes above the wide, flat nose glinted evilly as they stared at Kovacs' back.

"One shot," he thought, "and I could crawl into the sleeping bag and escape the death this foolish one leads us to. Or the knife," he mused. "It would be quieter and in some ways easier." Mujik liked the knife. He felt the long form of the ground-down bayonet beneath the parka's folds.

Almost hidden in the screen of driven snow, Mujik saw the sergeant suddenly stop and throw up his arm for a halt.

"Hoh!" the Eskimo barked. The dogs sagged into the snow.

Kovacs was bringing his rifle around to the ready, looking off to the left, upwind. Mujik hastily set the brake and sloshed up to where the sergeant stood tensely alert. The Eskimo held his rifle at the ready, too. Forgotten in the excitement were arms and legs stiffening from fatigue and cold, a cheek grown alarmingly numb with deceptive warmth.

As he reached the sergeant's side, Mujik caught the scent that had caused the stop. "Wood smoke," Kovacs grunted and spoke only loud enough to be heard above the wind's strident wail. "Bring . . . dogs . . . follow. I'll go ahead . . . maybe we can surprise 'em. Keep close watch. Can't be more'n two an' they don't know we're here."

Kovacs moved off through the fiercely swirling wall of white. Mujik trudged back to the sled.

"Perhaps it will turn out well in the end," Mujik told himself. But there was a tense feeling in his stomach that belied the thought. Mujik gripped the rifle tightly.

The cabin was almost beneath him before Kovacs saw it. Jutting a few feet from the snow, was the chimney that had led him to the spot. A ragged line of blue smoke whipped from its snow-mounded edge.

"Well-placed," the sergeant grudgingly admitted. "In the lee of a cliff and out of the main force of the wind."

He searched the area with his eyes for sign of recent exit from the hidden cabin. But he knew it was useless. His own tracks already were covered.

Almost soundlessly, the sled glided to a stop beside him. Mujik slish-slished to Kovacs' side, rifle ready. "You see *far-talk* brown men, sergeant?"

Kovacs spoke out of the side of his mouth. "They're probably inside."

The Eskimo shook his head. "No live ones inside," he muttered. "Only dead. Look at dogs."

Turning slightly, the sergeant glanced at the dogs. The animals were stiff-legged, tense, noses pointing toward the hooded entrance to the cabin tunnel. Their hackles were up and low fear-whines rumbled from their bowels.

In a long, searching look, the sergeant again swung his eyes across the area, then squared his shoulders, wheeled and slowly moved toward the tunnel. At the entrance he stood to one side and peered down the gaping hole. Satisfied, he pushed his rifle ahead and stepped down. Mujik followed.

Quietly the two shed their webs, then half slid down the hard-packed snow to the faint outline of a heavy door. The sergeant leaned his rifle against the wall and drew a service .45 from inside his parka. Mujik placed his weapon beside the sergeant's and kept his hand near the knife. Slowly, slowly Kovacs lifted the latch of the door and then violently heaved

GEN MGR
dave gerard

"It's our man in the Oregon territory—he says mud and the rainy season have slowed down his operations, limiting his forays to only minor contacts"

the door in with his shoulder.

A mound of glowing embers in an open fireplace cast ruddy beams across the low room, glinted on bright radio equipment at one end, showed the dull shadows of two bunks at the other. Eyes darting about warily, the two stepped in.

There was a carrion smell in the room that could not be avoided. Mujik's eyes swung to the shadowed bunks where, as he became more accustomed to the gloom, he could make out a still form.

"See, dead," he whispered. "Jus' like I say."

Sergeant Kovacs strode to the bunk. On it, a Jap, obviously dead of frostbite gangrene, was stretched stiff and silent. The smell was almost overpowering. Deep in his stomach, Kovacs felt a retching upsurge. Swiftly, he turned and dashed for the door.

Mujik laughed nervously.

Returning, Kovacs started a systematic search of the room.

The Eskimo stood at one side, watching the sergeant's actions. "What we do?" he asked. "If Jap come while we in here, squrrrrsh." He drew a hand across his throat.

From a kneeling position where he had been examining some loose papers beside the fireplace, Kovacs started to rise. He was halfway up when the door burst open with a savage crash against the wall. A blast of Arctic frigidity swirled through the room.

Like a panther, Kovacs started to whirl with the .45. Then he froze. In the doorway stood a squat figure, dark face in a parka hood strangely similar to Mujik's. Pointing at the two in the cabin was a short, deadly machine pistol.

"Drop your gun," the Jap said.

Slowly, the sergeant lowered his arm. The gun clattered on the floor.

"That is much better," the Jap said. "Please move back against the wall. Keep your hands up. Clasp them on top of your heads."

As they retreated, the Jap glided forward, squatted, scooped up the fallen automatic and slid it into an inner pocket. "As soon as I am warm, we will depart," he said.

Kovacs' face was dark with fury. "What a fool! What a fool I am! Wasting time in here when I should've radioed the base as soon as we found the place!"

The Jap grinned insolently. "I graduated from your excellent schools and learned much of Yankee ways. It has proved useful."

Mujik stirred slightly.

Their captor's eyes flicked sideways to a clock on the radio table. "We will go now," he said. Lifting the parka hood with one hand, he motioned toward the door with his weapon. "A submarine will appear in the cove soon to bring replacements to this station. You may return to Japan with it. Perhaps interesting bits of information could be learned from you."

Warily, the squat figure covered them as they moved toward the door. Mujik's face which had retained its usual indifference as he obeyed the Jap's commands, still showed no emotion. But there was a question in his eyes.

Outside the wind had died. Snow covered the sled; the dogs were low mounds ahead of it. Two black holes in the deep snowbank beside the cabin showed where their rifles had been thrown.

The Jap slid into his snowshoes and waited, watching intently, while his prisoners strapped down theirs. Then he motioned down the hill away from the cliff. "That way. Move slow; keep your hands on top of your heads."

Mujik slish-slished off; the sergeant followed, still cursing himself, watching eagerly for a chance.

They weaved back and forth down the steep hill. Somewhere a limb cracked like a pistol shot in the cold. Kovacs started at the noise, but Mujik plodded on.

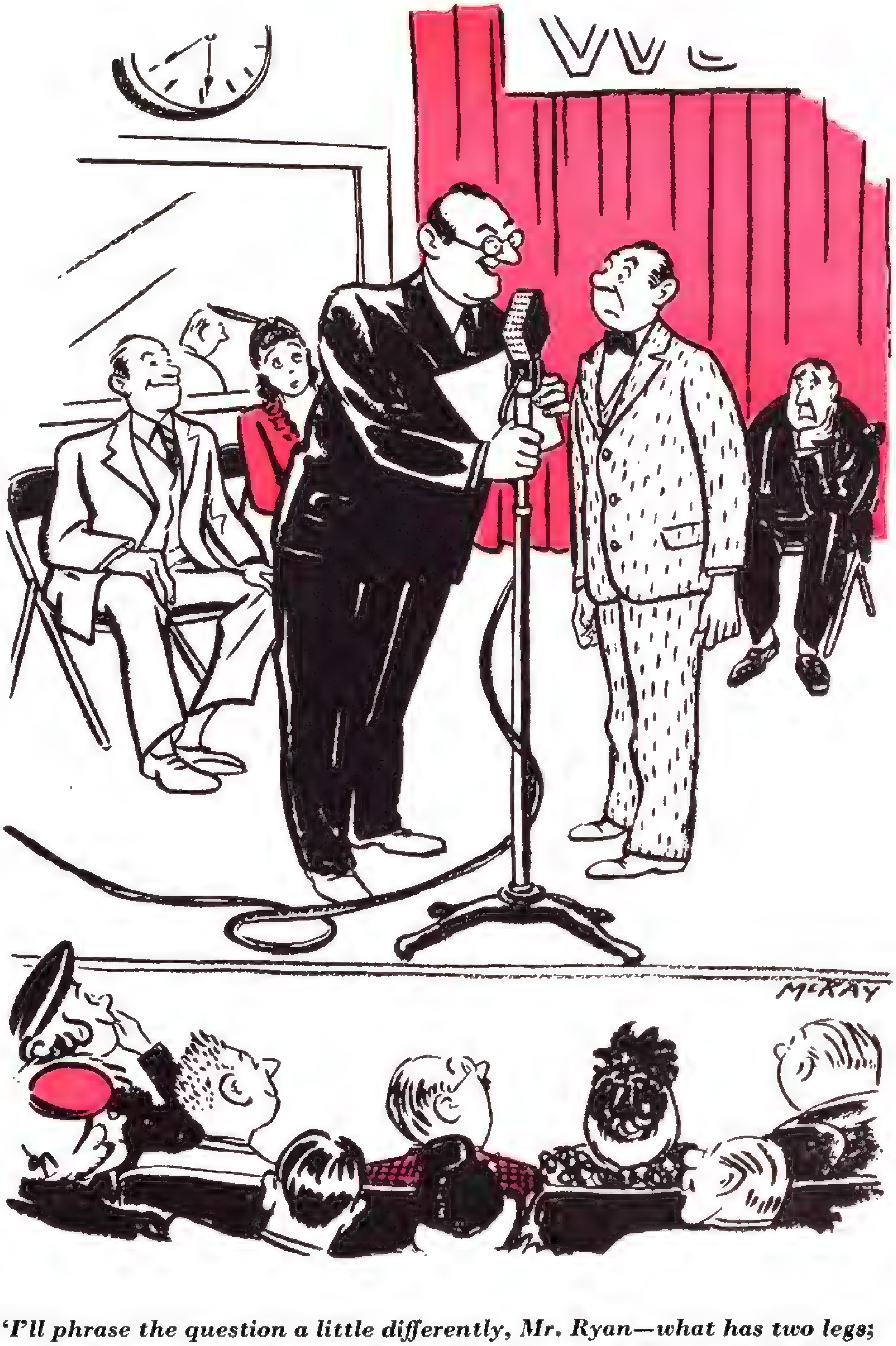
The trio had gone about five hundred yards when the Eskimo suddenly stopped, crouched, whirled and darted swiftly up past the sergeant. Kovacs saw the gleam of grey light on the long bayonet knife.

Frantically, the Jap swiveled his gun around. But, strangely, there was no shattering burst of shots. The knife flicked in once and came away dripping red. Hesitantly, almost like a slow-motion movie, the Jap slid to the snow.

Kovacs clambered back, stooped over the still form and came up with the machine pistol, snow clinging to his mittens. He stood there, staring at Mujik, admiration and incredulity struggling for supremacy on his face. The Eskimo was impassively wiping the blood from his knife on a corner of his parka.

Mujik stared down at the machine pistol in Kovacs' hands. "That no good," he grunted. "Him," he indicated the dead Jap with a nod, "take in warm cabin; hot air make gun wet. When bring outside, gun freeze—won't shoot."

Foolishly, Kovacs tugged at the trigger. The gun remained silent. Suddenly, his mind and body took in the full impact of the awful, omnipotent cold. He shivered violently. #



"I'll phrase the question a little differently, Mr. Ryan—what has two legs; feathers, goes 'cock-a-doodle-doo' and lives in a chicken coop?"

Lizzie Takes to the Air

When every family has its plane, the problem will be how to limit accidents and noise, where to find landing areas

by C. C. CAMPBELL

•ARTICLE•

We Americans are headed for another Age of the Tin Lizzie. It's an era we thought we outgrew twenty years ago; the era of the flivver that you could always start, even if you lost the keys, simply by crossing a couple of wires; that you could always stop, even if the brakes were gone, by simply throwing her into reverse. This time the tin lizzie will be winged, and the fight at the breakfast table will no longer be, "Who knocked down the garage door?" but, "Who took the roof off the guest room?"

No one doubts that postwar America will be plane-conscious, nor that the air-mindedness awakened and developed by wartime aviation will in turn awaken and develop peacetime aviation. This war has thus far produced well over a million trained pilots, navigators and airplane maintenance and service men and women. Millions of people want to fly, and millions will. But in the general enthusiasm for a postwar plane-in-every-garage, we have been talking about flying as if it were as simple as crossing the backyard on a pogo stick. Actually there are many important questions still unanswered.

For example: Where will we park our personal planes, or helicopters, or family four-seaters? How will we get from here to there without road signs? Will there be traffic cops to direct planes into various levels and routes? And suppose Mother (as usual) forgets to fill up the gas tank? These problems are much more serious than they sound. And there are others, for which only aeronautics technicians can find answers. For every expert who says the small airplane will become a vehicle of common and routine usage—if not tomorrow, at least the year after tomorrow—there is another expert claiming that planes will not become family machines soon.

In the horse and buggy days, the automobile was viewed with much the same wonder as the airplane today—that is, by people who were not mechanically minded. Then, as now, Father declared he wouldn't be caught dead in one of those contraptions, and younger bloods who yearned for an automobile were worried that "it would take an expert to run it." Today, between 50,000,000 and 60,000,000 people drive automobiles and trucks as part of the day's routine, and millions more know how to drive. But this didn't happen overnight. It took a long time to convince Grandpa that a person could breathe traveling over eighteen M.P.H. And it took much longer to make Americans such a nation of car owners that people who didn't have a roof over their heads often owned an auto. For this reason the most optimistic aviation officials predict that it will take from five to ten years to get hundreds of thousands of people into the air.

One economist of the Civil Aeronautics Administration prophesies that 1,000,000 light planes and helicopters will be in everyday use by 1960. Oliver Parks, prominent aviation school executive, estimates there will be 5,000,000 personal planes owned by individuals in fifteen years. When you realize that before the war there were only about 365 transport planes operated by commercial airlines, and not more than 25,000 private planes in service at any one time, these figures look miraculous. How soon the miracles will come off will depend upon whether small airplanes are available in sufficient quantity and at a low price; whether there are landing facilities and repair equipment; whether present laws can shed their unnecessary burdensome restrictions; and, above all, whether young people, the truly air-minded, will have the money to indulge.

Before the war, small-plane manufacture was primarily a job for craftsmen. Like most motorboats, airplanes were built for wealthy sportsmen. As a result, their makers believed an airplane should be fast and highly maneuverable to interest public buying. Stunt flying, air circuses and air races were supposed to popularize the airplane. They didn't. Manufacturers finally realized that if you want to sell people airplanes there's no use in first scaring them to death. The goal switched to light, easily-operated airplanes, with a maximum of safety rather than a maximum of speed. For just a short time before the manufacturers went into war production, new "foolproof" designs were drawn, and one or two advanced models went into production.

Now, of course, the U. S. aircraft industry, the largest in the world, is 100 per cent devoted to making warplanes. Nevertheless, aeronautical engineers released from some of their planning on combat craft have been designing various models of the flivver class airplane. Once the industry is free to convert its plants for civilian production, there will be just as many small family-type planes as the people want; lack of demand is the only thing that could hold American businessmen back. At the present time, manufacturers of small airplanes and manufacturers who will probably reconvert to that field are playing their cards very cosy about their future plans. And no wonder. Competition in the Model T flying field will be stiff and brutal.

What, then, will these new planes be like?

There are two ways in which *all* plane manufacturers are bound to improve their product. First, everything possible will be done to make airplanes safer and to provide them with greater "utility." Second, planes will have easy, quick take-offs; slow, shorter landings; comfort for passengers; room for carrying baggage or packages; ease of operation; simplicity of control; standardized repair parts and many similar features. Of course, the first airplanes for private buyers will be close to prewar models, with only those improvements which may be added without holding up the entire manufacturing operation. Unloading these planes, which will be outdated before they are built, is no problem; thousands of orders are already on the books for delivery "if and when"; most of them have already made down payments, and virtually all came to the manufacturers unsolicited.

Anyone can guess about the shape and size of our tin lizzies of the future. Some Washington aviation officials believe there will be four general groups: A fast, snappy model, to be flown only by the experienced, such as airmen returned from the war; a "coupe" type, or two-seater, primarily for business and commuting; a family plane seating four, or possibly more; and a helicopter, autogyro, or roadable plane, the last planned to shed or fold its wings so as to become an automobile. Some of these models haven't got off the drawing board; others are actually flying in tests.

The next question is: How much? One manufacturer is reportedly coming out with a flivver plane at 700 dollars, but the chances are that the early models will start at 1500 dollars and go up to 20,000 dollars for the special jobs. The faster the assembly line, the lower the price. The morning-

Continued on page 119

AMERICAN BEAUTIES, EASTERN STYLE

The face and fortune of Leslie Venable

Leslie, who comes from an Old Southern Family, was born in the town of Venable Station, Virginia—consisting of twelve houses, all full of Venables. She studied music at Ward Belmont, while being "finished," and continued her pursuit of the round pear-shaped notes for several years after. However, the only teacher who was successful at making her practice went into the Army, and after a few radio appearances she relegated her singing career to the shower hour.

Before she became a model, Leslie was buyer for the record department of a large store—buyer in two ways. Most of her salary, she confesses, went to build up her own record collection, of which she is very proud.

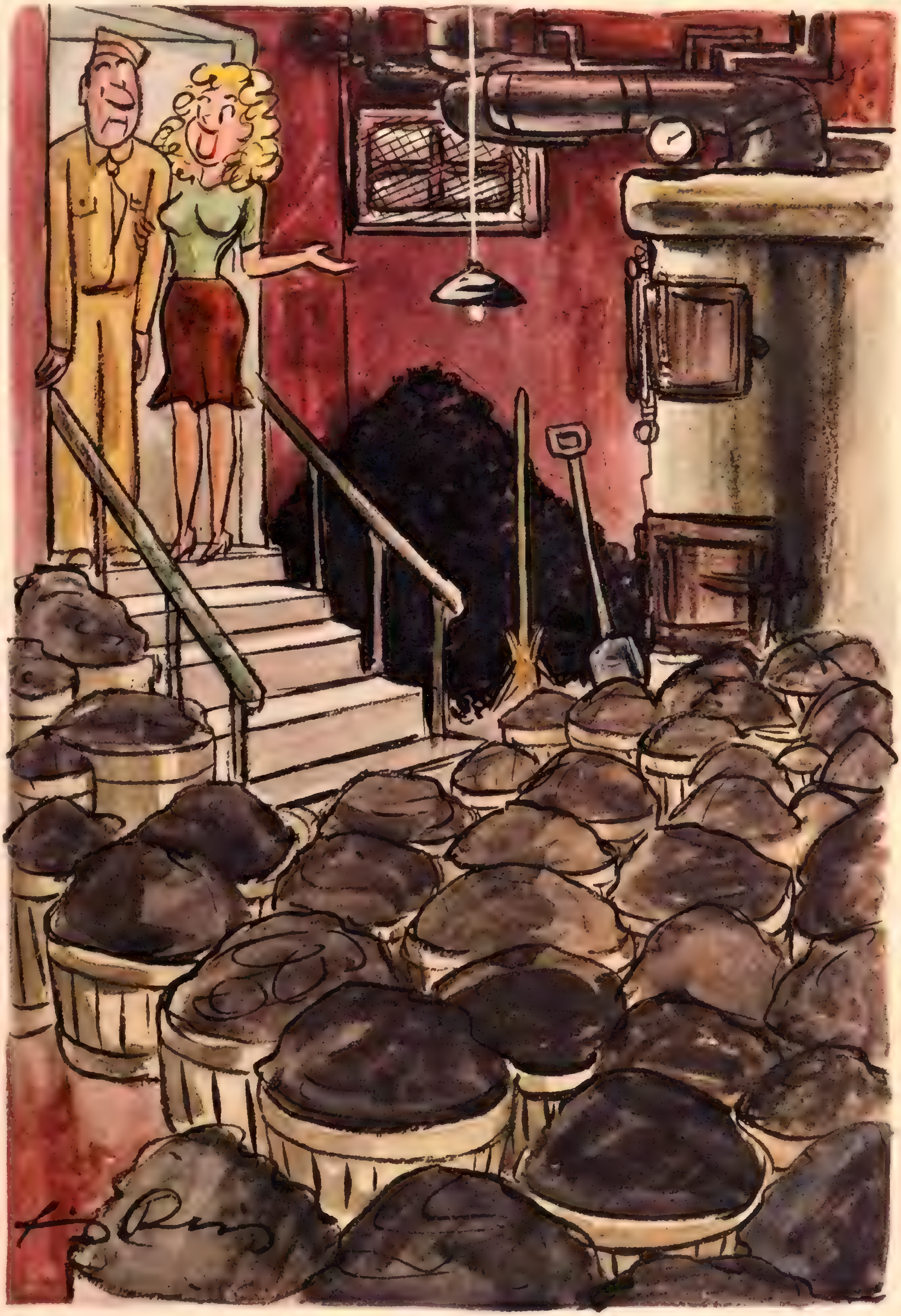
Despite her diminutive size, Leslie is a favorite with the fashion magazines, since she conveys a chiseled chic that makes good clothes look better. She says she seldom covets luxuries she models but she might "if they ever fit her." She sighs, "I'm the original pinned-in girl." Because she wears a size four shoe, her feet have walked through miles of shoe ad

Miss Venable on Men: "I like man who can tell you the trut about yourself—in a flatterin way. No woman likes flattery fo its own sake, but few can stan the brutal truth. I think it is be cause men are always so consciou of their so-called superiority tha a girl has to preserve the shreds her vanity. If a man is genuinel interested in you, he can give yo much helpful advice. But he' only antagonize you unless he h a light touch in a velvet glove.

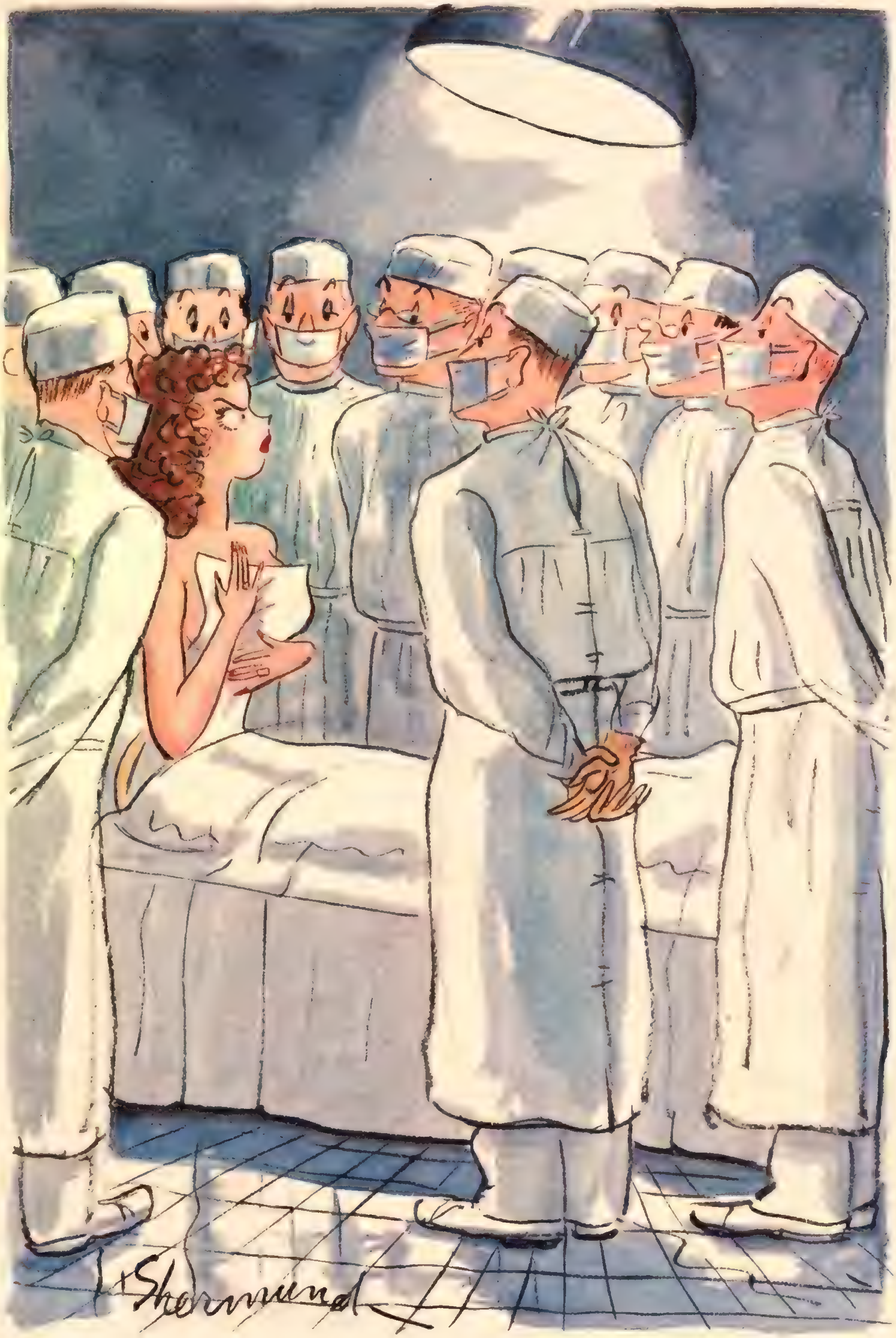
"I enjoy most being with a ma who has made himself a connoi seur of many things—wine, foo flowers, entertainment, and wom en's clothes. There's nothing s satisfying as the latter—to have man really appreciate your pai to dress attractively. And if he sub tly compliments you on your char and intelligence, you'll partic larly beam if he mentions 'inte ligence' first. Don't ask me why

Vital Statistics: *Model Agenc* John Robert Powers; *Height:* 5'3 *Weight:* 100 lbs.; *Bust:* 32"; *Wais* 21"; *Hips:* 33"; *Type:* "Preciou things in small packages."

PHOTOGRAPH BY ELLIOT CLAR



"I'm so glad you're back—I was beginning to worry about the ashes from the furnace"


Shermund

The Preacher and the Farmer

Gil Dodds, who values religion above running, was discovered and coached by Lloyd Hahn at Falls City, Nebraska

by FLOYD OLDS

• SPORTS •

You wouldn't think a preacher and a farmer would know much about foot racing. Or would have much in common. Yet creation of a new world indoor mile record at Chicago last March was the direct result of the deliberate, precise planning of a preacher and a farmer—a servant of the Lord and a son of the soil who form one of the most unique and at the same time most sincere and most wholesome partnerships in the history of American sports.

Most close followers of foot racing know about Preacher Gilbert Dodds' achievements on boards and cinders, and many of them have read one version or another of the stone-throwing incident by which this remarkable runner first met Farmer Lloyd Hahn a dozen years ago at their home town of Falls City, Nebraska. But few of them know how great a part the farmer played in the preacher's unmatched mile in 4:06.4 at the Chicago Relays.

Incredible as it seems, Farmer Hahn spotted and corrected a weakness in Dodds' style which made that world record possible, even though actually he had never seen Gil run on boards!

As Dodds progressed through seven straight mile victories on eastern tracks last winter, Hahn toiled on his Nebraska farm—and followed Dodds' running closer than any other person in the country. Carefully inspecting newspaper action pictures and newsreels over and over again, Hahn spotted something about Gil's form that no one else seemed to notice. The farmer kept his ideas strictly to himself, but resolved to call on Dodds before the Chicago Relays.

The farmer and the preacher from the same little town were closeted in a Chicago hotel room all during that March day—and it was as much there as on the stadium boards that night that the world's record of 4:06.4 was born!

"Gil, I've been reading those pieces in the papers about you," Hahn explained. "They say you're missing a record because you run too far away from the rail. I don't agree. I've studied pictures of all your races this winter and I'm sure I've found out something. It's not that you're too far away from the rail, either. It's that you're not leaning enough on the banked turns. You're thinking too much about striding close to the rail and you're holding yourself too straight. Don't worry about the rail tonight, but lean naturally and you'll see what I mean. It will cut that extra second or two which you need for a new world record."

Hahn and Dodds talked about other angles of the race that day, too. They decided Gil should take the lead away from Bill Hulse early and run the first quarter in about 60 seconds. They agreed on another terrific 60-second quarter for a two-minute half mile. They figured a natural letup on the third quarter would mean 63 seconds for this portion, then another closing 63 seconds would produce a 4:06 mile.

A few hours later the farmer held a watch, stood silently at the end of the oval and watched the preacher boy carry out instructions almost exactly to the split second!

Taking the lead on the second lap and leaning more than he ever had before on the turns, Dodds ran the opening quarter in exactly 60 seconds. As he looked at his watch, Hahn smiled, stepped close to the boards and softly called "Just right, Gil" as the bespectacled, serious-faced runner churned past. Dodds was running smoothly and with absolute confidence as he hit the half in 2:00.1 and drew another quiet, unexcited "Just right, keep it up Gil" as he plodded past the fellow, unnoticed by anyone else. Hahn wasn't worried when the three-quarters timing was 3:04, a second off the prescribed pace, because he could see that his pupil wasn't a bit tired. Then the little 142-pounder in the black suit amazed 11,000 fans by what he did on the last of eleven laps. They had read and believed that he had no finishing kick, that he must be far ahead of Hulse at this point or be conquered by Bill's closing sprint. But they saw something entirely different this night. The Flying Parson had a closing kick, after all. He quickened his pace and literally ran away from the fellow who was supposed to have a better finish. He widened the gap to 10, then 20, finally 30 feet. And he was all alone as he rounded the last turn and straightened out for the last 20 yards. The fans were too stunned by his sprint to make much noise as he hit the tape.

He made no frantic lunge at the ribbon. He didn't fall in utter exhaustion as they do in movie scripts. He let the tape stream lazily from his well-muscled shoulders as he kept striding along past the finish line, on down to the end of the track where he knew someone was waiting. Without a word, the preacher boy and the farmer put their arms around each other. They laughed, but said nothing as the official timers excitedly huddled back at the finish line. They didn't have to wait for any announcements. They knew a new world record had just been set.

It was a dozen years before this happy climax that Farmer Hahn first met Gil Dodds. The latter wasn't a preacher then, but he was a preacher's son. Several exaggerated versions of that first meeting have been published. The most popular one insists the boy hurled a stone at a passing car and then ran away into the fields, only to have the driver outrace him, plant a kick squarely on the seat of the boy's trousers, and then say, "Boy, you're quite a runner. I'm Lloyd Hahn. I'll help you become a great runner."

The truth is that this tale is only partially right. Dodds did throw the stone and he did hit Hahn's car. But Gil didn't run away and Hahn didn't spot him then as a potential mile champion. Farmer Hahn stopped his car and lectured young Gil on being more careful about throwing stones, but he didn't learn the boy's name, didn't even know the kid could run, and didn't see him again for more than two years.

It was after Dodds had started to run as a high school sophomore that Hahn took over his coaching—and learned that this was the same boy who had thrown the stone. Falls City High had no track team, hence no track coach. Someone had seen the boy practicing running, and thought of asking Hahn's help. Lloyd had retired to his farm after having been America's foremost middle-distance runner and a holder of five world records. He retained a love for middle-distance foot racing and was delighted to assist a kid who wanted to run. Young Dodds in turn was thrilled to get some attention from a fellow as famous around town as Lloyd Hahn was. From the outset, it was a great friendship.

Hahn had formed certain definite ideas about track competition. For one thing, he thought high school boys were being overworked, and burned out early. He found that his young pupil could run all day without getting tired. But he ruled at the start

Continued on page 160

◀ YOUNG WOMAN ON HER OWN

Jean Staff, one of the nebulae of Hollywood

She's a go-getter . . . she rolls her own career hoop! She's one of the few actresses in Hollywood who hasn't an agent. "I like to do things for myself," says she. At the age of three, Jean went out in the front yard and got herself an audience. First, it was her collie dog dressed up to look like a lady at a matinee. Later it was the neighbors who came, saw and applauded. Jeannie wasn't just another cute baby . . . she was born with star dust in her eyes. At ten she sang with Horace Heidt's band at the Fox Theater in her home town, Detroit. Later she was leading lady on a weekly radio program. At twelve she was an infant Orson Welles with her own company of a dozen little troupers, who entertained every Sunday on the Detroit-Cleveland steamship lines. This went on for four years until she got too big for her boats. Then she talked Papa into sending her to Hollywood. She stepped from the station into Ken Murray's *Blackouts of 1943.* The following summer she took a vacation to study singing and dancing and to bring an entertainment something to the boys in uniform. Jean was born ambitious, wants a fat bank account, but wants to build it on her own. Her dad says she's hardheaded, but brags she hasn't asked him for a cent since she and Mom went West. She's frugal with her money, but generous of herself. "It's a habit I learned young," she says. "Toss bread on the water and it comes back cake with icing." That's how she got her break in Hollywood. At a camp show, Jean gave her musical arrangement to a girl who had forgotten hers and was having stage fright. Jean sang another song, cold, but it was hot enough to fire the interest of a talent scout. Result: Jean is now under contract to Warner Bros. She has loads of beaus and they all swim and dance. They have to if they want to date Missy Staff. But her greatest kick is one she gets solo . . . riding a man-sized motorcycle. "It's like a career," she insists, "speed and power and you go places if you keep your balance."

Vital Statistics: *Height:* 5′2″; *Weight:* 115 pounds; *Bust:* 36″; *Waist:* 24″; *Hips:* 36″.

PHOTOGRAPH BY HENRY WAXMAN

The True Course of Justice

Gynche was one jump ahead of the D. A. all the way, and it was obvious enough which way the Judge's sympathies ran

by MILT GROSS

• FICTION •

But he *was* intoxicated, Ollie!

Why do you always pick the weakest words to describe things, my dear?

Then how could you testify that he . . . he . . .

I assure you, darling, I give you my personal guarantee, the ends of justice were in no way trampled on.

But he was driving . . .

Look, little pea-brain. From a legal standpoint, "sober" when driving, means what?

It means not being drunk, of course!

It means being in command of all faculties, co-ordination of mind, eye, muscle, speed, alertness, control. And the only time friend Homer is able to exercise all these functions, is when he's maggoty. When Homer starts driving sober, that's the time to look out!

But if he's such a wizard when he's full of liquor . . .?

Could he help it if a fat dame on a put-put comes tearing out of an alley into him?

Didn't the Judge . . .?

Don't worry about the Judge, babe. He's the article all right. Why, do you know when I raised my right hand. You know, you raise your right hand and say I do, and then the Bailiff says full name, and you say Peter J. Gazzwotts, or whatever it happens to be. Well, when I said Oliver Gynche, his Honor leaned over the dias, and began to smile. He just kept smiling and smiling, like one of those benign old coots who goes around petting horses, and pretty soon I said to myself, Gynche I said, don't ever run afoul of that man. Then he said, Oliver Gynche?

Yes, your Honor, I replied.

Heh, heh, heh. He never stopped smiling. Heh heh, this is really unimportant, he said, nothing really to do with the case, totally irrelevant as a matter of fact, but, heh heh, didn't you once write a book called *Odds and Ends?*

You hear that, Amy? He remembered *Odds and Ends.* Book I'd done way back in 'thirty-two! And it only sold two hundred copies. That's what I call a Judge. Always said that book had something. Right now, Harpers says if it wasn't for the paper shortage . . . Well anyway I said yessir, and I'd be happy to send your Honor an autogra . . .

Never mind that, he snapped. Did you ever see a crocodile just miss a kingfisher, Amy? A bad man to barber with, that Judge. Then he smiled again. Proceed, he said.

Homer's lawyer got up and began. When did you last see the defendant, Mr. Gynche?

In Duffy's Bar Roo . . . er, at Mrs. Pipkin's party on Saturday, the fifteenth of the month, the day of the accident. Mrs. Pipkin was giving a party for her little daughter, Missimo.

Did you smell anything? she asked. It was a lady lawyer.

Well, I said, I didn't come there to smell. A socko right off the runway. Kind of stuff gets you solid with the whole Courtroom, Amy!

I mean liquor, she said.

Definitely not!

But Ollie, you said that . . .

Darling, with that cheese the Pipkins served, you couldn't smell a skunk in an upper berth. There was no perjury committed. Then she said, you've known the defendant a long time, Mr. Gynche?

Longer than that, I said. It sounded great when Eddie Robinson said it in *Double Indemnity,* only he said "closer" than that, but I gave it the old switcharoo. Yep, I said, longer than that . . . twenty years. It sounded great . . . lots of heart.

During that time have you ever noticed anything peculiar about him, she asked?

Well, I said, he always pets the neighbor's dog every morning, never pulls the roller towels out too far, always leaves the house properly attired. That dog stuff was great. I'll show you how, later.

Then she said, I mean as regards his person, mannerisms, speech, gait.

Oh, those, I said. Everything about them is peculiar.

Ollie! How could you!

Don't you get it? A terrific angle to prove that no one could ever tell whether Homer was stinking blotto or not! Staggers around even when he's cold sober. Then when the cops claim he fell on his face . . . you ketch?

Well, did you notice anything peculiar about the defendant on the afternoon of the party? she asked.

In a certain sense, yes, I replied.

Describe it.

Well, naturally, I said, there was conversation, during the course of which, Mr. Dunk, the defendant, took occasion to compliment me on my latest motion picture, *The Horror in the Hamper.*

Darling! You didn't bring *that* up!

A master stroke, Amy! Every clothespin on the jury and his grandmother all have a wow story they're dying to peddle to pictures. Okay! Now they're in our corner. Ding-ding . . . go ahead! Naturally, I continued, praise from so esteemed an authority as Mr. Homer Dunk, did seem, well, peculiar. In fact, I added, chuckling, that might have been the only indication that Mr. Dunk was, as the prosecution seems bent on proving, crocked to the gills.

Ollie! How could you dare!

Would a defense witness dare to make with the gags if the culprit was really stinko, Amy? Read Schneufflegruber on *Flashes of Wit from Bench and Bar.* Right there the State's case collapsed. That's all, said the lawyer, and the D. A. got up. Sidewise I took a hinge at the Judge. He was just smiling. Gynche, I said to myself, don't ever try to fool that man!

Then the D. A. moved in. A dangerous man, Amy. Big, helpless country kid. Babe-in-the-woods-act. Every dame on the jury out to protect him. Dynamite!

You say you've known the defendant a good many years, Mr. Gynche, he began.

That I have, I replied.

Both socially and professionally?

Socially and professionally.

In other words, you'd say you were his friend.

But, Ollie, that would make it appear that you were in cahoots.

Didn't I know it. But I had the gazoonthite ready before he sneezed. I just looked at him quietly. What is a friend, I said.

Answer the question, snapped the Judge. A mean man to monkey with, Amy. Okay Palsy, I said to myself. If that's the way you want it, get a load of this! If the homely rugged smile of a man, I began . . . the comforting sound of his voice, the warm clasp of his hand, stirs me with a tingle of that intangible something . . . if piety, sobriety, propriety mean anything in this sad world of ours today, then that little grey . . . er . . . that simple, homely soul sitting there, Homer Dunk, ladies and gentlemen, is my friend!

You'd think after a plug like that the heel would pay you the twelve dollars he owes you.

He's a rat. But the State was through. Only the D. A. didn't know he'd honked out.

So-o-o, he said, being a friend you'd do him a turn if you could, eh?

I would.

In fact you'd be glad, you'd be happy, you'd even welcome an opportunity to go out of your way to do him a turn, is that it?

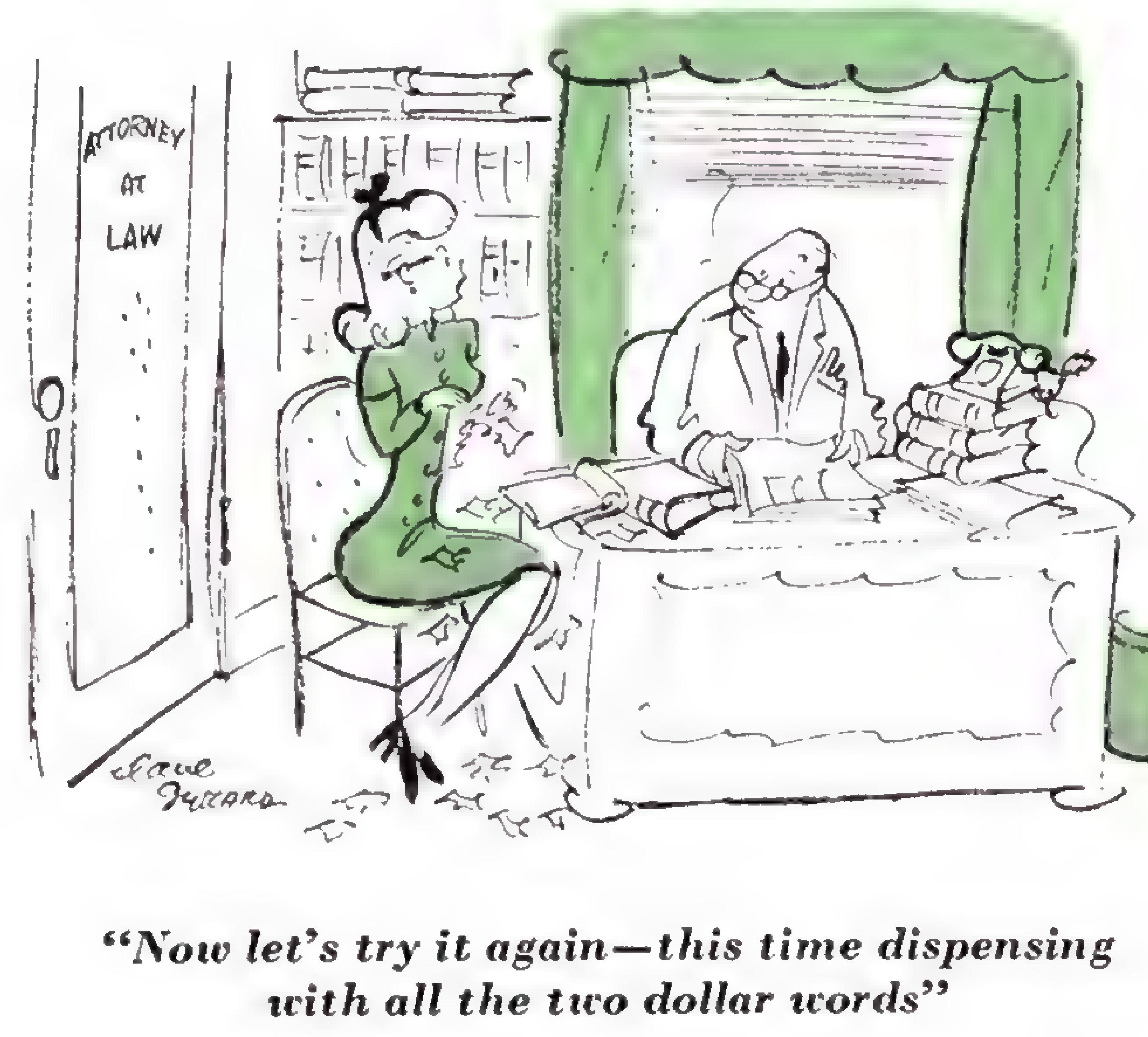
I would.

So much so, that you'd stretch a point eh, lean over backwards in order to do this friend of yours a turn, is that right?

Ollie, that was terribly unfair!

Didn't I know it. I was playing him smart. Like the Russians at Stalingrad. Let 'em keep coming in. Then . . . Wham!

That's right, I said . . . if I *honestly* could, Mister District Attor-



"Now let's try it again—this time dispensing with all the two dollar words"

ney! Right there you could have polled the jury. But the guy didn't know when to quit. It wouldn't by any chance be, he said, because Mr. Dunk had paid you some compliments on your picture, would it?

I've been complimented before, I said. And by bigger shots than that jer . . . by very much bigger shots. The biggest. If I may recall that not more than a few moments ago his Honor was pleased to say some very gracious things about one of my books.

Splendid, Ollie!

Tooshay, eh, Amy?

What did the Judge say to that?

He just smiled. It was a marvel to me, Amy, how he was able to keep a crooked face so . . . oh! I don't mean that! I mean keep the opposite of a straight face. You know what I mean. Then, furthermore, I said, by way of administering the coop de grah to the D. A; furthermore, I said the little thing that Mr. Dunk saw fit to compliment me on was really a minor work, strictly bobby-sock stuff, escapist, dumbed down . . . to get audience minds off the war.

Is that so, said the D. A., leaping like a mongoose at a cobra. Well, I was under the impression that what we want to do is to keep reminding folks that there's still a mighty big job to be done! Can you tie that, Amy? An opportunist! Oho, I said to myself, you want to start waving flags eh! Remember that speech, Amy, that I wrote in *Hearts in Hock*, that they cut out on me. The one about successes not meaning that we're going to stop hunting down the rats for a single moment, that we won't stop till we've wiped 'em all out, every last one, exterminated 'em all! Well I gave them that out of both barrels. Dead silence. The perfect tribute. Like Lincoln's *Gettysburg Address*. Even Homer's lawyer was getting nervous. Sidewise I gandered at the Judge. He just smiled. Surely not all, Mr. Gynche, he said.

Why did he say that?

The guy was my pal, Amy. One hinge at that mixed jury and I got it. The guy was cueing me, actually cueing me for a takes-all-kinds-to-make-a-world spiel. Right there I thought of that wonderful speech out of *Death in the Doorknob*, the one the director refused to shoot, you know, the wonderful line about nobody being asked to be born what they were born. I let them have that. Now it's the D.A.'s ball. He knew he'd started something he couldn't finish, but he's out on a limb. So he says, of course, Mr. Gynche, we'd want to make sure that in twenty years we wouldn't have it to do all over again. A cagey bird, Amy. Those pink cheeks and corn-silk hair didn't fool me any. He'd seen all those wives and mothers on the jury. But now he's playing with buzz-bombs . . . ad libbing with Gynche! Well, you remember that wow topper of mine in *Cuckoo Cottage*, that the Hays Office wouldn't pass, where Cary Grant, only we couldn't get Cary Grant, says we gotta watch 'em like dogs, the filthy hounds, the sneaking curs, the low-down mutts! I let them divide that up among themselves.

Well, you should have seen that Judge, Amy. The guy's actually a straight man for me now. Still smiling. A deadly enemy, that man, but once your friend . . . Aren't you being a bit hard on our four-footed friends, Mr. Gynche, he asked?

But, Ollie . . .

Don't you get it, Amy? Remember what I said before about dogs. Dynamite with any jury! His Honor knows that. He's deliberately throwing me feed lines. Well, I had that terrific scene they used for the trailer in *Lonesome with You*, where the girl sobs, Give me a dog! Give me a dog any day to people! Sniffles all over the Courtroom. All people, I repeat. Give me a dog any day to any one of them!

Including your wife? asks the D.A.

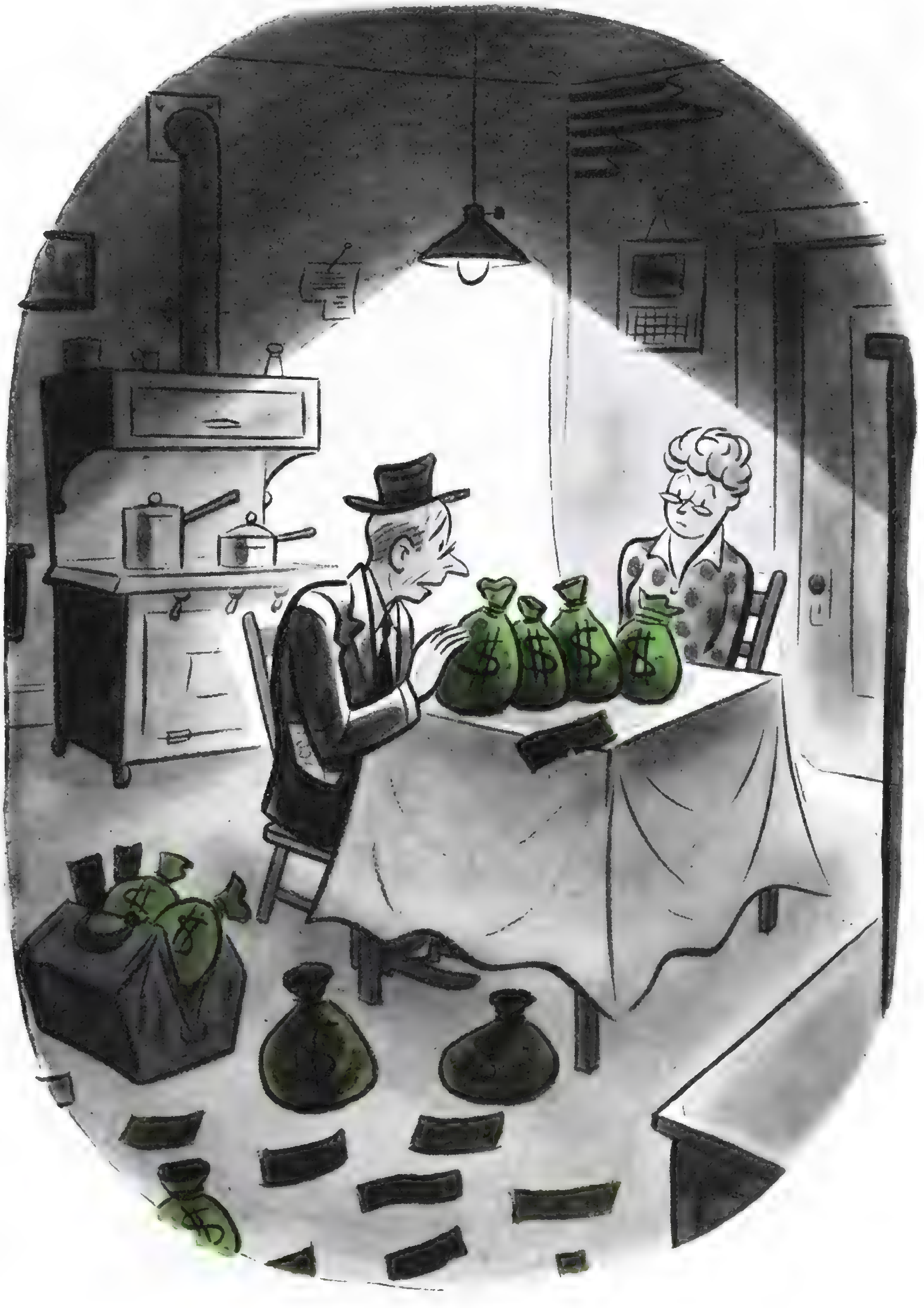
Ollie! No!

Right below the belt, Amy. The man was desperate. But that was where he was a cooked pigeon. Dragging in the womanhood stuff. Remember my big scene in *Turkeys for Two*, that the producer wouldn't let me write, the one where the husband makes that wonderful speech into a dead mike, only he don't know it's dead, and he sobs quote, who made this home for me? Who struggled, who scrimped, who slaved? Who took the gold from her hair, who put the silver threads there? I ask you, John J. . . . Well there was no need to go further, Amy. Witness is excused, said the D.A.

Sidewise I goggle the Judge. He goggles me. A look passed between us, Amy, the look of eagles. Then he smiled, and I stepped down. Yessir, I'd sure done a turn for Homer Dunk, that day.

But they found him guilty, Ollie, and gave him ninety days, How . . .?

. . . They do things funny in this town, Amy. #



"Of c[illegible] this washes me up as their night watchman, ma!"

The State of the World

Noting Hollywood's political trend, the recording armistice and Lauren Bacall, and taking another swing at Noel Coward

by GILBERT SELDES

▪ THE LIVELY ARTS ▪

1.

COMMENTING in the *Saturday Review* on Noel Coward's driveling book, Lt. John Mason Brown, who has seen a bit of war himself, compared it unfavorably with the work of Joe E. Brown. John was never a stuffed-critic; but the arrival of Joe E. up there is revolutionary. I suppose Brown's humor is broad and simple; the few times I've seen him, I haven't laughed; but when backslapping Brown and wisecracking Hope touch the lives of men fighting in a war and getting their legs shot off and longing for home, our brash comedians respond simply because human beings are *not* alien to them. When Coward touches anything basically human, he sneers or jokes it away.

It must be five years since I wrote, in this magazine, an analysis of Coward's failure to comprehend the common emotions. I noted the constant intellectual undermining of that love which Johnson defined as "the passion between the sexes." This came to a supremely attractive pitch in *Private Lives*, and reached its lowest degradation in *Design for Living*. Since then, Coward has bemused the world with a song called *Don't Let's be Beastly to the Germans*, the politics of which are fantastic, and by his movie, *In Which We Serve*. The facts of war hit Coward; he's a trained writer; the motion picture is a marvelous instrument of communication. But, in spite of hundreds of letters to the contrary, I still think the underlying emotion of the picture is false; and that there is snobbery all through it. The same snobbery that let Coward hint at the national or racial background of the Brooklyn boys and, as Brown pointed out, let him use the word "tiresome" in referring to the reek of hospital wards where burned cases are treated.

2.

Frank Sinatra is going to make a long tour of the country, talking about intolerance to school children. I have been aware of nearly every effort made in America to beat down the beastly and dangerous people who live on hatred; and few of them have been as statesmanlike as Sinatra's. I suppose, from his name, that he is of Italian extraction; and this suggests an approach he can, with delicacy, use. The great fault of all the racial and religious get-together movements in the past has been a negative feeling: we mustn't dislike the so-and-so's. (And even in the midst of passionate pleas for tolerance, you can detect the feeling, in many speakers, that everyone else *is* a so-and-so.) The positive approach is this: it is good for a country to have as many *kinds* of thought and art and feeling and ingenuity and character as possible. Suppose Sinatra were to say that it is a good thing for America to have a voice like Paul Robeson's *and* one like Crosby's *and* one like Jolson's; maybe the bobby-sockers who listen will turn out better citizens than the people who won't let Marian Anderson sing in the shrines of liberty.

3.

All through the campaign of last summer the presence of writers, artists, movie actors, and I think acrobats was noted on the hustings. Several interesting points developed.

First, the practitioners of the popular arts were recognized as effective publicists on political and economic questions. If this isn't a revolution, wait until Cecil de Mille is elected President. Political analysts have marked the emergence of the C.I.O's P.A.C., and have neglected the change in tactics which brought a political argument to the air in the position, almost, of the commercial—as something appended to a program of entertainment.

Second, the intellectuals were almost all in the fight. Fifteen years ago many of them thought America wasn't worth saving; didn't believe in political action; favored Soviet Russia or withdrew into seclusion; and made it a point not to vote. I don't know how many of these are now concerned with America only because we are fighting the same enemy the Soviets are fighting. This may be true of the ideologues. But all movie people on the Republican side cannot be called Reds, nor can all actors and playwrights on the Democratic side.

The Hollywood contingent is often accused of having a bad conscience. "They make a lot of money doing things they don't want to do; and try to atone for it by being pro-labor or pro-sharecropper, etc." But Ginger Rogers (Rep.) and Humphrey Bogart (Dem.) *are* doing what they want to do; and they thought it was worthwhile to declare for a candidate on a major party ticket.

Finally, the majority of the writers-artists-actors were on one side of the fence. The fact that it was the winning side doesn't matter. The Republican managers at one time made a virtue of not having entertainment talent at its disposal, saying, "we will not cajole; we will debate." The Democratic managers, on the other hand, used talent, but did not always use it well. The biggest show of all, a Monday night roundup, was, as production, a disgrace.

I think it fair to say that nearly everyone on both sides behaved intelligently. Of course, there was Louis Bromfield.

4.

The battle over recordings came to an end. I recall no settlement of a dispute which brought forth, from the disputants, not one conciliatory remark. Abuse and hard feelings reigned. At about the same time, the Decca company, which had signed earlier, issued an interesting statement. It says, among other things, "Certainly we liked the traditional classical music inherited from Europe. But . . . where was the voice of the Western plains? . . . the songs of the herdsman, the mountaineer, the worker?" And then, in another vein, "Consideration for the listener will rule our recordings. If it is a song, you hear every word of the lyric . . . if a dance, you hear pure, danceable rhythm from beginning to end."

One of the reasons the recording dispute ended was that famous artists began to drift toward the companies which could record them. Perhaps, here or there, a pianist felt he had only a year or two of perfection in his knuckles; or some vocal chords began to grow husky at the wrong time. In any case, at the moment of producing the above advertisement, Decca also announced two recordings by Jascha Heifetz. They were Irving Berlin's *White Christmas* coupled with Herbert's *À la Valse*, and the big *Figaro* aria from the *Barber* coupled with *Gweedore Brae*.

5.

I gather that the entire population of the United States is chiefly interested in a girl of nineteen or so who puts her chin down, looks upward from below, has a husky voice and is known, in the radio ads, as Bogart's kind of woman. Name Lauren Bacall. This is the only one of all my notes which has no social or political implication. What's the betting that it's as important as all the others put together? What do the soldiers think about it? ⧺

BROADWAY FOR THE BOYS

Gay Paree in New York

THE inscription running along the awning above this cosy corner of the Bal Tabarin club in New York reads *Le Vin, L'Amour et*—as you might guess—*Les Chansons.* What more sure-fire combination is there for a popular spot than the proverbial wine, charming mademoiselles and jolly songs? Not only French sailors, with their bobbing red pompons, but out-of-towners on a holiday and New Yorkers in search of a nostalgic evening descend from taxis at the sidewalk canopy bearing the legend "Gay Paree in New York."

The three young ladies, who have taken time out from their floor show chores to beguile the lonesome *marin*, are Ronnie Taylor, Virginia Courtney and Alyce Downey. Gay Parisiennes to the eye, they are as American as hot dogs and soda pop.

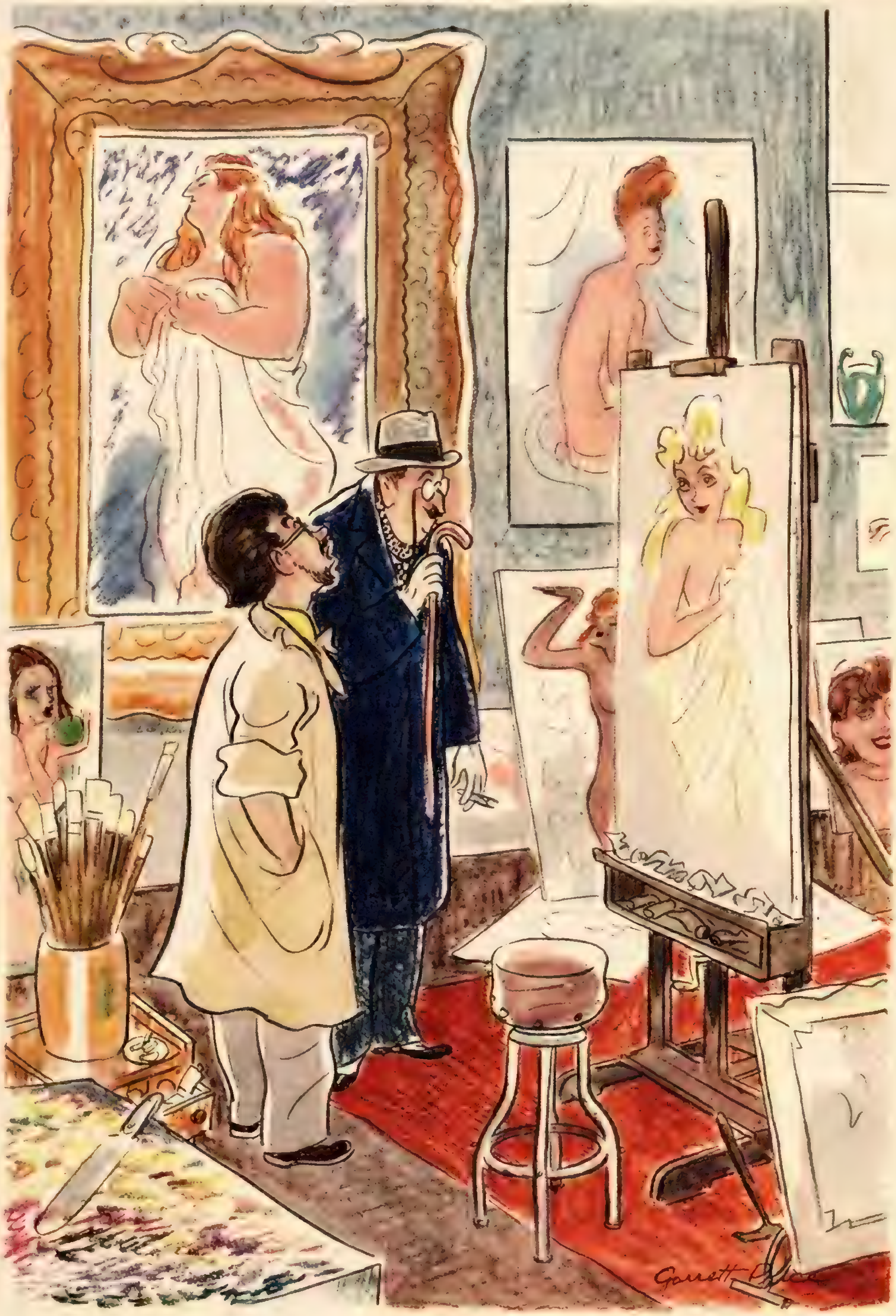
Ronnie, at the left, was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, and modeled for department store advertisements before she headed east to study voice and dramatics. She has decorated several Broadway musicals and is an eye-catching addition to any chorus. However, she has a voice and wants to be heard.
her nights off she forgets her sc
and kicks off her dancing slip
to indulge her hobby—going
the movies.

In the middle, Virginia Co
ney, who trekked to the big
across the river from her na
Jersey City. Virginia, as a you
ster was torn between her mus
and artistic talents, and had id
about being either a concert p
ist or interior decorator. N
however, she reverts to the ete
feminine and says her ambitio
marriage—with the right g
She's a good hand with a ho
and more than keeps afloat i
swimming pool.

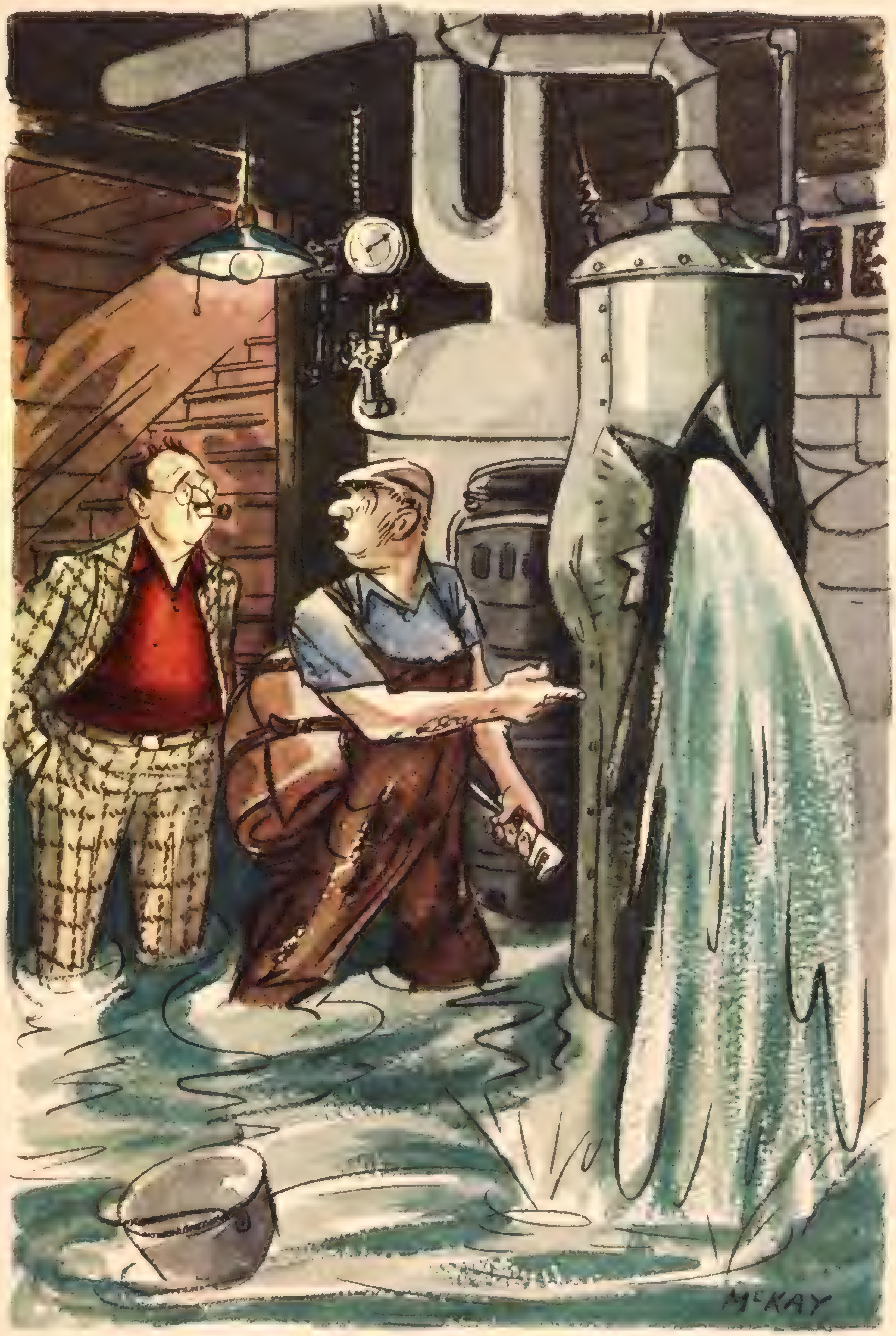
On the right, a real Wester
—Alyce Downey from Portla
Oregon. She got a yen for sh
business at an early age and
pursuit of her chosen profes
has traveled as far as Rio
Janeiro, Brazil, where she dan
at the famous Copacabana.
tween shows in New York she
modeled gowns in an expen
specialty shop and continued
how-now-brown-cow exercises
the best Bea Lillie tradition.

PHOTOGRAPH BY GEORGE SEREBRY

LE VIN L'AMOUR
heridan


Garrett Price

"As you know, my wife's on a vacation"



"There's your trouble, right there!"

My Regards to Morpheus

Story to end stories about postwar wonders and the little woman's way of adjustment to her warrior husband

by MAX SHULMAN

• FICTION •

AFTER two helpings of our mess sergeant's fanciful version of Welsh rarebit, I lurched out of the mess hall, flopped down on my bunk, and dreamed this dream:

The guns of war fell still at last, and I came home from Tokyo and kissed my wife vigorously about the head and shoulders.

"Nebbice," I said, "I have come home from the wars to live and prosper with you in a new world of peace, opportunity, and widespread agrarian reforms."

"Ah, Alaric," she breathed, "we two, our finely chiseled, windswept heads jutting unafraid into the future, four shining eyes looking onward and upward. Excelsior!"

We embraced.

"You are thin and wan, Alaric," she said, prodding my ribcase. "How ghastly it must have been in the miasms of the Pacific. How you must have suffered. But, of course, you don't want to talk about it."

"As a matter of fact," I said, "I do."

"That's all right, darling. You don't have to. I'll understand."

"But I *want* to."

"No, dear, no. Don't wake a flood of horrible memories on my account. I know how it was. Didn't I see Don Ameche get it in the guts in *Perils of the Pacific*, in the head in *The Beast of the East*, in the thighbone in *Hara-Kiri for Two*, in the spleen in *The Ordeal of Corporal McFetridge*, and true in the heart in *I Love to See Dat Risin' Sun Go Down*? Do you think *I* don't know how it was?"

"But—"

"Come, rest your war-wracked bones, and I will tell you how it was with me in the long months of your absence." She took my hand in hers and drew me down on the settee, a bandy-legged period piece that bridged the time-lag between our Louis Seize escritoire and our Swedish Modern occasional chair. (This unmatched suite, combined with a brass samovar, a wicker swing, a neo-Bayeux tapestry depicting the founding of Minnesota by Harold Stassen, a wire rack for Pocket Books, and a china pug dog shows what can happen when you buy all your furniture at unclaimed freight auctions. Once we had attended an auction where you had to buy everything sight unseen, and had come home with a gross of harmonicas.)

"It was not the sacrifices I minded," Nebbice continued. "If I had to walk a few extra blocks to find a market where they sold meat without points, I didn't complain, for I thought of you Over There—"

"Let me tell you about my war experiences," I interrupted. "I'll never forget the time I met an atheist in a foxhole. He—"

She put her fingers on my lips. "You needn't try to talk, dear. Perhaps when you're better—But I was telling you how it was in your absence. The sacrifices, as I say, were not bad. After all, wooing the sweet-toothed laundry man with a three layer marble cake every week and riding in a car pool with eight surly, middle-European arc welders was nothing compared to what you went through."

"You said it. One time I—"

"Hush, sweetheart. I'll make you whole again. Regular hours, plenty of rest and thin broths will work wonders for you. To continue: it wasn't the sacrifices. It wasn't even the work although, let me tell you, working at Acme Aircraft was no cinch. I was busy every moment honing gaskets, shearing sprockets, grinding grommets, turning sumps, brazing couplings, coupling brazes, boring bearings, beveling bushings, reaming elbows, buffing shims, tamping ducts, threading cams, sanding scruppers, Babbitting shackles and occasionally extricating a midget who had been riveted into a wing section.

"And the only respite we had from this grueling routine was our weekly pep meeting when we went outside and sang the *Acme Aircraft Rouser:*

"Acme! Acme!
Back me! Back me!
I'll always do my work
And never, never shirk.
If I become a jerk,
Sack me,
Acme."

she sang softly.

"No, it wasn't the sacrifices and it wasn't the work. It was the loneliness—the aching, pulsing loneliness. I tried many measures. I got a dog for companionship. Unfortunately, I didn't know that you had to add water to dehydrated wartime dog food, and after eating it for several weeks, he dried up and crumbled.

"I often wished we had had a child before you left. Then, I thought, I could not be so lonely. But when I considered the difficulty of taking care of children in wartime, I was glad we had decided to wait. The help problem, my dear, is impossible. One of the girls at Acme, a gusset broacher named Alicia Fletch, tried for months to find a nurse for her baby. At last she got a woman, only to discharge her angrily when she discovered that the woman was not a nurse at all, but an ex-flapjack cook from Child's window. The white uniform fooled Alicia at first, but she soon became suspicious when one morning she saw the woman flipping the baby on a spatula.

"Nothing helped my loneliness. During the days I could plunge into my work and find a sort of forgetfulness. But the nights! The long, lorn nights without end. Many's the night I cried myself to sleep and woke in the morning to find that my tears had rent the cheap wartime pillow-ticking and my mouth was full of feathers.

"The nights were bad, Alaric. In the nights it was bad. I missed you horribly, and—" she lowered her eyes—"and, yes, I *wanted* you."

I leaped full-blown across the settee.

"Peace," said Nebbice, drawing her lithe young legs underneath her and leaving a trail of white shoe dressing on the plum-colored afghan that draped the settee. She took my hands and a joyous smile lighted her face. "You have come home to me and the nights will be good and the days will be good. Together we will reap a harvest of happiness in the bright fields of a peaceful world. Ah, darling, it is so fine to have you home. When it doesn't hurt to talk about it, you must tell me how it was Over There."

"Let me start from the beginning," I said. I took out my pipe, filled it with a mixture I fancied (latakia, burley, and hominy grits), tamped it down, lighted it and settled back. "Good old pipe. This good old pipe sure has been through a lot of action. Don't know what I would have done without it Over There. In fact, it saved my life once at—But I'm getting ahead of myself. I was going to start at the beginning. Well sir, when our basic training was over, our C.O. called us together and said, 'Gentle, this is it.' By 'gentle' he meant 'gentlemen' of course, but he was never one to waste words. A brusque military type. Been through the first World War—Somme, Marne, Meuse-Argonne, St. Mihiel. Still

Continued on page 138

◀ **HOLLYWOOD . . . SET TO MUSIC**

A Good Little Indian . . . Very Much Alive-O

IT'S 60 x 134 . . . yet it has more curves than an ellipsoid. It's stationary. It's got rhythm. It has more stars than the milky way. It's a G.I's heaven. What is it? . . . It's the Hollywood Canteen! Every night some 3,000 boys cut rugs to shreds with cinema sirens. They wolf down, not the sirens, but thousands of sandwiches run up by the mothers of Joan Crawford, Joan Leslie, Joan Davis, Joan Fontaine and of other movie stars not named Joan. While G.I. Joe munches, he listens and laughs . . . at four-star entertainment.

This has been going on since a summer's evening in 1942. Bette Davis and John Garfield, representing the actors, wanted to do something for the boys. So they got together by lantern light in a musty, dusty, old barn-like building with electricians, carpenters, painters and representatives of Hollywood guilds and unions. Everybody turned to and presto—the present Canteen.

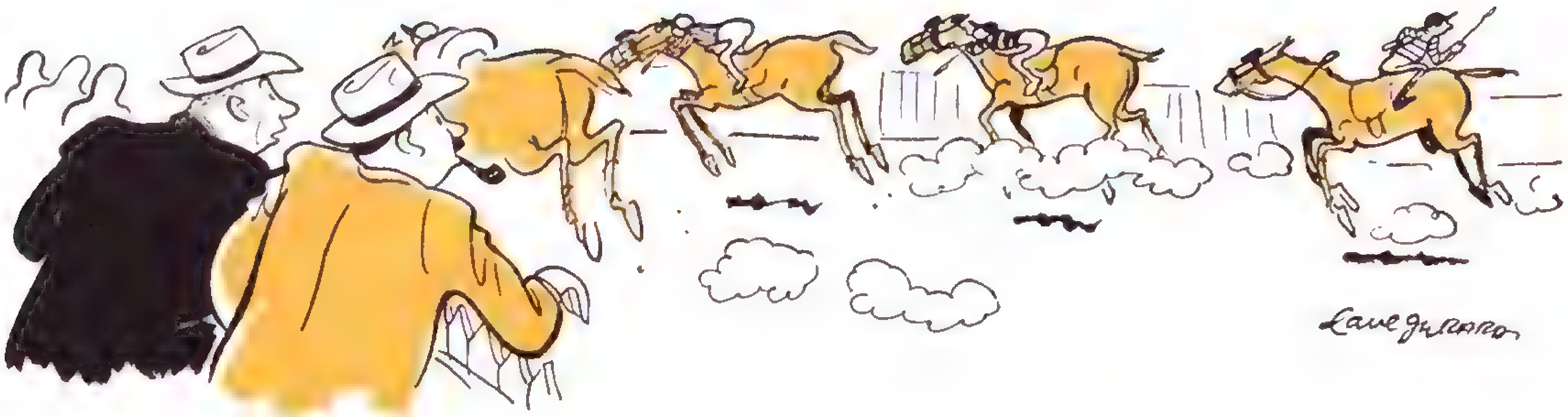
Now John Q. Public is about to be invited to see what's been going on for a thousand and one nights in this exclusive G.I. eatery and treatery. The Brothers Warner, with producer Alex Gottlieb calling signals, have done it all on film with a story about a G.I. who visits the Canteen and finds himself turnstyled into a celebrity as the millionth guest. He proves himself a man in a million when he dates Joan Leslie, gets kissed by Barbara Stanwyck, Ida Lupino and Alexis Smith, plus a dozen other Warner lovelies. He gets a wallop out of Joe E. Brown . . . He is sent by Joan McCracken doing a *Ballet In Jive* . . . He gets a kick out of Jack Carson and Jane Wyman's song-dance turn . . . He goes for what Jack Benny hopes is a violin duet with Joseph Szigeti . . . He beats it out with Jimmy Dorsey and sways it out with Carmen Cavallaro. He gets the works from the Warner Brothers stars and has a box-car load of fun.

And what's all this got to do with Pat Clark, reclining in Technicolored ease? Well, if you've read this far about *Hollywood Canteen*, she is a success. "I don't do much in the picture," says she, "I'm only the attention getter."

Honest little Injun!

PHOTOGRAPH BY HENRY WAXMAN

The Sporting Scene



"He used to be a tail gunner on a B-29"

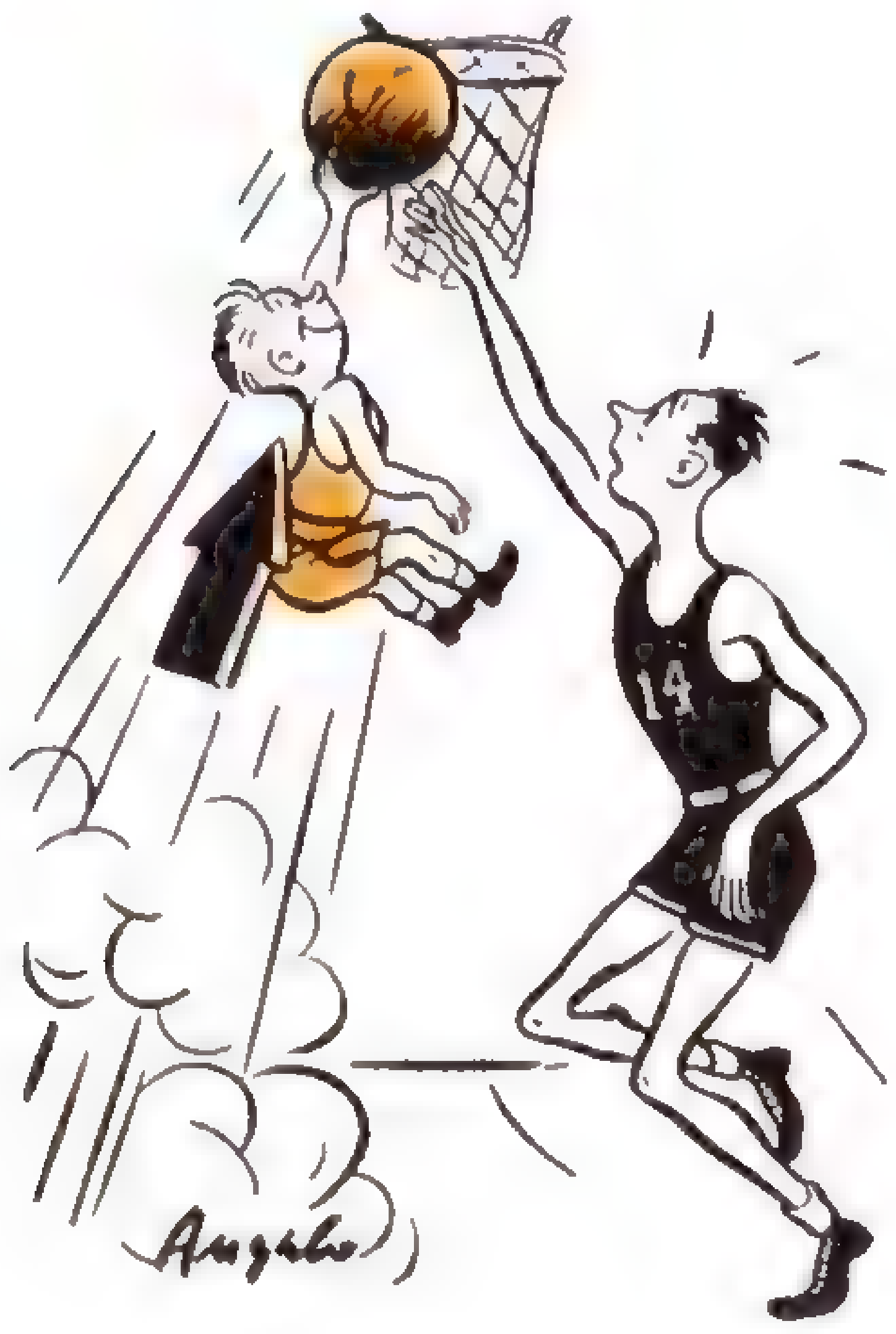
THE first thing you see, probably, are the eyes, yellow and malevolent, glittering at the end of what appears to be a floating log. The Manjuari's broad, flat snout is pointed in your direction, waiting to take your special bait that can't hook in those bony, crocodilean jaws, but will slide down inside and catch on the innards.

You get a glimpse of those sharp, wolf teeth as that terrible maw closes on the other end of your line. You take a deep breath to quiet the pounding of your heart and set the hooks. Then the furies take over. If this Alligator Gar is of average size he weighs between 100 and 200 pounds, measures more than six feet, and has a disposition like a betrayed bear. Your line goes limp as he rushes for the boat. About ten feet off he leaps up, grabs a hunk of air, and you get a close look at those dirty greenish-brown scales glinting in the sunlight. This is fishing for the fearless. During the next hour or so your little boat will be towed wildly up and down the muddy river. Every time the fish gets near enough you let him have it with a .38 caliber revolver. Before you land him you will have used up all your reserve courage, most of your strength and placed 10 or 20 bullets in vital parts of his anatomy.

Manjuaris are common to big rivers in the southern part of the country. They are marauders, feeding voraciously on everything from insects to caught bass hanging over the side of a boat. Among the incidental edibles their stomachs have yielded are pigs, chickens, and rubber shoes. Their scales are like armor plate and can turn an ax. The Indians of the south used to use them as arrowheads. It's easy to talk hard-boiled about these fish, but fishing for them and catching them is something else again. Alligator Gars are without doubt the ugliest, nastiest, meanest, most undesirable fresh water fish in America.

There are a few adventure-hardened individuals in Mississippi, the Carolinas, Florida and such places who recklessly consider setting out in small boats after these water wolves something unequaled in thrills. These are the kind of fellows who scoff at the tales of deep-sea fishermen. One of them once took a friend of his, a man with some near-record marlins and tarpons to his credit, on a Manjuari trip. The deep-sea man hooked a six-footer and was ready to show his inland friend how a salt-water master would handle these slothful monsters of the river. The gar headed right for the boat and took its customary leap. The man took one look at that big, vicious mouth with the jagged teeth, saw those yellow eyes glaring, and threw his rod at the fish, sinking back in his seat in a trembling half-faint.

So if you're looking for thrills, try the Manjuari. They have been known to splinter small boats, break heavy nets and straighten large hooks. Negroes and Indians, who are the only ones to find the gars at all palatable, will tell incidents of these fish attacking humans. You will have the unique experience of killing—if you are lucky—a living anachronism, a monster that belongs to a dark and distant time. It's the closest thing to dinosaur hunting that the 20th century offers.



THE ESQUIRE SPORTS POLL

I.

Who in your opinion was the outstanding sports figure in 1944?
Byron Nelson 14.28% Hal Newhouser 11.69% Marty Marion 10.39%

II.

What baseball magnate did the best job for his club in 1944?
Don Barnes 44.18% Sam Breadon 14.72% W. O. Briggs, Jr. 9.30%

What baseball manager did the best job for his club in 1944?
Luke Sewell 79.31% Billy Southworth 9.19% Charley Grimm 6.89%

What baseball player did the best job for his club in 1944?
Hal Newhouser 37.50% Marty Marion 27.84% Dick Wakefield 10.23%

III.

Who was the outstanding football coach of 1944?
Carroll Widdoes 46.24% Col. Earl Blaik 25.43% John Barnhill 3.47%

Who was the outstanding professional football player of 1944?
Don Hutson 44.02% Frank Sinkwich 25.16% Sid Luckman 11.95%

Who was the outstanding college football player of 1944?
Les Horvath 54.24% Felix Blanchard 14.12% Glenn Davis 9.60%

IV.

What was the greatest football game of 1944?
Ohio State 18, Michigan 14—42.94% Army 23, Navy 7—29.94%
Georgia Tech 17, Navy 15—8.47%

V.

Who was the outstanding fight-promoter of 1944?
Mike Jacobs 93.10% Jimmy Johnston 3.44% Jack Kearns 2.29%

Who was the outstanding boxer of 1944?
Willie Pep 25.01% Bean Jack 15.62% Joe Baksi 11.46%

VI.

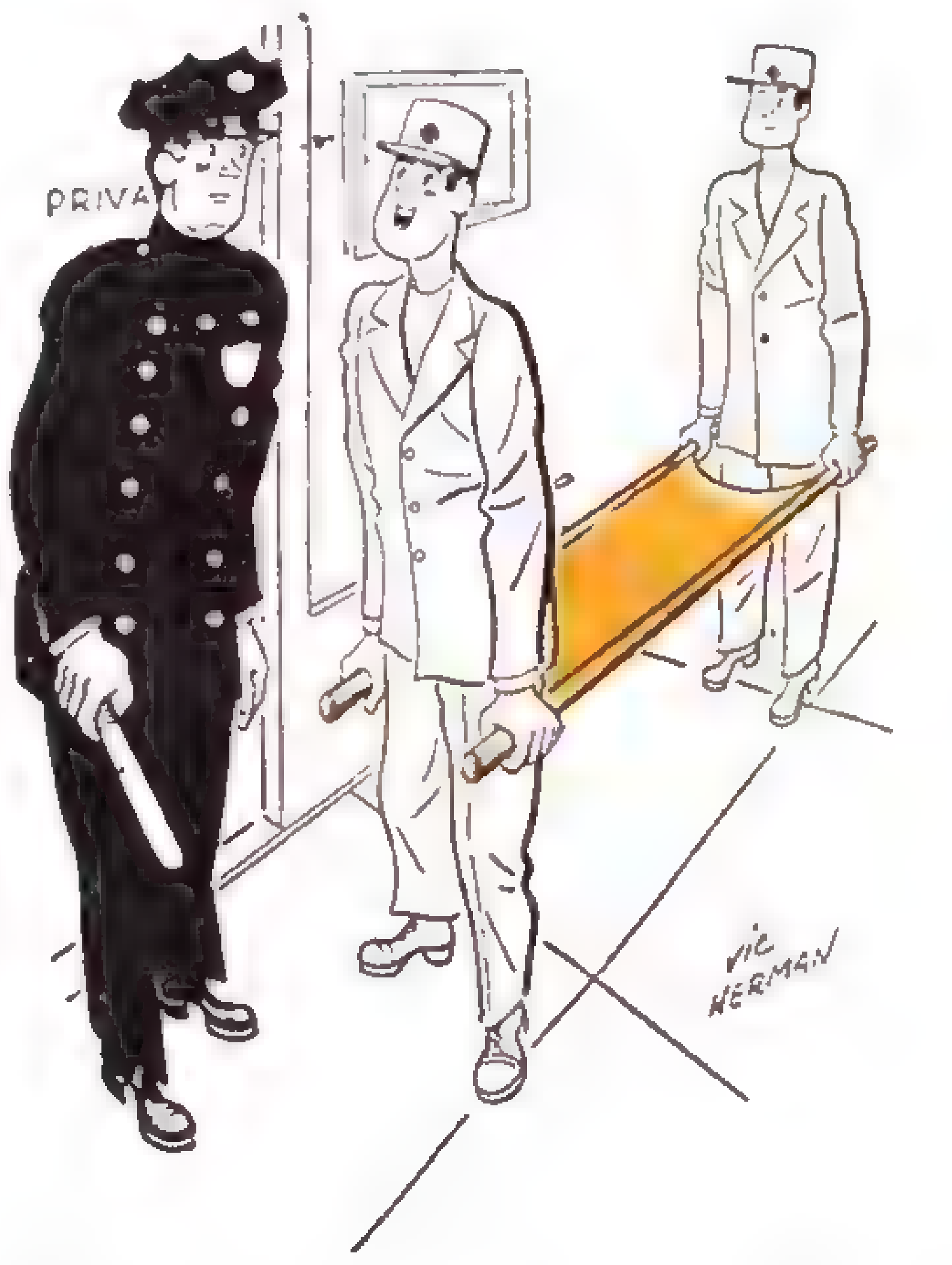
What sports writer did the best job in 1944?
Grantland Rice 10.61% Whitney Martin 9.84% Arch Ward 8.33%

VII.

What radio announcer did the best sportscasting in 1944?
Harry Wismer 25.42% Ted Husing 18.23% John Harrington 16.57%

VIII.

Who was the dominant figure in golf in 1944?
Byron Nelson 80.61% Jug McSpaden 7.87% Sam Snead 4.84%



"Is this where we're gonna find the guy who fights Joe Louis?"

Red Strader, former All-American at St. Mary's College, never gained a yard on end runs but piled up plenty of yardage through center and inside tackles. Incidentally, Strader, whom Slip Madigan considers the best all-around back he's ever coached, never played American football until he entered St. Mary's. His previous experience had been confined to rugby.

Hannes Schneider, one of the world's great skiers, now teaching at North Conway, New Hampshire, was a German prisoner early in the war. Things looked dark for him until Harvey Gibson, a New York banker, contrived his release. The grateful Hannes cabled his rescuer at once: "May God and Hannes Schneider be with you in 1939."

W. G. George, for many years holder of the world's professional mile record, was a great runner before he ever saw a cinder track. As a stock boy in a wholesale drug house, he ran from one part of the plant to another on errands. This was his only training, but when he started competing, his muscles were developed by it.

It is generally known that insurance firms won't handle policies on professional boxers, hockey players and football players, but the intrepid Lloyds of London once wrote a policy for an American against the chances of making a hole-in-one in golf. The premiums cost a dollar a year, and within a few years the policyholder, a Greenwich, Connecticut, man, scored an ace and collected 100 dollars from Lloyds.

A young Negro baseball player, all decked out in cap, spikes and striped flannels, was on his way to the park one Sunday when he passed a minister on the street.

"Don't you know it's a sin to work on Sunday, young man?" reprimanded the parson.

"But, Reverend, you work on Sunday, don't you?"

"Yes," the preacher readily admitted, "but I am in the RIGHT field."

"So am I, Reverend," said the colored boy. "And ain't that sun hell out there?"

During a bout between Otto Sealoff and Chappy Jones many years ago in the Chicago Athletic Club, Chappy took a solid left hook on the jaw and crumbled to the canvas. Referee George Siler bent over the Negro boy and started the count. At six he paused, noticing Chappy's eyes were open and asked if he intended to fight any more.

"You bet, Mistuh Siler. But no moh tonight."

The biggest improvement factor in all branches of sports, notably in golf, will come from the training and discipline which our young men are experiencing in the services—Walter Hagen.

I would like to see back in the college rule book the one which permits a runner to get up and run again when he has been knocked off his feet. It helps a team's offense—Carl Snavely.

One of the biggest developments in football in the last ten years has been the rise and spread of Monday Morning Quarterback Clubs all over the country. The basic appeal of these clubs is that they provide the fans the opportunity to satisfy their craving for correct inside dope on plays and situations direct from the coaches and officials. Dick Cullum in Minneapolis, Bill Fox in Indianapolis and Ed Cochrane in Kansas City were among the pioneers in this rich field. Cochrane took the idea to Chicago where a strong club now flourishes under the leadership of Leo Fischer. Harry Stuhldreher of Wisconsin put the idea on the mail-order basis in his Monday morning letters to Badger alumni explaining his plays and players. One of the strongest of the Quarterback Clubs is in Birmingham, Alabama, directed by Zipp Newman and Dr. B. F. Sapienza. Their annual final banquet is one of the football highs of the South. Featured speakers have included Bill Cunningham, Tom Meany, Frank Leahy, Arch Ward, and this year W. A. Alexander and Joe Custer, author of *Through the Perilous Night.*

Bellwether of Jacob's Beach

He averages two hundred bouts a year and 15,000 dollars, and he's never been hit

by **JACK MILEY**

• SPORTS •

ONE of the quaintest characters on Jacob's Beach—that strip of sidewalk near Madison Square Garden, where the fight mob conducts its open-air biff bourse, is a slender, soft-spoken chap whose cauliflower colleagues call him the Meat Wagon.

This quiet, middle-aged fellow has been involved in more than 5,000 brawls in the last twenty-five years. Often he figures in as many as four or five scraps in a single evening, but he always goes home to his family in the Bronx without a mark to show for them.

For Ray Arcel isn't a pugilist, but one of those safety-first by-products of boxing, a professional second and handler of fighting men. For a fee he will climb through the ropes into any gladiator's corner—bucket, water bottle and first-aid kit in hand.

There he will act as ring strategist, second-guesser, cheer leader, counselor, masseur-on-the-fly and practical nurse, and will perform any other role required in an emergency. He will console his fighter if flattened, or praise him in victory. He will patch up his athlete's wounds between rounds to keep him in action.

For these unique chores, Arcel enjoys an income of 15,000 dollars a year. This is about tops for his dodge, but it isn't the dough that makes Ray remarkable in his field, but his acquaintance with Joe Louis. He has made a career out of the Brown Bomber. For years before the war he traipsed around the country picking up after Joe. By lugging from the ring ten men that Joe has dumped, Ray seems to have acquired the exclusive haulage rights with the champion. Ray's observations on the reactions of these losers is revealing.

There was the case of baldish Johnny Paycheck, the fighting Des Moines, Iowa, bellhop. Ray recalls:

"Johnny was a tearing tiger as he prepped for Joe. He laughed and joked as he waited in his Garden cubicle for the zero hour. He playfully nudged me in the ribs as we went down the aisle to the ring and chortled: You're handling the new champion, kid!

"I thought sure I had one guy who wouldn't be afraid of Louis," said Arcel, "but when Johnny stood up in his corner to be introduced, I looked at him and his knees were knocking like castanets. He was jumping up and down like a jitterbug. Sweat was streaming down his face. The whites of his eyes were showing. He sat down but couldn't keep his feet on the floor. His arms were flapping crazily. You'd think his limbs were on strings, like a kid's toy. He wanted to be brave in his heart, but after Louis knocked him down two or three times the fight was stopped. I never felt so sorry for a fighter in my life!"

The most merciful job by Joe that Arcel ever witnessed was the beating that Louis gave his closest friend in the fight game, ex-light heavyweight champion John Henry Lewis. They had been buddies for years before meeting in the Garden ring. One of John Henry's eyes was failing, his vision was abnormal and Joe knew it. So rather than torture his pal and subject him to long and unnecessary punishment, at the opening bell Joe stalked him like a panther about to make the kill. He hit him two terrific blows with either hand—and the fight was over. John Henry, with his faulty eyesight, not only didn't see the punches coming, but never knew what hit him, Arcel declared. "That was one of the most humane gestures I ever saw in a prize ring."

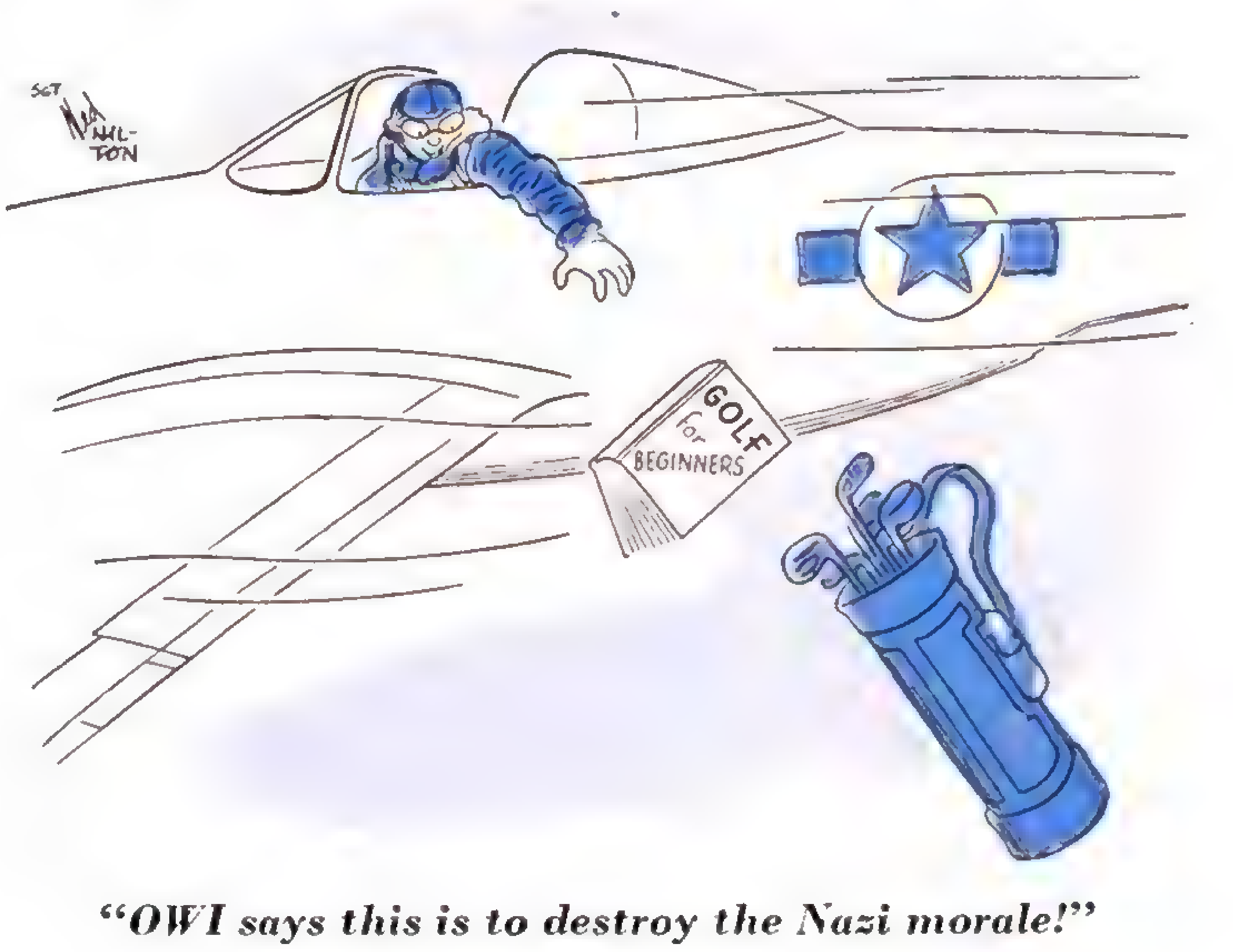
Ray insists that the boxer who turned in the best performance against all those he has seconded against Louis, was the brother of a man whom Joe had beaten so ignominiously—Buddy Baer. Of the nine contenders he's handled, the Baer cub had the best chance to turn the tables against Louis.

"Buddy had Louis hurt once and out of the ring another time," Arcel points out, "And that's par for the course against Joe. Sure, Buddy got knocked out—but don't they all? And I want to tell you, I had a lame back the next day from picking him up, too! From the way Buddy felt when I heisted him, I thought he had Max in his lap! At that, Buddy redeemed the honor of the Baer family by his gallantry against Louis. If Max had fought Joe the way Buddy did, he'd still be champion!"

And thus, as he leads his lambs to the slaughter, Ray Arcel, known as the Meat Wagon, is the Sir Thomas Lipton of the fight game. Lipton, you remember, used to come over here with his long line of Shamrock yachts and for years it was his fate to finish second at the Newport races. "I just can't win!" he sighed after his last visit.

And Ray can't, either, but this doesn't mean he is going to quit trying. For Arcel's job is like a baseball umpire's—the pay is good and you can't beat the hours.

The second, whose fighters always finish in that order, also denies he has taken out anti-retirement insurance on Joe, with himself as beneficiary. But when Joe left for the Army, Arcel was heard to exclaim: "Gosh, I hope nothing happens to him!"



"OWI says this is to destroy the Nazi morale!"

Esquire's Ready-to-Speak French I

First of three soundwritten lessons which enable you to pronounce French as though it were written in English

by FRANK HENIUS

• EDUCATION •

Syllables, separated by hyphens, must be pronounced distinctly, and separately, putting the accent on those printed in capital letters. The main trick is to remember that letters and vowels, and their combinations, must always be pronounced the same way. A always sounds as in "far," never as in "angel"; G always as in "gain," not as in "general"; Y as in "yes," never as in "why."

Omitting the consonants which in English, too, are only pronounced one way anyhow, such as b, d, f, etc., the following are the sounds you must always make when reading:

A = A in the English words far, bar
AW = AW jaw, claw
AY = AY may, day
E = E pet, net
EE = EE bee, fee
EW = EE beef, beet, but with rounded lips
G = G go, get
O = O go, no
OO = OO moon, spoon
U = U tub, gun
U̲ = U fur, purr, but with rounded lips
K̄ = K kitchen, kit

N indicates the famous nasal n. Best way to imitate it at first is to close your nose with your fingers

S = S sun, say (sharp)
SH = SH shin, ship
Y = Y yes, young
Z = Z zero, zinc (soft)

UH at the end of a syllable must be whispered, also in one-syllable words.

ZH sounds like the "s" in leisure, vision.

H added to A, O, E, and U is to *remind* you of the one and only pronunciation of these vowels, in the soundwriting: for example do not pronounce A any other way but as in "bar," even when it stands alone.

Connecting two letters means they are to be pronounced without a break.

The spelling of nouns, in the English text, starts with a capital letter, for immediate recognition and distinction from the other grammatical classifications, abbreviated as follows:

a for adjective
ad for adverb
art for article
c for conjunction
p for preposition
pr for pronoun
v for verb
pl for plural

French nouns are either masculine (m) or feminine (f); adjectives follow the sex of the noun, and change the sex mostly by adding an "e" to the masculine form.

Reprinted in booklet form for your convenience. Frank Henius' article on the French Basic Word List is now available as Part I of Esky's *Ready-to-Speak French* series. Each ensuing article will be similarly reprinted making three vest-pocket books to a language. See ad on page 151.

English	Sound-spelling	French
a	U*N*, EWN	un m, une art f
able	ka-PAHB-luh	capable a m f
above	SEWR	sur p
absent	ahb-ZAH*N*	absent a m
accept	ahk-sep-TAY	accepter v
accompany	ahk-kawm-pahn-YAY	accompagner v
Ache	doo-LU̲R	douleur f
Account	KAW*N̄*T	compte m
Address	ah-DRES	adresse f
Admittance	ahd-mees-YAW*N*	admission f
Advice	kaw*n*-SAY	conseil m
after, -wards	ah-PREH	après p
Afternoon	ah-PREH-mee-DEE	après-midi m
again	a*n*-KAWR	encore ad
against	KAW*N*-truh	contre p
Age	AHZH	âge m
Agent	ah-ZHAH*N*	agent m
agree	ah-gray-AY	agréer v
aid	ay-DAY	aider v
Air	AYR	air m
Airplane	ahv-YAW*N*	avion m
all	TOO, TOOT	tout a m, toute f
allow	payr-MET-truh	permettre v
almost	PRES-kuh	presque ad
already	day-ZHA	déjà ad
also, too	o-SEE	aussi ad
always	too-ZHOOR	toujours ad
am, I am	SWEE,zhuh-SWEE	suis, je suis v
American	ah-may-ree-KE*N*	Américain a m
among	par-MEE	parmi p
Amount	SAWM	somme f
amuse	ah-mew-ZAY	amuser v
and	AY	et c
angry	fa-SHAY	faché a m
Animal	ah-nee-MAHL	animal m
another	un-, ewn-O-truh	un m, une f. autre
answer	ray-PAW*N*-druh	répondre v
any	KEL-kuh	quelque a
Anyone	kel-KU*N*	quelqu'un m
apologize	eks-kew-ZAY	excuser v
appear	ahp-pa-RAYT-ruh	apparaître v
Apple	PAWM	pomme f
are, we	noo-SAWM	nous sommes
are, you	voo-ZET	vous êtes
are, they	eel-SAW*N*	ils m sont
Arm	BRA	bras m
around	o-TOOR	autour ad, p
arrange	ar-rah*n*-ZHAY	arranger v
arrive	ar-ree-VAY	arriver v
as, as if, like	KAWM	comme ad
as much as	o-TAH*N* KUH	autant que ad
as soon as	o-see-TOH KUH	aussitôt que ad
ask	duh-mah*n*-DAY	demander v
assure	ahs-sew-RAY	assurer v
at	AH	à p
at first	da-BAWR	d'abord ad
at last	ahn-FE*N*	enfin ad
at once	too-duh-SWEET	tout de suite ad
at present	ah-pray-ZAH*N*	à present ad
Aunt	TAH*N*T	tante f
awaken	ray-ve-YAY	réveiller v
awful	tayr-REEB-luh	terrible a m, f
Back	DOH	dos m
Bacon	LAR	lard m
bad	mo-VAY	mauvais a m
badly	MAHL	mal ad
Baggage	ba-GAHZH	bagage m
Baker	boo-lah*n*-ZHAY	boulanger m
Bank	BAH*N*K	banque f
Barber	barb-YAY	barbier m
Basket	pahn-YAY	panier m
Bath	BE*N*	bain m
be (to be)	ET-ruh	être v
Beach	PLAHZH	plage f
beautiful	BO, BEL	beau a m, belle f
Beauty	bo-TAY	beauté f
because	PARS KUH	parce que c
Bed	LEE	lit m
Bedroom	SHAH*N*M-bruh ah-koo-SHAY	chambre à coucher f
Beef	BU̲F	boeuf m
Beefsteak	beef-TEK	bifteck m
Beer	BYAYR	bière f
before (time, place)	ah-VAH*N*, duh-VAH*N*	avant, devant p, ad
begin	kawm-mah*n*-SAY	commencer v
behind	dayr-YER	derrière p, ad
Belief, believe	FWA, kroh-AHR	foi f, croire v
Bell	sawn-NET	sonnette f
below	o-des-SOO	au-dessous ad, p
best, better	MYU̲, may-YU̲R	mieux a mf, meilleur a m
between	AH*N*-truh	entre ad
big	GRAH*N*	grand a m
black	NWAR	noir a m
Blanket	koo-vayr-TEWR	couverture f
blue	BLU̲	bleu a m
Boat	ba-T̄OH	bâteau m
Body	KAWR	corps m
boil	boo-YEER	bouillir v
Book	LEEV-ruh	livre m
Boot	BAWT	botte f
born	NAY	né a m
borrow	ah*n*m-pru*n*-TAY	emprunter v
Bottle	boo-TAY-yuh	bouteille f
Box	BWAHT	boîte f
Boy	gar-SAW*N*	garçon m
Brandy	o-duh-VEE	eau-de-vie f
Bread	PE*N*	pain m
Breakfast	day-zhu̲-NAY	déjeuner m, v
Bridge	PAW*N̄*	pont m
bring, carry	pawr-TAY	porter v
Brother	FRER	frère m
brown	BRU*N*	brun a m
Building	ay-dee-FEES	édifice f
Business	kawm-MAYRS	commerce m
Bus	o-taw-BEWS	autobus m
busy	awk-kew-PAY	occupé a m
but	MAY	mais p, c
Butter	BU̲R	beurre m
Button	boo-TAW*N*	bouton m
buy	ahsh-TAY	acheter v
by	PAR	par ad
Cab	vwa-TEWR	voiture f
call	ahp-PLAY	appeler v
can, I can	poo-VWAR, zhuh-PU̲	pouvoir, je peux
can we?	poo-VAW*N*-noo?	pouvons nous?
can you?	poo-VAY-voo?	pouvez-vous?
cancel	ahn-newl-LAY	annuler v
Car	o-taw-maw-BEEL	automobile m
careful	prew-DAH*N*	prudent a m
careless	nay-glee-ZHAH*N*	négligent a m
celebrate	say-lay-BRAY	célébrer v
Cellar	KAHV	cave f
certain	sayr-TE*N*	certain a m
Chair	SHAYZ	chaise f
change	shah*n*-ZHAY	changer v
cheap	BAW*N*-mar-SHAY	bon marché a
Chest (body)	pwa-TREEN	poitrine f
Chicken	poo-LAY	poulet m
Child	ah*n*-FAH*N*	enfant m
Chocolate	shaw-kaw-LA	chocolat m
Church	ay-GLEEZ	église f
Cigar	see-GAR	cigare m
Cigarette	see-ga-RET	cigarette f
Citizen	see-twa-YE*N*	citoyen m
City	VEEL	ville f
Class	KLAHS	classe f
clean	net-twa-YAY, PRAWP-ruh	nettoyer v, propre a m f
clear	KLAYR	clair a m
clever	ah-DRWA	adroit a
climb	maw*n*-TAY	monter v
close	fayr-MAY	fermer v
Clothes	vet-MAH*N*	vêtements m pl
Cloud	new-AHZH	nuage f
Coal	shar-BAW*N*	charbon m
Coat	ah-BEE	habit m
Coffee	ka-FAY	café m
cold	FRWA	froid a m
Collar	KAWL	col m
Color	koo-LU̲R	couleur f
comb	pen-YĀY	peigner v
come	vuh-NEER	venir v
Comfort	kaw*n*-FAWR	comfort m
complete	kaw*n*m-PLAY	complet a m
Condition	kaw*n*-dees-YAW*N*	condition f
confirm	kaw*n*-feer-MAY	confirmer v
Connection	kawn-neks-YAW*N*	connexion f

English	Sound-spelling	French
nsent	kaw*n*-sah*n*-TEER	consentir v
nstruct	kaw*n*-strew-EER	construire v
ntinuously	kaw*n*-tee-new-el-MAH*N*	continuellement ad
ntinue	kaw*n*-teen-new-AY	continuer v
ook	kwee-zeen-YAY	cuisinier m
ol	FRAY, FRAYSH	frais a m, fraiche f
rrect	kawr-ree-ZHAY	corriger v
ost, cost	KOO, koo-TAY	cout m, couter v
ough	toos-SAY	tousser v
ount	cawn-TAY	compter v
ourt (law)	tree-bew-NAHL	tribunal m
ourtyard	KOOR	cour f
over	koo-VREER	couvrir v
rime	KREEM	crime m
up	TAHS	tasse f
ut, cut	KOO, koo-PAY	coup m, couper v
amp	moo-YAY	mouillé a m
ance	dah*n*-SAY	danser v
ancer	dah*n*-SUR	danseur m
anger	dah*n*-ZHAY	danger m
angerous	dah*n*-zhuh-RU	dangereux a m
ark	SAW*N*M-bruh	sombre a m f
arling	shay-REE	chéri m
ate	DAHT	date f
aughter	FEE-yuh	fille f
awn	o-RAWR	aurore f
ay	ZHOOR	jour m
ead	MAWR	mort a m
ear	SHAYR	cher a m
ecide	day-see-DAY	décider v
eep	pro-FAW*N*	profond a m
efinitely	day-fee-nee-teev-MAH*N*	définitivement ad
elay	ruh-tar-DAY	retarder v
eliver	day-lee-VRAY	délivrer v
epart	par-TEER	partir v
esire	day-zee-RAY	désirer v
ie	moo-REER	mourir v
ifferent	deef-fay-RAH*N*	différent a m
ifficult	deef-fee-SEEL	difficile a m f
ine, Dinner	dee-NAY	diner v, m
irect	dee-ree-ZHAY	diriger v
rty	SAHL	sale a m f
iscuss	dees-kew-TAY	discuter v
o, I do, you do	FAYR, zhuh-FAY, voo-FAYT	faire, je fais, vous faites
o they?	faw*n*-TEEL?	font-ils m
oor	PAWRT	porte f
ress	a-bee-YAY	habiller v
ress	ROHB	robe f
oubt	doo-TAY	douter v
rink, Drink	BWAR, bwahs-SAW*N*	boire v, boisson m
rive	kaw*n*-DWEER	conduire v
rop	taw*n*m-BAY	tomber v
ry	SEK, SESH	sec a m, sèche f
uring	pah*n*-DAH*N*	pendant ad
uty	duh-VWAR	devoir m
arly	duh-bawn-NUR	de bonne heure ad
ar	aw-RAY-yuh	oreille f
ast	EST	est m
asy	fa-SEEHL	facile a m f
at	mah*n*-ZHAY	manger v
gg, Eggs	UF, lay-ZU	oeuf m, les oeufs pl
lectric, -al	ay-lek-TREEK	électrique a m f
mpty	VEED	vide a m f
nd, end	FE*N*, fee-NEER	fin f, finir v
ngine	ma-SHEEN	machine f
nglish	ah*n*-GLAY	anglais m
njoy	ah-mew-ZAY	amuser v
nough	ahs-SAY	assez ad
nter	ah*n*-TRAY	entrer v
vening	SWAR	soir m
very, each	SHAHK	chaque a m f
verywhere	par-TOO	partout ad
xact	ek-ZAHKT	exact a m f
xcellent	ek-sel-LAH*N*	excellent a m
xcept	ek-sep-TAY	excepter v
xchange	ay-SHAH*N*ZH	échange f
xcuse	eks-kew-ZAY	excuser v
xpect	aht-TAH*N*-druh	attendre v
xpense	day-PAH*N*Z	dépense f
xplain	eks-plee-KAY	expliquer v
ye, Eyes	LU EE, lay-ZYU	l'œil m, les yeux pl
act	FAY	fait m
ace	vee-ZAHZH	visage m
all	taw*n*m-BAY	tomber v
alse	FOH	faux a m
amily	fa-MEE-yuh	famille f
ar	LWE*N*	loin ad
arewell!	ahd-YU!	adieu!
arm	FAYRM	ferme f
at	GROH	gros a m
ather	PER	père m
ault	FOHT	faute f
ear	KRE*N*-druh	craindre v
eel	sah*n*-TEER	sentir v
ew	PU	peu ad
ield	SHAH*N*	champ m
ind	troo-VAY	trouver v
inger	DWA	doigt m
ire	FU	feu m
first	prem-YAY	premier m
Fish	pwa-SAW*N*	poisson m
Flower	FLUR	fleur f
Fly	MOOSH	mouche f
fly	vaw-LAY	voler v
follow	SWEEV-ruh	suivre v
Food	noor-ree-TEWR	nourriture f
Foot	PYAY	pied m
for	POOR	pour p
Foreigner	ay-trah*n*-ZHAY	etranger m
forget	oo-blee-AY	oublier v
Fork	foor-SHET	fourchette f
France	FRAH*N*S	France f
free	LEEB-ruh	libre a m f
Freedom	lee-bayr-TAY	liberté f
french	frah*n*-SAY	français a m
Friday	VAH*N*-druh-dee	vendredi m
Friend	ah-MEE	ami m
Friendship	ah-meet-YAY	amitié f
from, of	DUH	de p
Fruit	FRWEE	fruit m
full	PLE*N*	plein a m
Garden	zhar-DE*N*	jardin m
get	ruh-suh-VWAR	recevoir v
Girl	FEE-yuh	fille f
give	dawn-NAY	donner v
glad	kaw*n*-TAH*N*	content a m
Glass	VER	verre f
go	ahl-LAY	aller v
God	DYU	Dieu m
good	BAW*N*, BAWN	bon a m, bonne f
Goodbye!	o-ruh-VWAR!	au revoir!
great	GRAH*N*	grand a m
green	VAYR	vert a m
grey	GREE	gris a m
Grocer	ay-pees-YAY	épicier m
grow (raise)	kewl-tee-VAY	cultiver v
guide	gee-DAY	guider v
Hair	shuh-VU	cheveux m pl
half	duh-MEE	demi a m
Ham	zhahm-BAW*N*	jambon m
Hand	ME*N*	main f
Handkerchief	moo-SHWAR	mouchoir m
happy	u-RU	heureux a m
Hard	DEWR	dûr a m
Hat	sha-PO	chapeau m
have, I have, we have	ah-VWAR, ZHAY, noo-za-VAW*N*	avoir, j'ai, nous avons v
have you?	ah-VAY-voo?	avez-vous?
Head	TET	tête f
Health	sah*n*-TAY	santé f
healthy	SE*N*	sain a m
Heart	KUR	coeur m
Heat	sha-LUR	chaleur f
heavy	LOOR	lourd a m
help	ay-DAY	aider v
her, him	EL, LWEE	elle f, lui m
here	ee-SEE	ici ad
high	O	haut a m
hire	loo-AY	louer v
hold	tuh-NEER	tenir v
Holiday	zhoor-duh-FET	jour de fête m
honest	awn-NET	honnête a
Honey	MYEL	miel m
hope	ess-pay-RAY	espérer v
Horse	shuh-VAHL	cheval m
Hospital	o-pee-TAHL	hôpital m
hot	SHO	chaud a m
Hour	UR	heure f
House	may-ZAW*N*	maison f
how	kawm-MAH*N*	comment ad
how much?	kawm-BYE*N*?	combien? ad
however	suh-pah*n*-DAH*N*	cependant ad
hungry, to be	ah-VWAR FE*N*	avoir faim v
Husband	ma-REE	mari m
I	ZHUH	je m f
Ice	GLAHS	glace f
if, whether	SEE	si c
ill	ma-LAHD	malade a m f
imagine	ee-ma-zhee-NAY	imaginer v
immediately	eem-mayd-yaht-MAH*N*	immédiatement ad
important	em-pawr-TAH*N*	important a m
impossible	em-paws-SEEB-luh	impossible a m f
in	DAH*N*, AH*N*	dans, en p
information	e*n*-fawr-mahs-YAW*N*	information f
Ink	AH*N*-kruh	encre f
inside	e*n*-tayr-YUR	intérieur a m
instead of	o-LYU-duh	au lieu de ad
Instruction	e*n*-strewks-YAW*N*	instruction f
interesting	e*n*-tay-res-SAH*N*	intéressant a m
Introduction	e*n*-traw-dewks-YAW*N*	introduction f
invite	e*n*-vee-TAY	inviter v
Iron	FER	fer m
is, he is, she is	AY, eel-AY, el-AY	est, il est, elle est v
it, it is not, is it?	eel, eel-nay-PA, AY-teel?	il, il n'est pas, est-il?
jump	so-TAY	sauter v
just	ZHEWST	juste a m f
keep	tuh-NEER	tenir v
Key	KLAY	clef f
kind	ay-MAHB-luh	aimable a m f
Kitchen	kwee-ZEEN	cuisine f
know, I know	sa-VWAR, zhuh-SAY	savoir, je sais v
Lamp	LAHMP	lampe f
Land	pay-EE	pays m
Language	LAH*N*G	langue f
last	dew-RAY	durer v
last (ultimate)	dayrn-YAY	dernier m
late	TAR	tard a
lately	ray-sahm-MAH*N*	récemment ad
laugh	REER	rire v
learn	ahp-PRAH*N*-druh	apprendre v
Leather	KWEER	cuir m
left	GOHSH	gauche a m f
lend	preh-TAY	prêter v
less	MWE*N*	moins ad
Letter	LET-truh	lettre f
lie	mah*n*-TEER	mentir v
lie down	ruh-paw-ZAY	reposer v
Life, live	VEE, VEEV-ruh	vie f, vivre v
Light	lewm-YER	lumière f
light (weight)	lay-ZHAY	léger a m
Lightning	ay-KLAYR	éclair m
like, as	KAWM	comme ad
like (want)	voo-LWAR	vouloir v
Lip	LEV-ruh	lèvre f
listen	ay-koo-TAY	écouter v
little	puh-TEE	petit a m
long	LAW*N*	long a m
look for	shayr-SHAY	chercher v
lose	PAYR-druh	perdre v
love	ay-MAY	aimer v
lovely	shar-MAH*N*	charmant a m
low	BA, BAHS	bas a m, basse f
Luck	fawr-TEWN	fortune f
Lunch	day-zhu-NAY	déjeuner m
Madam, Mrs.	ma-DAHM	madame f
make, I make	FAYR, zhuh-FAY	faire, je fais v
Man	AWM	homme m
Manager	dee-rek-TUR	directeur m
many, much	bo-KOO	beaucoup ad
Map	KART	carte f
Market	mar-SHAY	marché m
marry	mar-YAY	marier v
Material	ma-tayr-YEL	matériel m
Matches	ahl-lew-MET	allumettes f pl.
matter? what's the	KYAH-teel?	qu'y a-t-il?
matter, it does not	ne*n*m-PAWRT	n'importe
me	MUH, MWA	me, moi pr
Meal	ruh-PA	repas m
mean	seen-yeef-YAY	signifier v
Meat	vee-AH*N*D	viande f
Mechanic	may-ka-nees-YE*N*	méchanicien m
Medicine	mayd-SEEN	médecine f
meet	rah*n*-kaw*n*-TRAY	rencontrer v
mend	ray-pa-RAY	réparer v
Merchant	kawm-mayr-SAH*N*	commerçant m
Midnight	meen-WEE	minuit m
Mile	MEEL	mille f
Milk	LAY	lait m
Mill	moo-LE*N*	moulin m
Minute	mee-NEWT	minute f
Miss	mahd-mwa-ZEL	mademoiselle f
Mistake	er-RUR	erreur f
Mister, Sir	muh-SYU	monsieur m
Moment	maw-MAH*N*	moment m
Monday	LU*N*-dee	lundi m
Money	ar-ZHAH*N*	argent m
Month	MWA	mois m
Moon	LEWN	lune f
more, moreover	PLEW, duh-PLEW	plus, de plus ad
Morning,	ma-TE*N*	matin m
most	plew-PAR	plupart
Mother	MER	mère f
Mouth	BOOSH	bouche f
move	moo-VWAR	mouvoir v
Movie	see-nay-MA	cinéma m
must, I must	duh-VWAR, zhuh-DWA	devoir, je dois v
my	MAW*N*, MA	mon m, ma f
Name	NAW*N*	nom m
Nature	na-TEWR	nature f
near	PREH	près p
nearly	PRES-kuh	presque ad
Neck	KOO	cou m
necessary	nay-ses-SAYR	nécessaire a m f
need	ah-VWAR buh-SWE*N*	avoir besoin v
never	zha-MAY	jamais ad
new	NUF	neuf a m
Newspaper	zhoor-NAHL	journal m
next	praw-SHE*N*	prochain a m
nice	ah-gray-AHB-luh	agréable a m f
Night	SWAR	soir m
no	NAW*N*, NEWL	non ad, nul a m
nobody	payr-SAWN	personne pr
Noon	mee-DEE	midi m
North	NAWR	nord m
Nose	NAY	nez m
not	nuh..PA	ne..pas
not yet	pa-zah*n*-KAWR	pas encore ad
note	no-TAY	noter v
nothing	RYE*N*	rien ad
now	me*n*t-NAH*N*	maintenant ad
Number	NAW*N*M-bruh	nombre m
obey	aw-bay-EER	obéir v

Continued on the next page

in all his years been unable to solve the riddle of life. He is on the verge of ending it all with a Mickey Finn when the devil appears and offers Faust riches, power and youth in return for his soul. He shows Faust the vision of a beautiful maiden at a spinning wheel, with long hair trailing down her back. She is what Joe Williams of the New York *World-Telegram* describes as "a dazzling dish." For such loveliness, Faust would pawn his immortal soul.

A bargain is made. Presto! Faust is a daring and handsome young knight, with wealth and power at his command. Under the expert tutoring of Mephistopheles, Faust also develops into a wolf, and goes on the make for the innocent beauty, Marguerite. The evil one covets Marguerite's soul and plans to accomplish his design through the fascination of Faust. Together Faust and the devil woo her with impassioned songs and costly jewels. Marriage is not mentioned. Under the combined pressure of the sophisticated Mephistopheles and the gay young knight, the maiden gives in. It is all very sad. Marguerite murders her own child and is condemned to die. She repents and expires in her prison cell, declining the devil's offer to escape with him and Faust. Irked, Mephistopheles takes Faust you know where.

Carmen is the story of a little wench who toyed with men's affections and finished with a knife in her back. This gypsy girl lures an honest Private First Class, one José, from his post as an honorable soldier of the guard, into a band of thieves and smugglers. She loves him awhile and then shifts her charms to Escamillo, a toreador. But PFC José is not easily brushed off. At the Plaza de Toros in Seville, Carmen is waiting to keep a date with Escamillo, who is butchering a bull in the arena. José catches up with Carmen and tries to argue her out of her passion for Escamillo, but it is no soap. She hears the shouts of the spectators; "Hail to the toreador." Escamillo has carved the bull to the taste of the audience. Carmen dashes for the arena to meet her hero. But PFC José is quick with commando equipment. He follows Carmen and plunges a dagger into the wench, who expires before the eyes of her lovers. Hot stuff?

La Bohème is the story of Rudolph, a poet, and his darling Mimi; Marcel, a painter, and his Musette. The poet and painter are short on cash, but proficient lovers. The poor girls can't choose between the luxuries of life and the luxuries of love. The high note is when Musette, unable to resist the arms of Marcel, runs off with him, following a gay party, leaving the check for the senile Alcindoro to pay. It's a riot of love.

So it goes. Girl meets boy and they go places. Tristan and Isolde drink a love potion in the first act and live dangerously through the entire opera. Their passion defies no less than King Mark of Cornwall, a bass, who happens to be the lady's husband.

Louise, heroine of the opera of that name, loves her papa and mamma, but she loves her Julian more. The old man and old lady, hard-working folks of the Montmartre of Paris, object to Julian as he is a poet who never sells a poem. They want Louise to marry an honest working man. Louise and Julian join in an ecstatic duet expressing their mutual love. The girl leaves home. The old man blames it on the influence of the wicked city—Paris.

Aïda is a story of love and war, in which a dark beauty, an Ethiopian slave, lures a four star Egyptian general from the daughter of Egypt's King, then induces her lover to divulge a military secret for the benefit of her father, King of Ethiopia. The jilted Princess uncovers the plot and the four star general and Aïda starve together in a tomb. It's a wow.

When the masses learn about opera, they will love it. ⌗

My Scene with Samuel Goldwyn

A meeting of champs featuring the world's most misquoted producer and traveled actor

by **BOB HOPE**

• ARTICLE •

PEOPLE say there are two sides to every story. I say there are three. The third is the inside and that's what I propose to give you about Samuel Goldwyn.

For that matter, I'd give you Sam himself, but then what would I use for a dressing room?

As everyone knows, I have been dressing in a clothes closet at Paramount for years. My quarters are so cramped there that I rent an iron lung as an annex.

But when I arrived at Goldwyn Studios to make *The Princess and the Pirate* everything was different. Goldwyn, in person, showed me through an arrangement of rooms that consisted of a reception room, dressing room, living room, kitchen and bath.

"This is your suite," he said.

I looked at the Regency furniture, the drapes, the books—including a copy of *I Never Left Home*, by you know who—the paintings, the *objets d'art*.

"Did you say my suite—or my set?" I asked. That's the way Goldwyn does things—BIG. We could have filmed all but the ocean fight scenes in my dressing room, and made a pretty decent stab at those in the bathroom.

Goldwyn was very solicitous the first morning that I moved in.

"Now, I want you to enjoy yourself here," he said. "Just relax, learn the script—and be on the set in five minutes."

Five minutes, and all to myself. So I settled down in the barber chair in the dressing loge—which, legend has it, once belonged to Vilma Banky—and the phone rang. It was David Butler, good old David, who as a director is my favorite actor. David, who has never recovered from the fact that he used to be a leading man, is expected to be the first director to win an Academy Award for acting. He plays my scenes so well when he's directing me that I'm embarrassed when I see myself on the screen.

"Have you learned your lines yet?" David shouted in that uncouth way he learned traipsing around lesser studios.

"No, I haven't learned my lines," I said. "And stop raising your voice. Don't forget you're at the Samuel Goldwyn Studios. Here people are treated like artists."

"Certainly, I've already told you," cut in Goldwyn. "Take it easy. The writers took a year to write those lines. You take, well, ten minutes to study them."

It is this sort of consideration that warms an actor's heart.

"Tell me, Mr. Goldwyn, why did you decide to star little me in *The Princess and the Pirate?*"

"Because you are undoubtedly the greatest comic artist of the day," said Goldwyn, fanning me gently with a feathered oriental fan, "and I daresay the greatest since Chaplin. I dare say, which shows that nothing frightens me."

"Better than Benny?" I asked, reclining on soft cushions and letting my hand droop over the side in the Noel Coward tradition.

Goldwyn had a severe coughing attack and couldn't answer me.

"Better than Allen?" I asked.

"Hm-m-m," answered Sam, proving he's a sage producer.

"Better than Red Skel——" But before Goldwyn had a chance to say yes, several friends who had stopped by to borrow a buck looked in and left hurriedly. "It can't be Hope's dressing room," they reasoned, "it's furnished."

Four girls arrived and began answering my mail, taking my telephone calls, manicuring my nails and massaging my temples.

In my own good time, I arose, dressed in my newest Adrian-designed suit—a late fall model, perfectly plain, with neon stripes—and stood before the producer.

"How do I look?" I asked.

"You look radiant," said Sam.

When we arrived on the set, Butler was waiting for us. He bowed to Goldwyn and booed to me. Then he explained the scene.

"It's the sort of a scene that a great actor such as you deserves," explained David. "It fits you."

I thought that was nice and asked what I did.

"You do nothing," said Butler, "but stand on the stage, and we throw tomatoes at you. That is, the pirates throw tomatoes at you because you are such a bad actor."

"You mean, I pretend to be a bad actor?" I asked, but Butler was busy talking to somebody else. I turned to Goldwyn, who said, "Hmm-m-m," proving again what a smart producer he is.

When we were ready to shoot the scene, Goldwyn said:

"Bob, I do not like just ordinary actors to throw tomatoes at you. I, myself, will throw the first one."

That's what I admire about Goldwyn, he gives you personal service. "I've waited for this chance a long time," he said.

So Goldwyn stood right there and threw tomatoes at me. What other producer in Hollywood would do that for an actor?

On the other hand, what producer wouldn't? ⌗

ESQUIREGRAPH No. 5—SAMUEL GOLDW

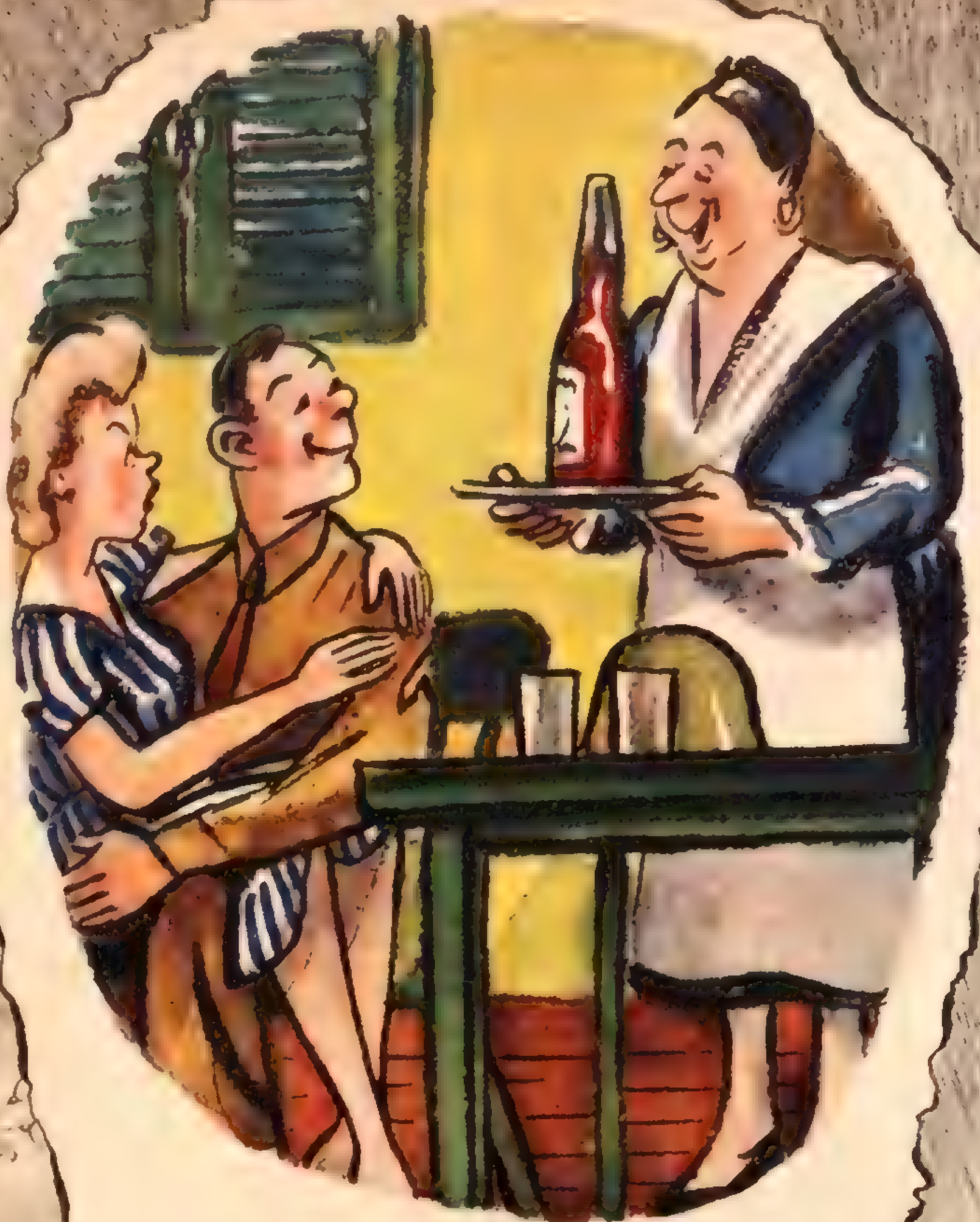
STARTING at six o'clock, on Samuel Goldwyn's desk, we find four telephones; this being a comparatively quiet day at the studio, only three of them are busy. Continuing clockwise, the five books, which some say Mr. Goldwyn wrote under the pseudonyms of Sinclair Lewis, Emily Brontë, et al., for his smash hits in the cinema are *Arrowsmith*, *All Quiet on the Western Front*, *Dodsworth*, *Wuthering Heights* and *The Westerner*. Framed, literally speaking, are Merle Oberon, David Niven, Gary Cooper Teresa Wright—all starred Goldwyn. On the screen, Virg Mayo, starred in the Bob H picture, *The Princess and the Pi* The gloves are souvenirs f Sam's start as a salesman. Or desk is a photograph of his w Two dictionaries, one open for erence, translate Goldwyn English and English into G wyn. The producer's crossed ha indicate it's later than you th so rush right into the article ab

PHOTOCOLLAGE BY RAVITZ-PA

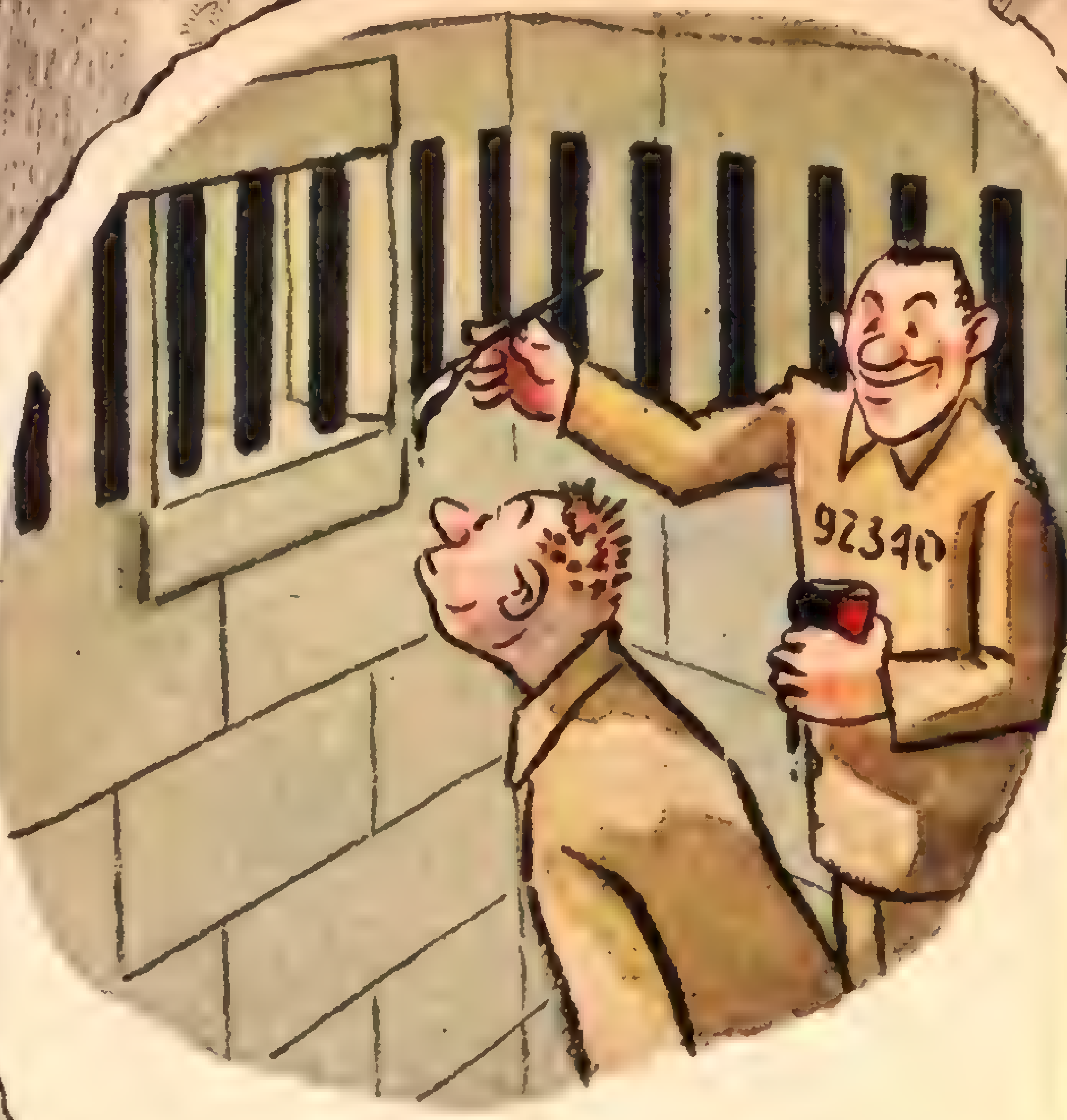
SAMUEL GOLDWYN
Presents
The WESTERNER
GOLDWYN ENGLISH
DICTIONARY

The Ominous Ides of March

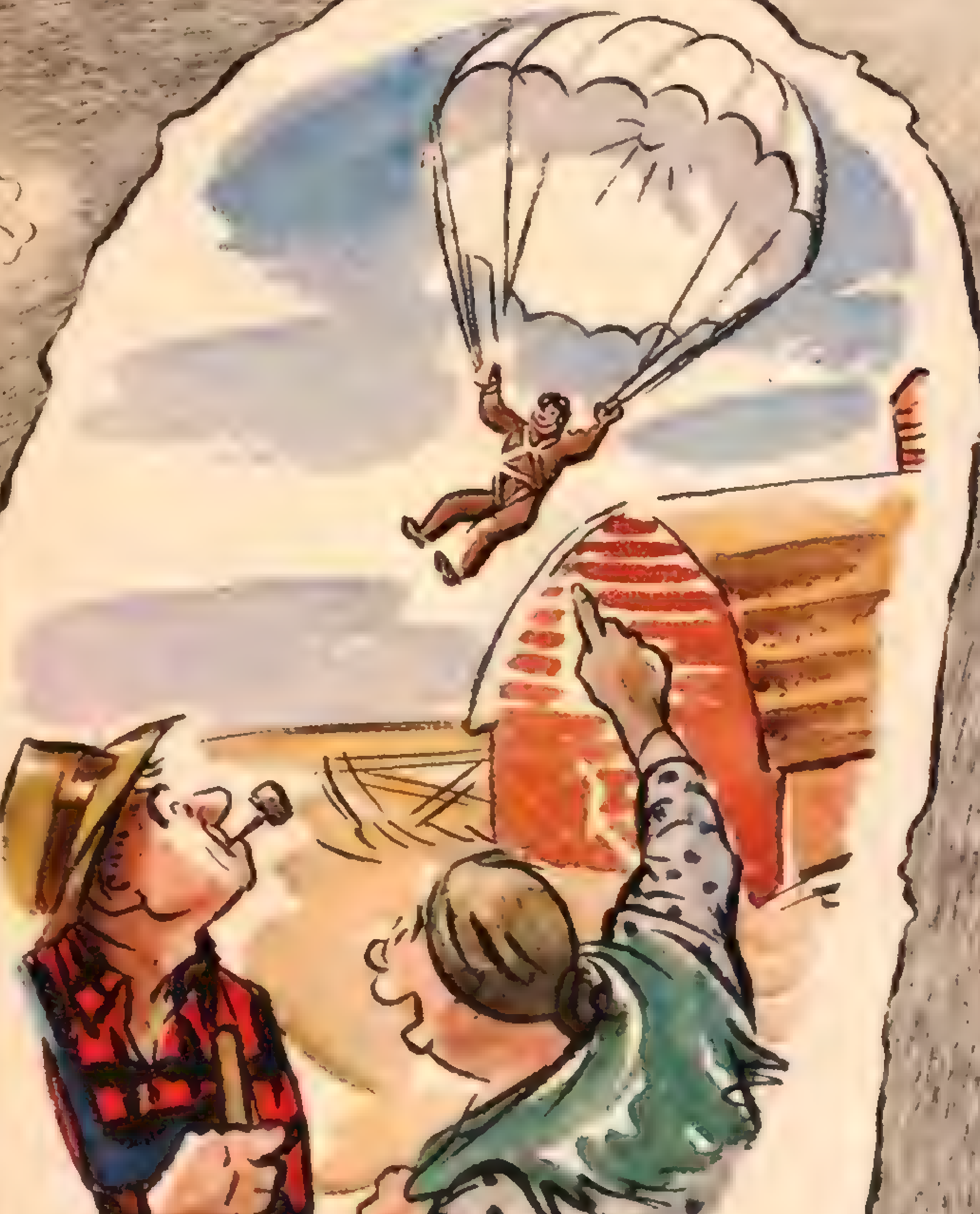
by **D. McKAY**



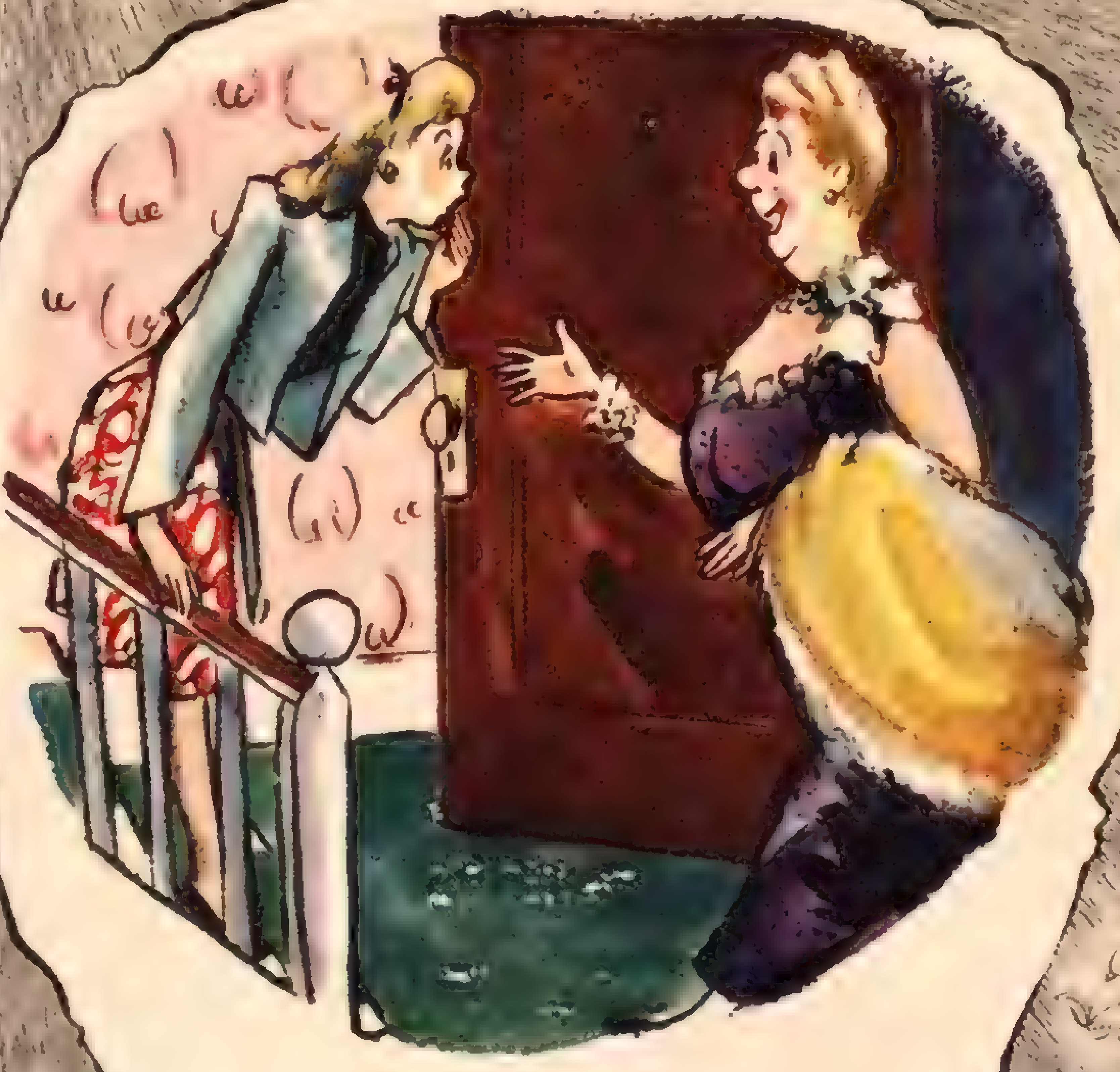
"Ah, you Yanks are just like your fathers —only more so"



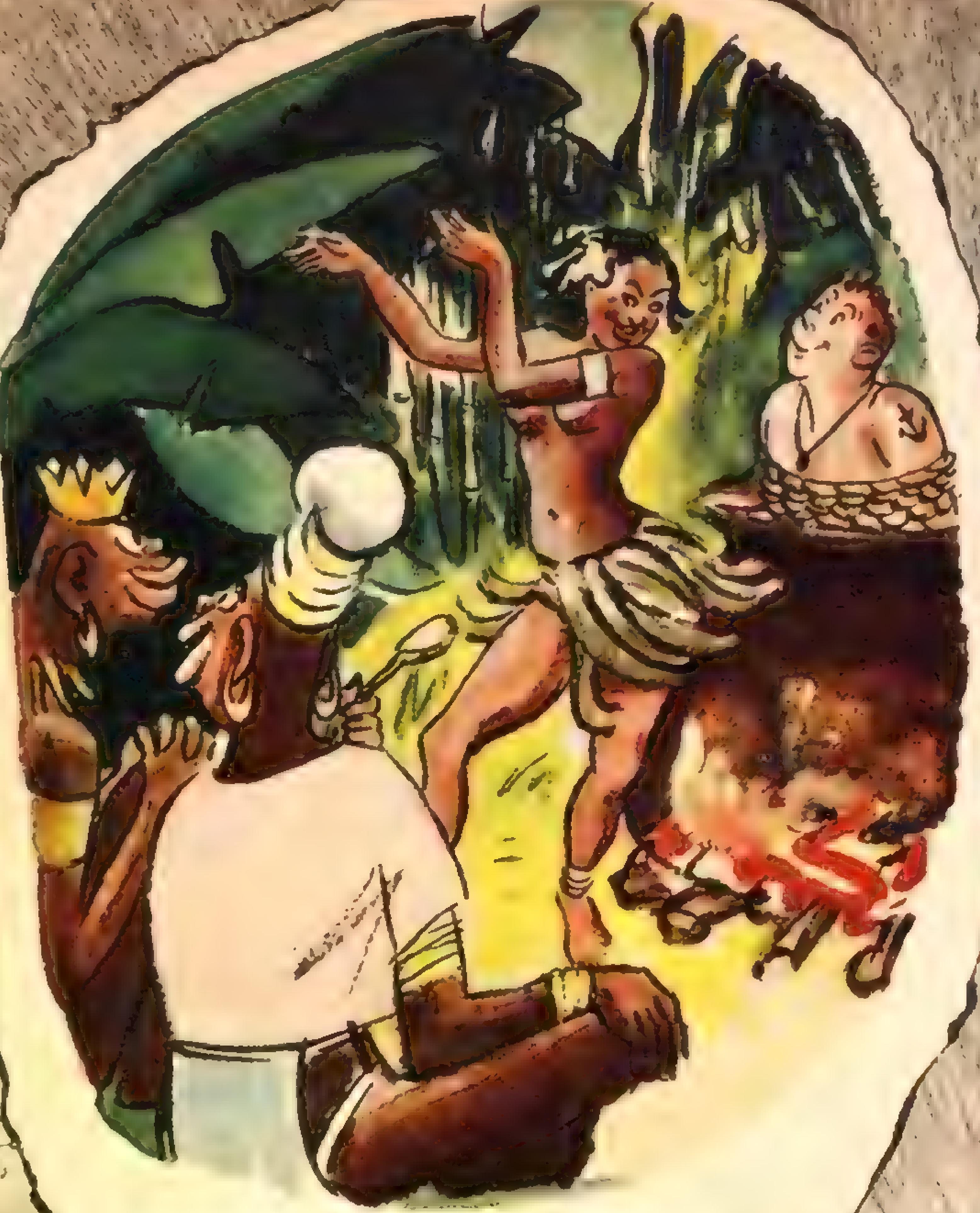
"There, that hides those unsightly bars"



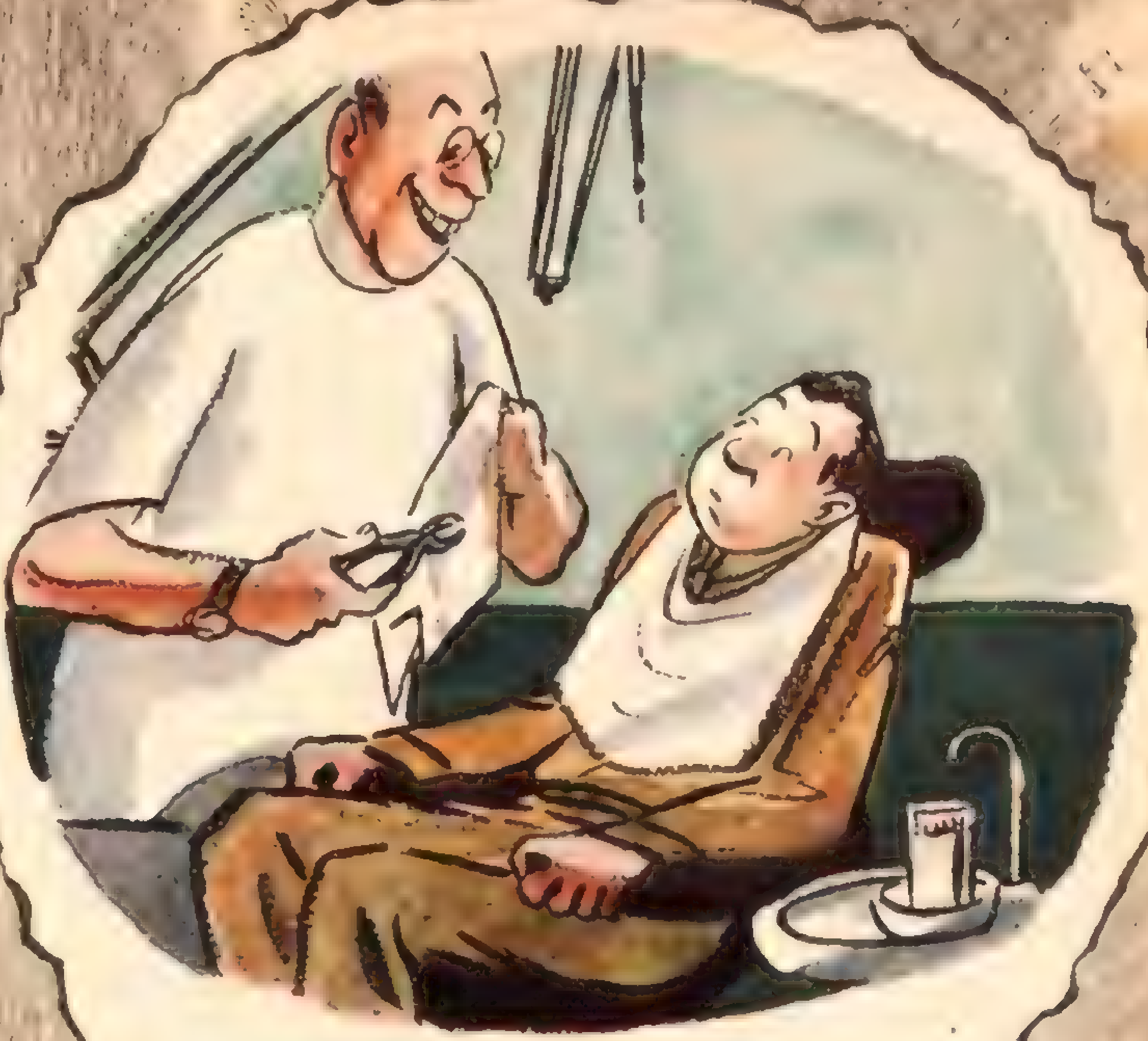
"Here comes Junior on another furlough"



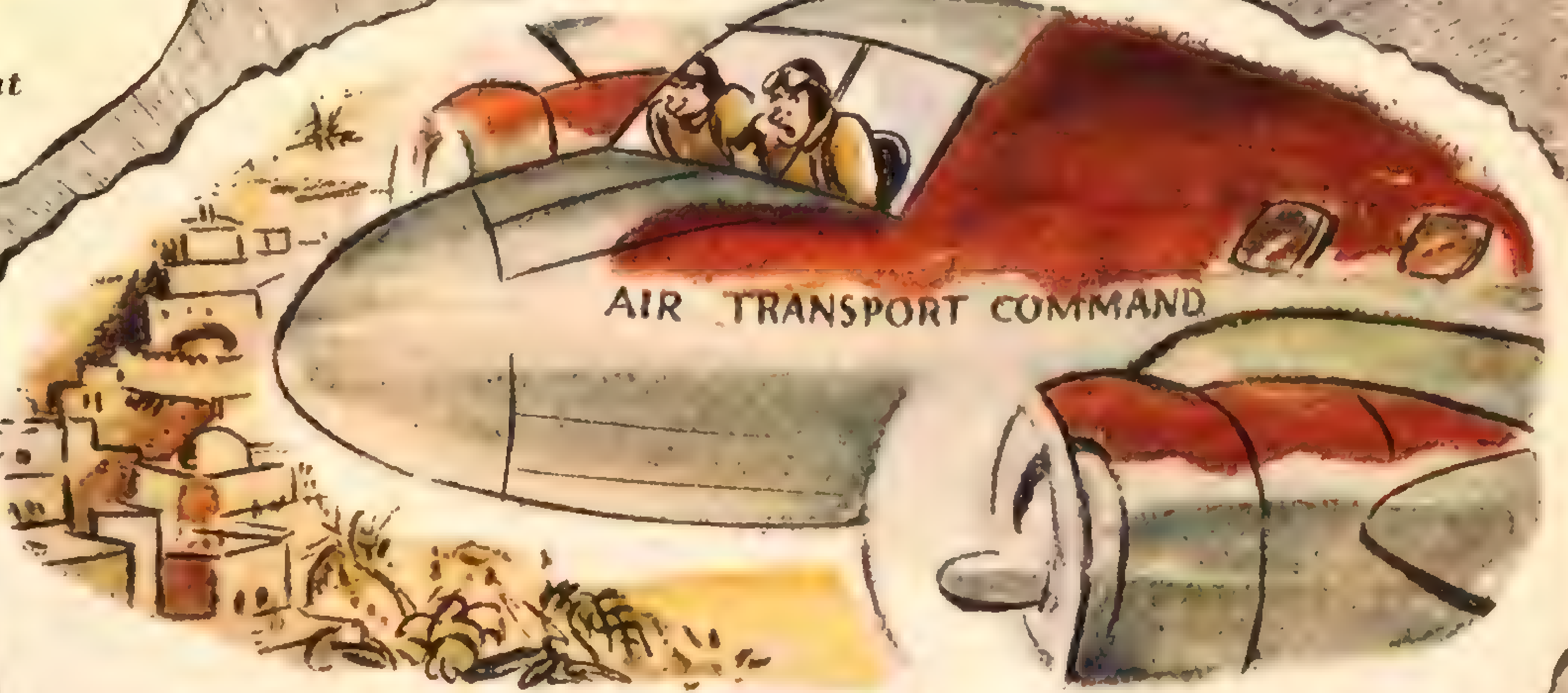
"Daughter, what does a wolf look like, and how does he act?"



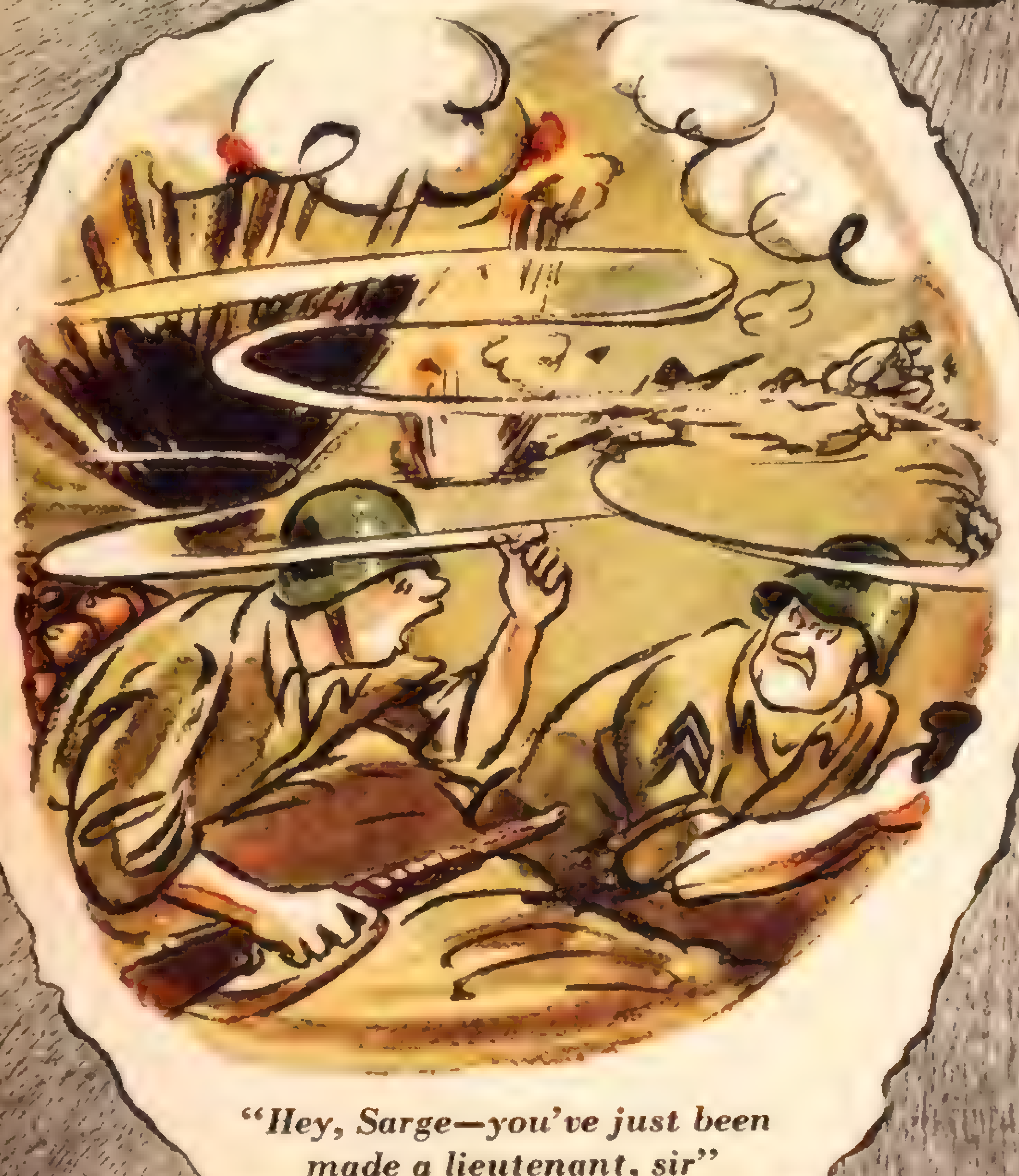
"He'll be so tender you can eat him with a fork"



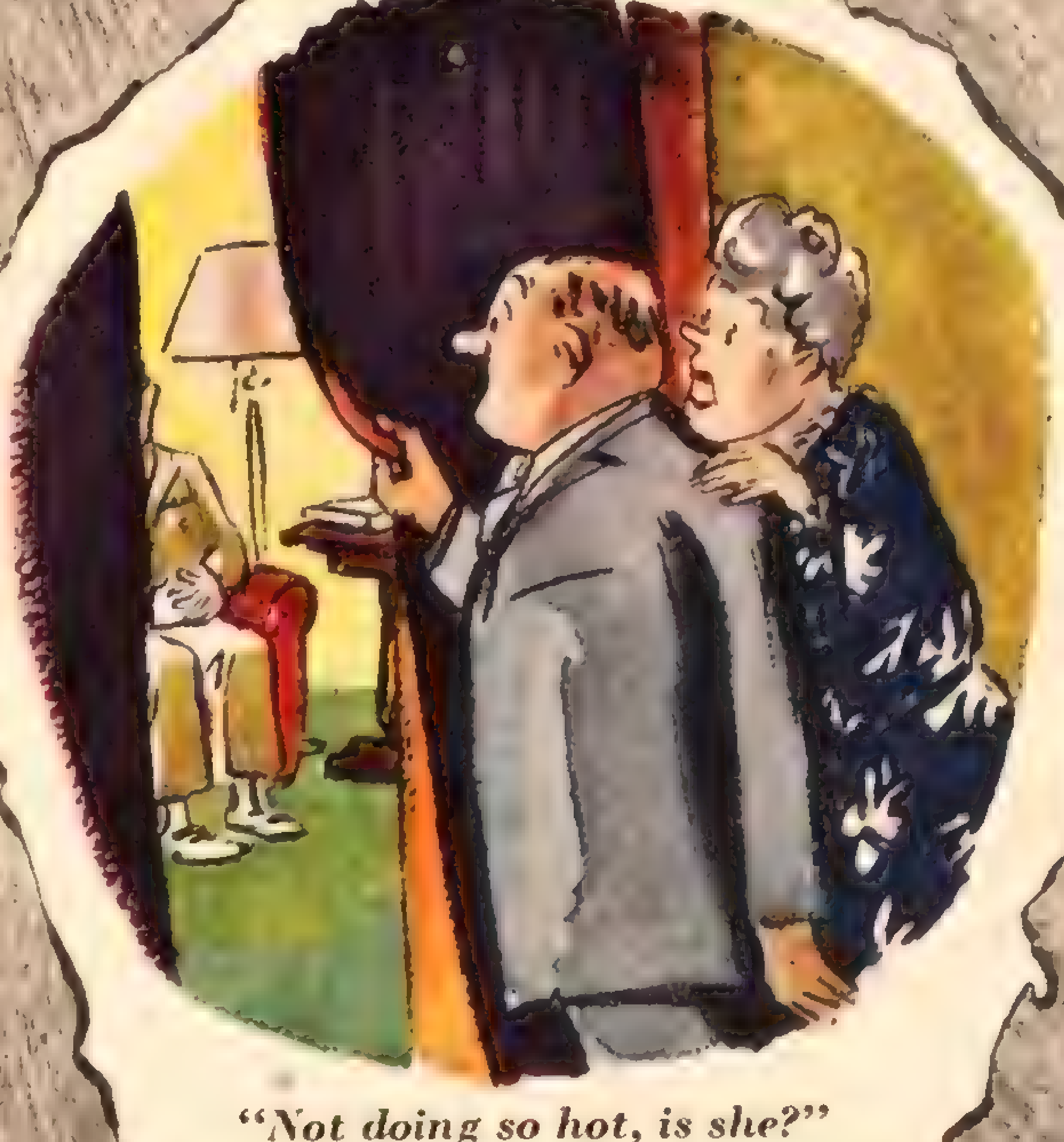
"Do you want to take a last smile with your own teeth?"



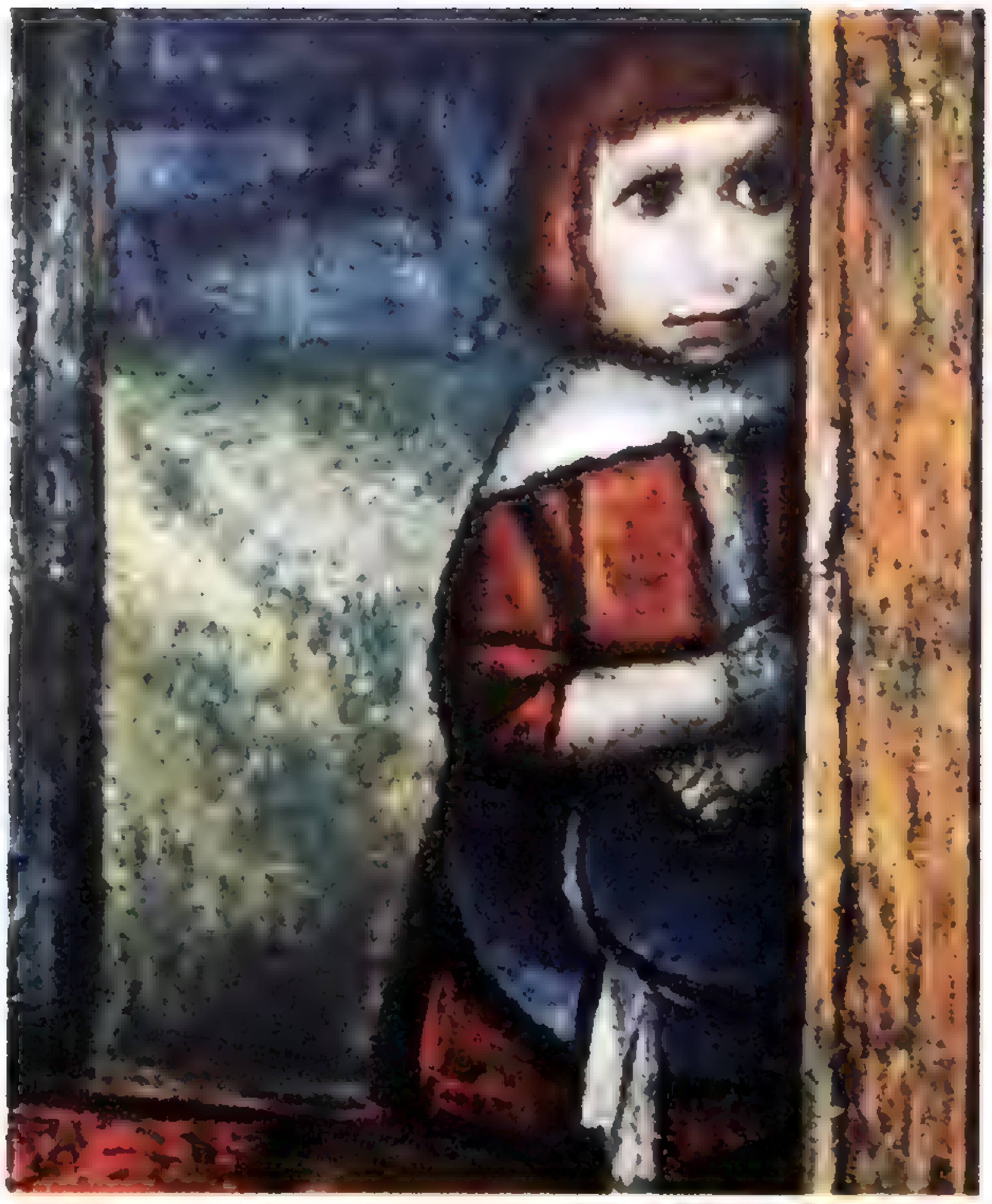
"Trip twelve reporting position over Sultan's harem at 8,000 feet—shucks!"



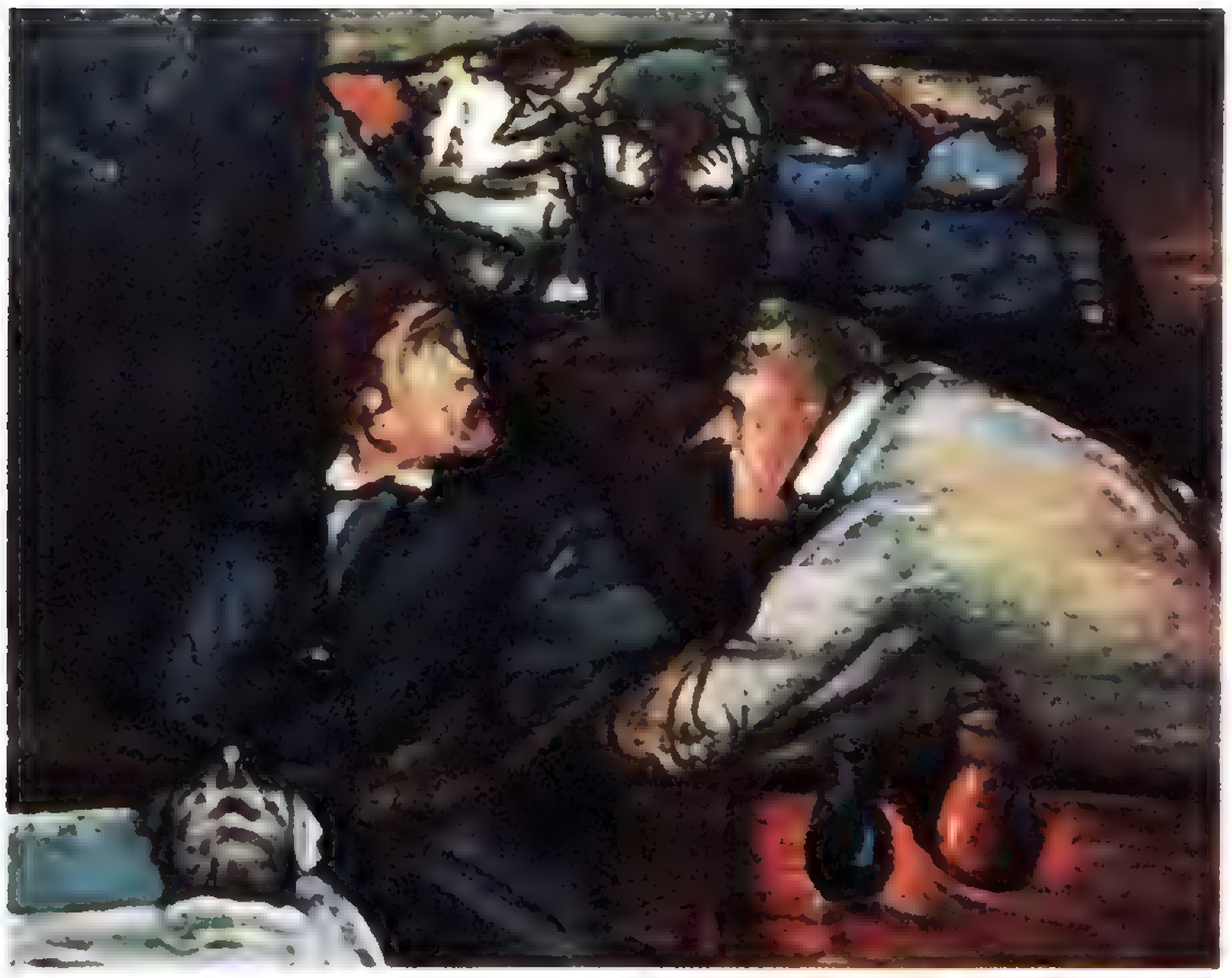
"Hey, Sarge—you've just been made a lieutenant, sir"



"Not doing so hot, is she?"



THE THRESHOLD

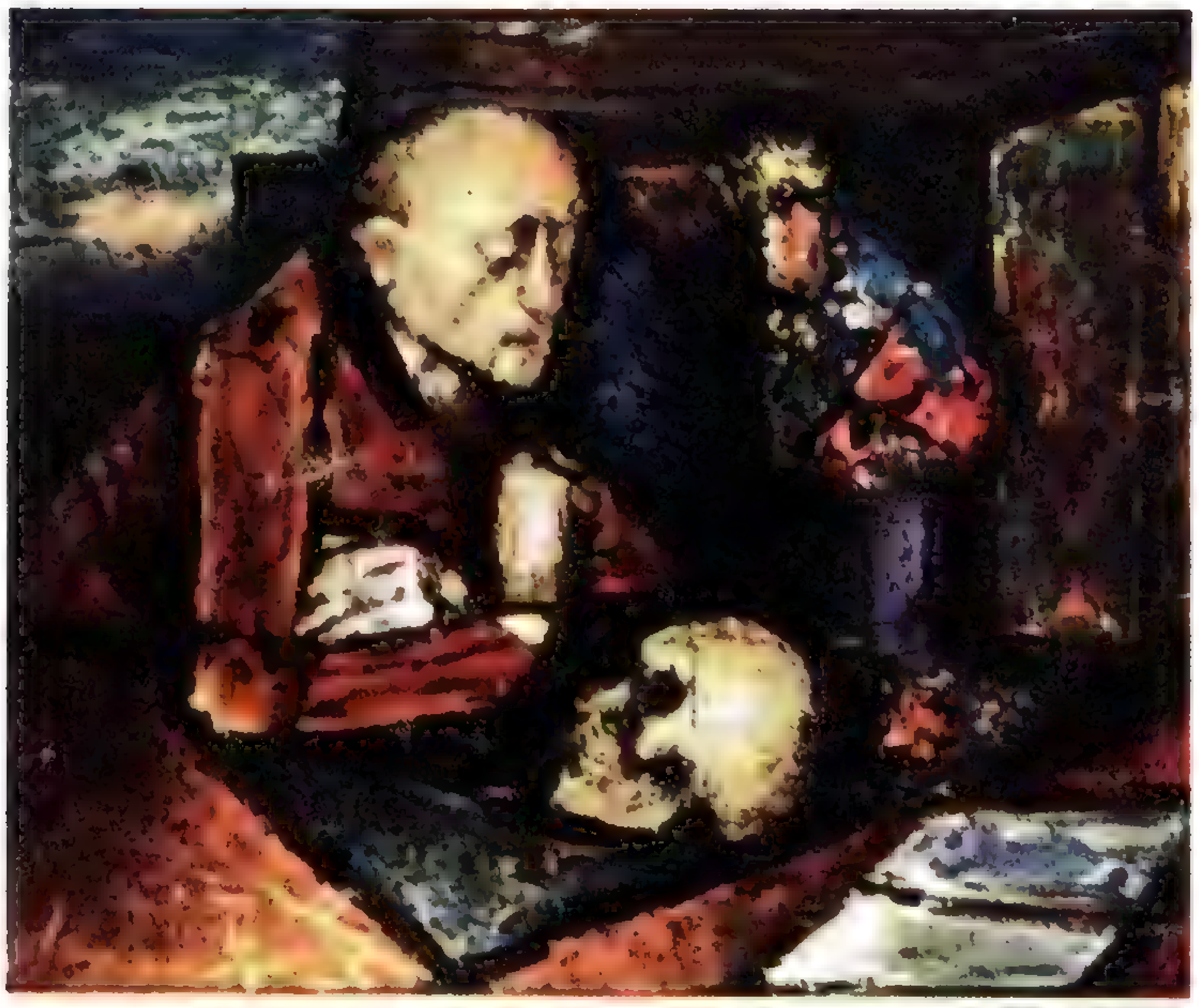


CONSULTATION

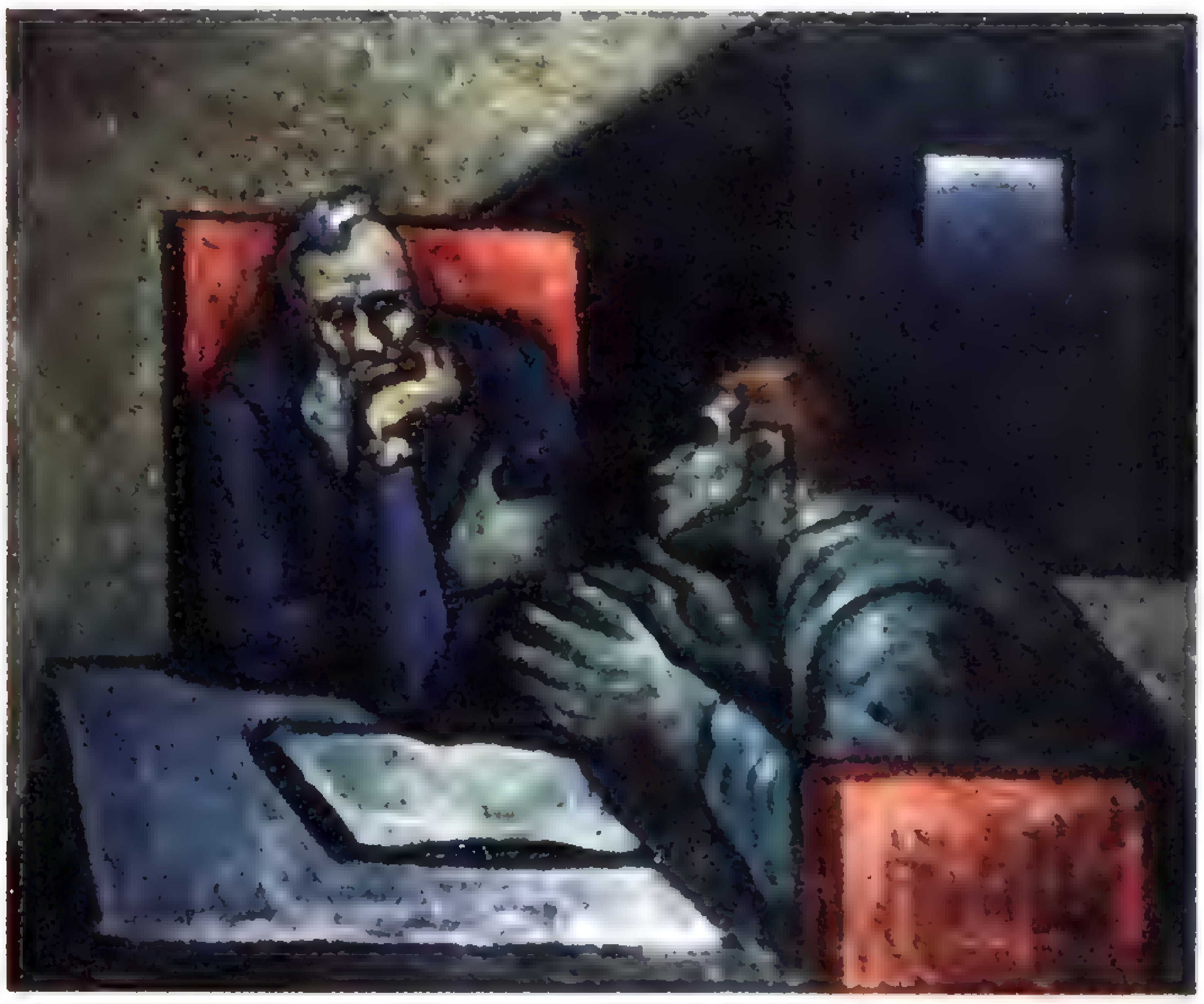
A Group of Six Paintings

by SAMUEL ROSENBERG

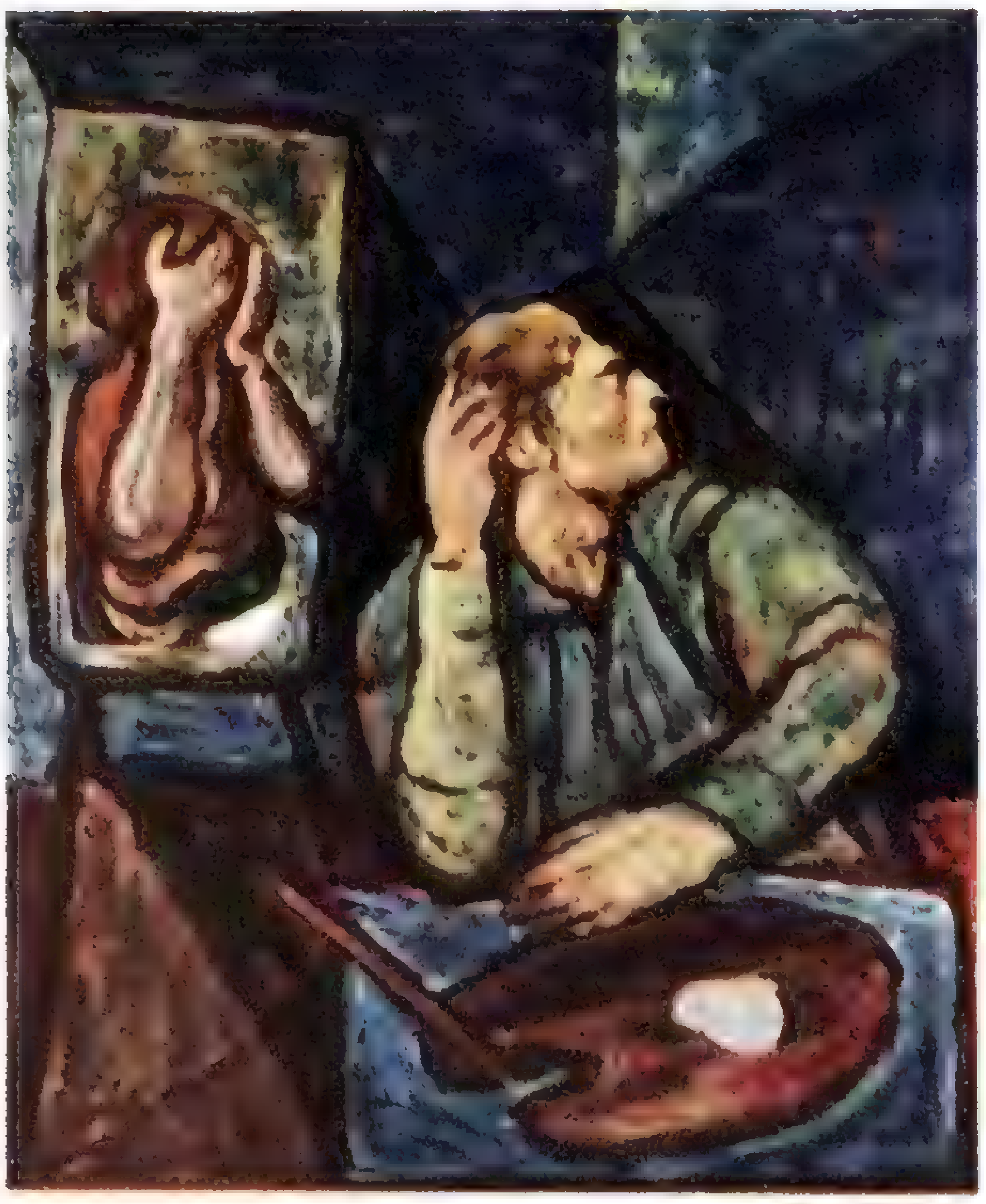
These paintings were reproduced through the courtesy of the Associated American Artists' Gallery, New York City



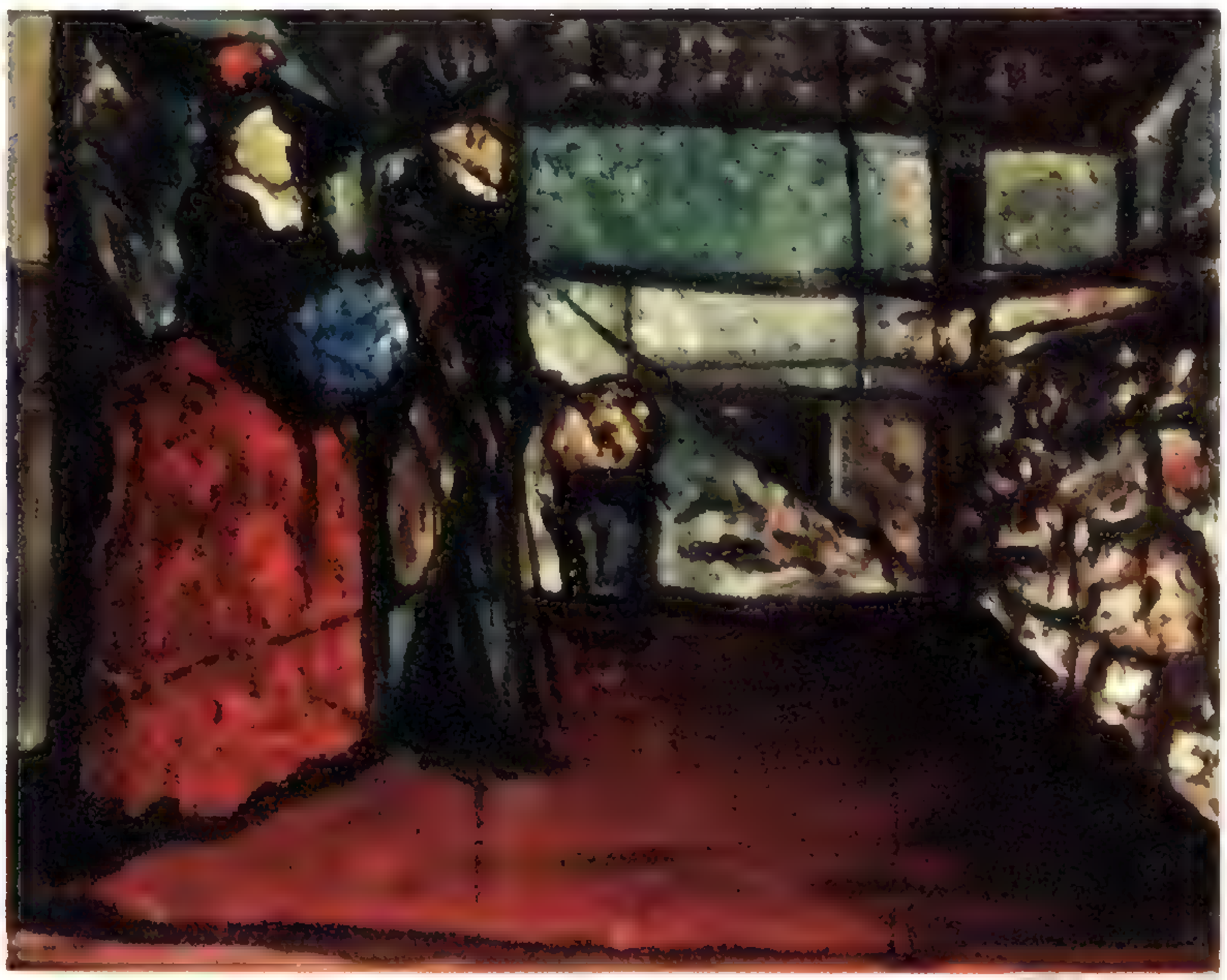
THE SKULL



DISCUSSION



CONFLICT



THE STAGE

A Human Sort of Artist

Sam Rosenberg once painted just what he saw in Pittsburgh, now his canvases reflect his kinship with the universe

by HARRY SALPETER

• ARTICLE •

SAM ROSENBERG is a successful human being. Maybe that has nothing to do with his being a good and successful painter, and maybe it has everything to do with it. In the first place, how do I come to know what kind of a human being he is, and, in the second, why should discovery of that less-than-world-shaking fact ring a bell in my mind? Only a successful human being could produce the kind of testimony from friends and associates that my request for information about Sam Rosenberg elicited. "So you're writing a piece about Sam Rosenberg! Good! Oh, he's a swell guy!" And more of the same, with variations on the theme and no tacking before the wind or hedging on bets, and the emotion genuine, and not political. Now why should this form of testimony have to be especially remarked? Because it is singular. Because there is something about the practice of art which, although it may lead to admiration, never creates affection for the practitioner. The usual response to a request for background information about an artist with whose career I myself am not familiar is more along this line: "Oh, John Gosenberry is a very fine artist, as everybody knows, although I myself think he is a little bit overrated, but *personally*," and at this point the earful takes on a confidential tone, rising, at last, to that final phrase, "But of course you can't print *that!*"

Taking your vantage point on the mountain top, you may contend that the kind of man who creates great art must be essentially lonely and anti-social, for what he has to say is directed not at his contemporaries. Perhaps that is so, under the aspect of eternity. Perhaps the genius has to be a swine in his human relationships, by some law more or less compensatory. We are told that in his middle age Richard Wagner had not retained a single friend of his youth. I believe it is a distinction in Sam Rosenberg that today, as he approaches his fiftieth birthday, he may count upon the loyalty and the friendship of men with whom he played baseball on the streets of Pittsburgh more than thirty-five years ago.

It is from one of these, himself an artist, that I learned a little about the boy Rosenberg who was father to the man of today. "At fourteen," William Wolfson told me, "Sam seemed to me like a master, because even then he was already painting in oils, original things, not copies. He had a cellar full of them, I remember, on canvas and on cardboard. They were mostly portraits and I seem especially to remember an Indian head. I was very much impressed and I then decided that if Sam would let me, I'd be his friend for life—well, because he was quiet, modest and ambitious." Wolfson was to learn that friendship was one of Sam's major gifts—after art. He was to find also that the stocky young man was quiet, chuckling, good-humored, reticent and robust. Outside of art he was not a particularly good student and was anything but bookish. Wolfson doubts that his friend ever reached high school. But in art he was always conducting the research magnificent and the investigation specific, quietly stubborn in the pursuit of his career. Wolfson remembers him also as a wonderful swimmer, a vigorous walker, a hearty eater and a generally swell fellow.

The career of Samuel Rosenberg illustrates one of the leading fallacies in American art. By the terms of this fallacy, no artist may reach his full stature unless and until he has won his spurs in New York, no matter how strongly entrenched he may be in his home town and home state, and no matter how advanced and sophisticated may be the provincial taste which his art satisfies. Sam Rosenberg has been for years the best-known and most successful artist in western Pennsylvania. For more than a generation he has been *the* artist of Pittsburgh (John Kane, until his death, excepted) not merely because of his teaching and exhibiting activities in that city, but also because of his gold-mining activities there; gold-mining in the sense that out of Pittsburgh's landscapes and cityscapes and street genre themes he has extracted a lifelong line of paintings. He has been represented in seven Carnegie Internationals and in group shows at the Corcoran, the Pennsylvania Academy and at the Whitney and Modern Museums in New York, and he has been one of the few Pittsburgh painters to rate a one-man show at the Carnegie Institute. He has won about a dozen prizes and has executed many kinds of commissions in the Pittsburgh area. For quite a number of years he has been teaching drawing as assistant professor in the Department of Architecture at the Carnegie Institute; founded, and for eleven years, directed the art classes of the Irene Kaufman Settlement, and has taught and conducted painting and drawing classes at the Pittsburgh Y. M. H. A. and Y. W. H. A. and at the Pennsylvania College for Women. Yet it was not until his forty-eighth year, late in the Spring of 1944, that he made his New York debut at the Galleries of the Associated American Artists, and it was not until then that the wiseacres of art generally first became aware of the identity of Samuel Rosenberg as an American artist.

And yet, even at the risk of blunting the point of the sermon, it was fitting that these twenty-four paintings (completed since 1943) should have made his name known in the wider art world that is New York, for they represented a break with the pictorial, naturalistic, representational and more or less traditional art to which Samuel Rosenberg had been hitherto faithful. Most of his previous paintings had been hung upon the Pittsburgh peg; however human the application and the moral, these paintings meant more when viewed in the Pittsburgh area than when seen elsewhere. The kind of painting by which he may make his name known beyond the confines of his native state is of more universal appeal in that even its point of reference is wider, and narrower also in its subjectivity. Look at the paintings reproduced, and consider some of the titles typical of that exhibition: *Abundance*, *Bread*, *Flight*, *My Brother*, *Covenanter*, *Protest*, *Fear*, *Conflict*, *Discussion*. The Pittsburgher has discovered his kinship with the universe; perhaps he always felt it, but only now dared cast discretion to the winds. Velasquez has seen the light of Rouault; the naturalist is painting his way toward an Expressionism which has not yet the courage of its conviction. Many years ago when he was arguing for the strictest adherence to Nature, he was saying: "I hope never to paint without a model," and when the services of models were not easy to obtain, he would, in the fashion of Rembrandt, paint himself in many kinds of poses and in many costumes, once in a bathrobe. He has traveled far

Continued on page 146

"You're slipping, Helen—I'm putting it on faster than you can take it off!"

The Rhythm Section

Comparing Sinatra-swooners with their cousins at the opera and debating the age of retirement for jazz musicians

by PAUL EDUARD MILLER & LEONARD FEATHER

▪JAZZ▪

Oh yes, say the condescending lovers of classical music, jazz is all right—*in its place!* This begrudging admission cannot hide the fact that the defenders of the so-called classics gradually are being forced to abandon one critical position after another. Finally they find themselves confronted with this bold opinion: the art value of jazz is equal, in every respect, to that of the classics. No longer is it possible for the champions of "serious" music to hide behind subterfuges and rationalizations; if they insist on arguing the merits of that opinion, they cannot blithely wave it aside as being beneath their dignity. I say they must argue it, not by attempting to ridicule the more obvious and obnoxious aspects of jazz, but by stating their objections openly on a strict critical basis, without resorting to name-calling pronunciamentos or condescending gestures.

Typical of the biased attitude of the classicist toward the jazzist are the remarks of one Mr. David Ewen, author of a recent book, *Men of Popular Music* (published by Ziff-Davis). Says Mr. Ewen: "After all, popular music does not aspire to accomplish what serious music does. Popular music is, primarily, entertainment; it is an avenue of escape, an ivory tower. It never hopes to uplift its listeners, to move, to exalt, to inspire in the way that Bach, Mozart, Beethoven and Wagner do." No doubt it will immediately be pointed out that since Mr. Ewen is speaking of "popular music" he does not include jazz, which I have repeatedly differentiated from mere pop tunes. Closer inspection of Mr. Ewen's book, however, reveals that he adheres to the usual erroneous pattern of placing jazzmen such as King Oliver, Louis Armstrong, Benny Goodman, Meade Lux Lewis and Duke Ellington on a par with personalities in the realm of popular music such as Irving Berlin, Paul Whiteman, Jerome Kern, Rodgers and Hart, Cole Porter and Ferde Grofé. True, Mr. Ewen admits that he writes without critical prejudice and that he intends his volume only as a survey of "every major trend in popular music of the past forty years." How, then, it may be asked, can I condemn Mr. Ewen for refusing to be critical when his announced intention is that of an historian?

The reasons are numerous. The most obvious one is that a good historian brings his critical opinions to bear on his materials, particularly a historian of the arts. More pertinent, perhaps, is the fact that Mr. Ewen's attitude is identical with the attitude expressed by writers and critics on the subject for the past twenty-five years. In other words, Mr. Ewen seems satisfied to re-assert and to accept without critical examination all the derogatory opinions about jazz which have been voiced by writers ranging from those in the old *Dial* magazine to those expressing themselves through the medium of the King Features Syndicate. Any historian of popular music who approaches his subject in the year 1944 can ill afford to be guided by opinions and ideas current in 1924. That Mr. Ewen has chosen to do this, and once again has voiced the shallow dictum that jazz is all right—BUT . . . clearly indicates his complete misunderstanding of an art form which has been maligned by critics and writers and classical musicians whose prestige rests on tradition rather than on lucid critical criteria.

What barriers prevent the classical critic or music lover from overcoming his irrational, uncritical prejudices about jazz? I contend that the music itself is not the major barrier. Too few classical-minded persons actually have heard good jazz, and those who have are so confused by the variety of what they glibly term "noises," that they only pretend to hear, all the time consciously calling to mind the numerous obvious objections which have been bandied about for more than a quarter century. These objections, not the music itself, comprise the important barriers.

For this reason I feel it is necessary to turn my attention, even if briefly, to a review of those barriers, in the hope that after accomplishing the hurdles the listener to classical music might begin listening to jazz—*really listening.* The first step in that direction, surely, requires that the listener reject the idea that jazz is music for the cultural adolescent. The best jazz, like the best music of any kind, reflects the artist's emotional reaction to society. Observe that I have said *the best.* So long as the art quality of some body of jazz literature—no matter how small—rests on a high level, that long is it impossible to make broad, sweeping statements to the effect that jazz does not "uplift" the listener as does Bach, Beethoven, *et al.* The point need not be labored. The most distinguished literary critics do not beat their breasts because the artistic level of most contemporary novels constantly touches the very bottom of the aesthetic measuring stick; on the contrary, these critics filter out and select those novels which they believe warrant their serious attention. They do not say that the contemporary novel (meaning *Gone With the Wind, The Robe,* etc.) does not "uplift" its readers as do Leo Tolstoy, Henry James, Gustave Flaubert or Henry Fielding.

The kind of people who like jazz seems to have a direct bearing on the attitude of those who claim they do not like it. The jitterbug and the bobby-socks brigade appear to make more impression on critical judgments toward jazz than does the actual music produced by a Benny Goodman or a Sidney Bechet. A young woman who likes the classics and is not inimical toward but not vitally interested in jazz once told me: "I get a bad impression of jazz because the people who like it are cheap and superficial." Upon inquiry, I learned that she felt repelled by the exhibitionism of the bulk of the jazz audience—which, of course, she was confusing, in part, with the much larger body of popular music enthusiasts. Nevertheless, for her this was an objection; yet, when she learned of the growing jazz literature, the concerts, the lectures at colleges and the availability of good selected jazz on records, she frankly admitted that with this new approach her attitude shifted. Perhaps she will not become what jazzmen call "hip," but she is well on her way toward an attitude which will enable her to reject the claptrap criticism emanating from sources which object to jazz merely because it is not in keeping with standardized traditions.

After all, Sinatra-swooners have much in common with the lovers of classical music who stand up and cheer, with intermingled shouts, after listening to the Shostakovich Seventh. —P.E.M.

ON THE EDGE OF THE CLEF

Victor's reinstatement of numerous jazz records has been rightly hailed as a significant action by those who like their jazz hot. This action does, however, raise a problem never before confronted by collectors. To be sure, it is not serious, since the important thing is to have the records themselves steadily available, both for new customers and those who desire replacements. But it does suggest a line of thinking which I herewith offer free of charge to the first record company which has the perspicacity to adopt this sound, if not new, idea.

In his chapter on *Wartime Hints for Collectors* in the new 1945 Esquire *Jazz Book,* George Hoefer dealt briefly with the collectors' problem which Victor's action raised. He pointed out that since the Muggsy Spanier Ragtime Band discs originally were issued on the Bluebird label, their reinstatement in the Bluebird catalogue with the identical numbers made it impossible (almost) to detect the first pressing from this new issue. The only apparent difference lies in the color of the printed words on the label: the prewar original issues appear in bright gold letters, the new issues in washed out gold—practically light yellow. After the war, perhaps, the bright gold will be used again; that will remove all possibility of detecting the original issue.

As I say, this is no matter of great moment. Certainly I do not approve of label collectors who have no love of the music itself. I much prefer to have Muggsy's platters always currently available, despite the fact that there may never be an "original issue" over which collectors can barter, trade and sell.

But there is another approach to original (or first) issues to which I attach some merit. I am well aware of the "sucker" tactics adopted by some book publishers upon the publication of special first editions prior to the first trade edition. I emphatically do not advocate that any such methods be utilized by the record companies. Provided, however, that the idea is handled with sincerity and a genuine effort to give the jazz fan an extra value for which he will gladly pay a little more, I propose the pressing of original issues so indicated, in print, on the label. In some cases, where the music has great merit, the original issue might be pressed on vinylite, since, unlike books, when records wear out they are not functional, cannot be rebound. The asset for such procedures lies in the pre-determining of the scope of the market for *good* jazz records.

—Paul Eduard Miller

Jazz Symposium

Does life end at forty for Jazz Musicians?

Eddie Heywood (twenty-eight), bandleader, Esquire's All-American New Star on piano.

Well, you know, jazz is like baseball. It's a young man's game. Of course there are exceptions to the rule just as there are in baseball. After a jazz musician is forty, the only thing for him to do is stay around young musicians as much as he can, otherwise he just won't *hear* the music the way younger men hear it and feel it. He won't phrase the notes the same way, no matter how good a musician he may be.

Some of the old musicians that are still around today sound just like my father used to sound. He played piano for Butterbeans and Susie and a lot of great old-time acts, and he was wonderful in his day. He came up with Jimmie Noone and men like that, but today a musician like Benny Goodman shows the great advances that have been made since then; his style is more pleasing, more up to date.

Exceptions? Well, of course, men like Coleman Hawkins—he's been around twenty years, but he's brought his style up to date; time will never catch up with him. And Vic Dickenson, the trombonist with my band, who's thirty-eight now, will always be great.

Oscar Pettiford, (twenty-two), Esquire's All-American Gold Award bassist for 1944 and 1945:

By the time they're forty, life should have ended for them, professionally. Styles are changing very fast in jazz. For instance, Louis Armstrong set a foundation for all the other trumpet players, but there's more happening now; a lot of young fellows are playing just as much as Louis, or more.

The men of today will be through when they're forty, too, but the music will still go on, with younger men who can interpret the same arrangement entirely differently from the way an older man would play the same music. Sure, there are some men like Basie, Hawkins and Ellington, who can adapt themselves. But most musicians over forty deserve to have some kind of fund to enable them to enjoy a comfortable retirement. They've given their lives to make the public happy, sacrificed more than people realize. At forty they should be allowed to rest on their laurels.

Joe Marsala (thirty-seven), clarinetist and bandleader:

Not necessarily. A lot of men do get out of the business early, but the important thing is how you sound, not how you look. One thing is true, though: a musician doesn't get any better from forty on. He's expressed himself as far as he can, and he'll be inclined to coast, instead of trying to adapt himself and play like the youngsters who have more spirit.

For the non-jazz men like Sammy Kaye and Frankie Carle and Guy Lombardo, age is less important. In fact, after forty the best thing for a jazzman to do is decide that the music business owes him some money. He can retire into the field of big bands, radio commercials, and other jobs where experience is more important than individuality. A younger man in a job like that might scuffle around and know less about how to conduct himself. And if the older man is a leader, he can always hire younger musicians, to get his kicks.

Barney Bigard (thirty-eight), clarinetist and bandleader, formerly with Duke Ellington and Freddy Slack:

No, not if he has the initiative and ambition to keep active. Personally, I'm willing to learn and listen at any time and continue to try to improve myself. I believe you're as old as you feel.

Some of the older musicians like Johnny Dodds and Jimmie Noone stayed in a rut and time passed them by; but there are others like Buster Bailey who look and feel amazingly young even though they're up there in their forties, and they play as well as ever. Even Louis Armstrong, though he's not altogether as he used to be, is still up in the times.

Bobby Dukoff (twenty-six), tenor saxophonist, formerly with Jimmy Dorsey's orchestra:

It depends on the individual. If a man buys all the records, listens to the pacemakers, and filters out things to his own taste, without necessarily imitating, then he can keep on his toes, think right, and play right.

I don't know many men over forty in the dance-band game, but I do know that men like Benny Goodman will never be too old. Benny is a polished, brilliant musician with complete control of his instrument plus the incentive to play. But if you get into one of the top name-bands when you're still very young, you get that "Where-do-I-go-from-here?" feeling and you lose that incentive. That's why so many musicians get in a rut, and after staying for years with one name-band they're washed up.

The test of a good musician is to give him a tune like *Sweet Lorraine* or *Body and Soul* at a moderate tempo, giving him time to think and create, instead of just playing notes. That way you can tell the subtle difference between a musician and an instrumentalist—no matter how young or old.

Phil Moore (twenty-seven), pianist, arranger, bandleader, composer of *Shoo Shoo Baby:*

I think the musician of the future will be better prepared for a longer life; he'll be able to play most any kind of music and will graduate from active jazz into more legitimate fields. The average youngster today is not as valuable as an older fellow who may be less flashy but who knows how to play shows, interpret arrangements, and fit in with any ensemble. But, of course, a man can be only twenty-five and have the background of a forty-year-old. For instance, I've been playing professionally since I was thirteen. Sometimes I feel as though I'm forty right now!

Earl Hines (forty), veteran leader and pianist:

Jazz music is one profession where a man is really as old as he feels. Some men are through at thirty or even younger, while others, such as Coleman Hawkins, Don Redman, Duke Ellington and Russell Smith retain youthful ideas perpetually. There are many factors which enter into a musician's attitude toward his profession. For example, if a musician of forty surrounds himself with youthful players he himself is bound to stay young—the very association helps keep him in trim.

Physical condition plus environment are the important factors in the development and maturity of a musician. You can tell a man by the company he keeps—well, usually. Talking, living and playing music keep the forty-year-old as hip as his youthful contemporaries. And the greater the interest, the finer the musician.

I would suggest that younger musicians keep in top physical condition through exercises, through a regulated diet and through every possible means at their command, since it is so necessary to offset the abnormal hours and living conditions which, to most musicians, are normal. Nevertheless, we musicians know it isn't normal, but too often we forget it and think that all the rest of the world lives like us. It would do us all some good to remember how the rest of the world lives, and to think about things like obtaining essential training on one's chosen instrument. Then, at the age of forty, one will be in the best possible condition to do a good job—the best kind of a job, because by that time the musician has reached his full maturity as an artist. But he can't express himself well if his physical condition is bad.

And, of course, a good jam session now and again helps keep the forty-year-old musician in trim.

George Wettling (thirty-eight), drummer with Paul Whiteman at N.B.C:

The art of playing jazz is a gift, and anyone lucky enough to possess that gift will have it as long as he lives. Take Joe (King) Oliver for instance; one of the greatest jazz cornet players that ever lived; he was still playing great jazz till the very end—and he lived beyond the forties.

It's not the age, it's the field for jazz that counts. Modern musicians must not only be able to play jazz, but also read, play with precision, with different sections of the band, in order to make a living; so they go a little more commercial and join a band that makes money.

Only a handful of musicians know how to play real jazz anyhow, and the majority of them are on the forty side and still going strong, with no intention of quitting.

Of course there may be different cases, like that of a drinking friend of mine. His life starts at 8:40 at a cocktail party and ends at 8:50! —L.F.

JAZZ IS WHERE YOU FIND IT

ON RECORDS—Since the recording strike ended last Armistice Day, the major companies have been rushing through the presses limitless copies of such immortal sagas as *My Dog Has Fleas* and *The Trolley Song*, leaving the business of hot jazz recording in the hands of the smaller firms. The outstanding item at hand at this deadline is on Signature, played by Flip Phillips (our New Star tenor saxman) with seven other members of Woody Herman's band, plus Aaron (New Star) Sachs on clarinet. The titles are *Pappiloma* and *Skyscraper*, both composed by Flip, the former dedicated to something he once had removed from his neck. Both are small-band jazz at its most ingenious and exciting.

Another great tenorman, Don Byas, assembled a quintet on Savoy to play his charming tune, *Free and Easy.* Still another fine tenor, Cab Calloway's Ike Quebec, spreads *She's Funny That Way* over twelve interesting inches on Blue Note. Then for a real glut of saxophones try *Louise* by Coleman Hawkins on Keynote, abetted by Don Byas, Tab Smith and Harry Carney, remarkable reedmen all.

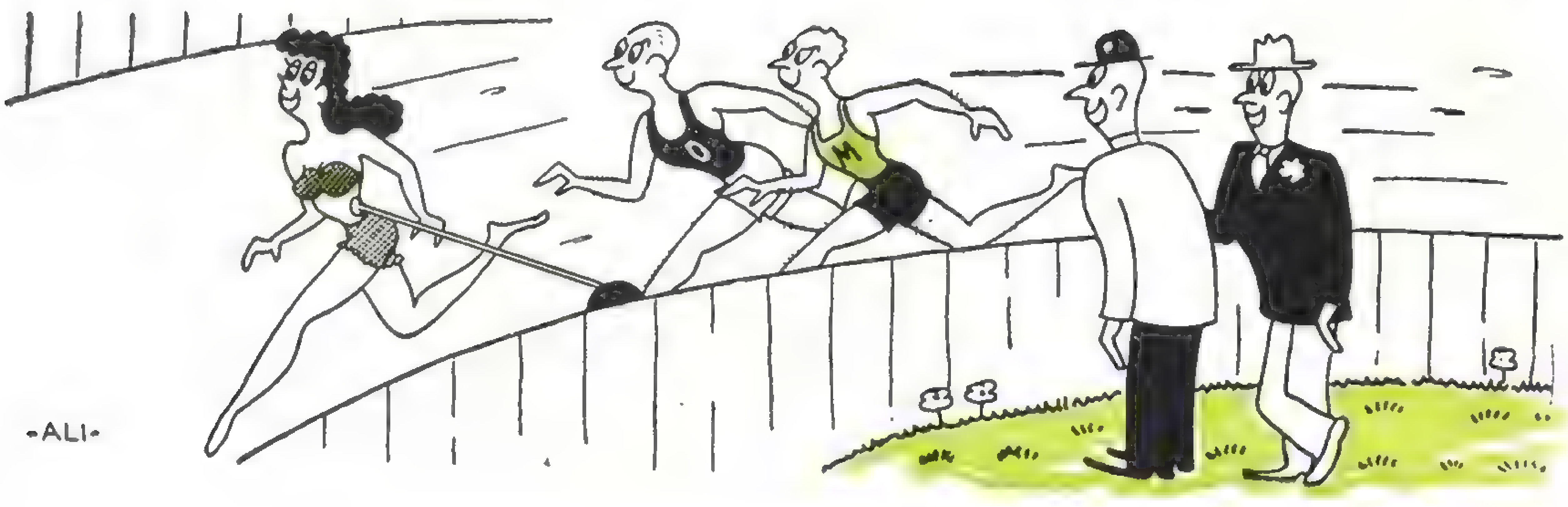
Other credits go to Eddie Heywood's Sextet for *Tain't Me* and to Miff Mole for *Peg O' My Heart*, both Commodore; to Gene Schroeder for his *Tea for Two* piano solo on Black and White; the King Cole Trio's *Got a Penny* on Atlas. Try to find 'em! And if you have trouble, fall back on Victor's Bunny Berigan Memorial Album, or Capitol's *Gotta Be Gettin'*, excellently sung by Anita O'Day with Stan Kenton.

IN PERSON—The new Artie Shaw band hasn't hit the East at this writing, but from a glance at the personnel it's safe to predict that this will be something for the boys who like it hot—and there's no string section as yet; merely the threat that one will be added later.

A Shaw alumnus, trumpeter Lee Castle (better known among musicians as Castaldo) has a promising young band of his own which boasts a great young tenor saxman, Frankie Socolow. Castle plays fine jazz on the jazz numbers, resorting to a Harry James vibrato on the ballads. But mention of James reminds me that The Horn has been featuring an unprecedented quota of good jazz with his band lately. Between his own best work and that of Willie Smith (alto), Corky Corcoran (tenor), Allan Reuss (guitar), Ray Heath (trombone) and Arnold Ross (piano), plus arrangements by Johnny (New Star) Thompson et al., the James band is his best ever, and by no means to be spurned because of its leader's commercial success.

—LEONARD FEATHER

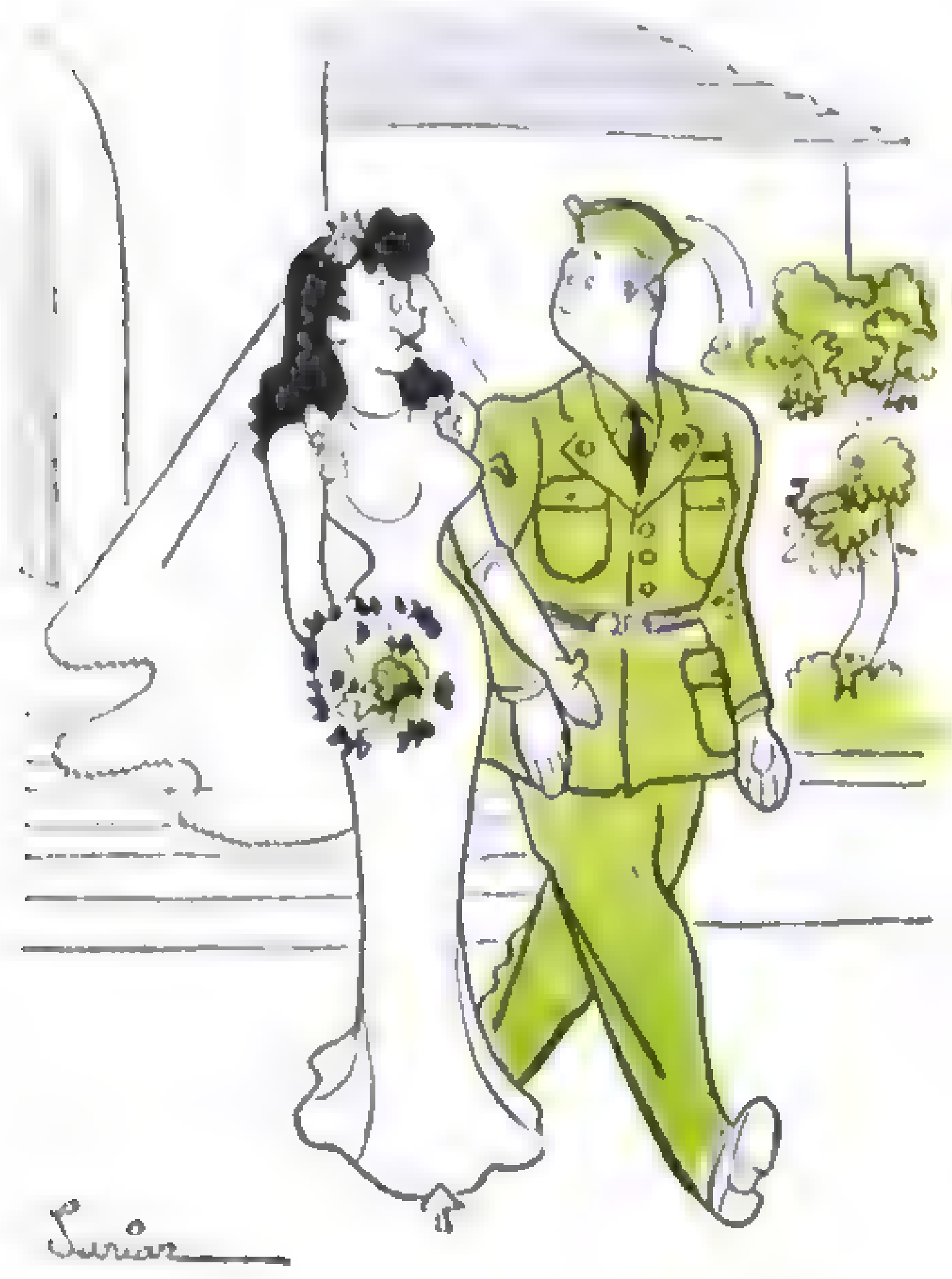
Going the Rounds With Esquire



"It works on the mechanical rabbit principle"

It was the big day of the native sing-sing on New Britain Island. From coastal villages and jungle hill country had come hundreds of happy warriors, with their women and children, to dance in the ancient ritual.

Amateur photographers from near-by Army bivouacs would have a field day shooting pictures of their dusty neighbors cavorting like jitterbugs in a Harlem jive parlor. Poor, uneducated savages, the soldiers would think. But it would be a change from the monotony of military life in the jungle.



"I love these little spring romances!"

Within a roped-off area guarded by M.P's the ritual began and steadily increased to a frenzied pitch. Drummers beat out the rhythm on hollowed-out logs covered with crocodile hide, on empty mortar shell cases, and even on an inverted halved oil drum.

At least four separate dances were in progress at once. At a sound or whistle from the leader, the swaying, chanting groups broke from closely packed formations to form lines. They swung into a series of quick feints and sideward kicks, swishing their kunai-grass switches and skirts. Hip action rivaled the best of the Hawaiian hulas. The rumba must have got its start here, also.

In their bushy, reddish-yellow bleached hair, many had stuck feathers, while others favored willowy sprigs on which dangled anything from pink roses to Air Corps shoulder patches. It was one of these semi-modernistic creations which attracted the ambitious soldier with the expensive looking camera.

He had his lens trained on a grim specimen in whose feathered headdress were three empty cigarette packages suspended on a twig. His appearance alone would have warranted the center spot in any rogue's gallery. He looked vicious and hungry enough to eat the photographer, camera and all, on the spot. His face would have frightened Boris Karloff into retirement, no doubt.

As the shutter clicked, the soldier waved and cried, "Thanks, Joe," scarcely making himself heard above the din. But the gyrating demon must have heard, for he danced closer.

"How about a photo when you get them developed, Bud?" he shouted in perfect English.

•

A man walked into the Stork Club bar and ordered a bottle of beer and a straight whisky. To the bartender's amazement, he drank the beer, but carefully unbuttoned his coat and emptied the whisky into his vest pocket. After he'd done this three times, emptying the whisky into his vest pocket, the bartender couldn't restrain his curiosity.

"What are you doing there?"

The customer stared at him: "I'm minding my own business, and I can recommend that to you. I ought to climb across the bar and give you a punch in the nose . . . "

With that, a little mouse lifted his head out of the man's vest pocket, eyed the bartender belligerently through bloodshot eyes, and snapped: "And that goes for your cat, too!"

•

An elderly woman noticed a long line outside a store and fell in line. Half an hour later, when she was almost to the store door, she asked: "What are we standing in line for?" A fellow-stander-in-line replied: "Cigarettes." "Oh," she said as she hurried off, "I don't smoke."

•

It seems that three men in uniform appeared at the Golden Gate. St. Peter opened the little window and peered out.

"Who goes there?" demanded the good saint.

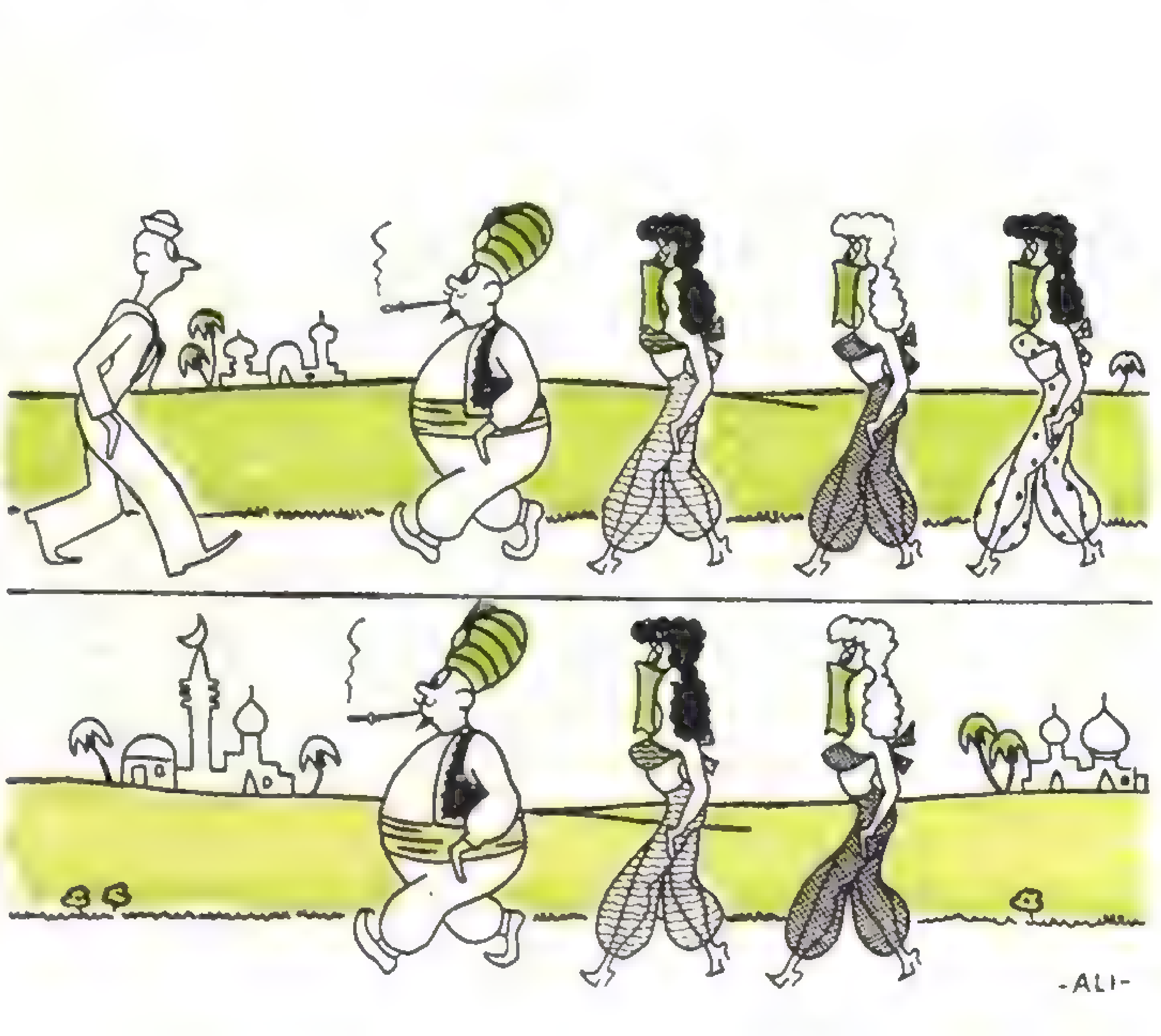
"I am Colonel Jones," said the first. "I was decorated twice for bravery under fire." St. Peter eyed him coldly and motioned him aside.

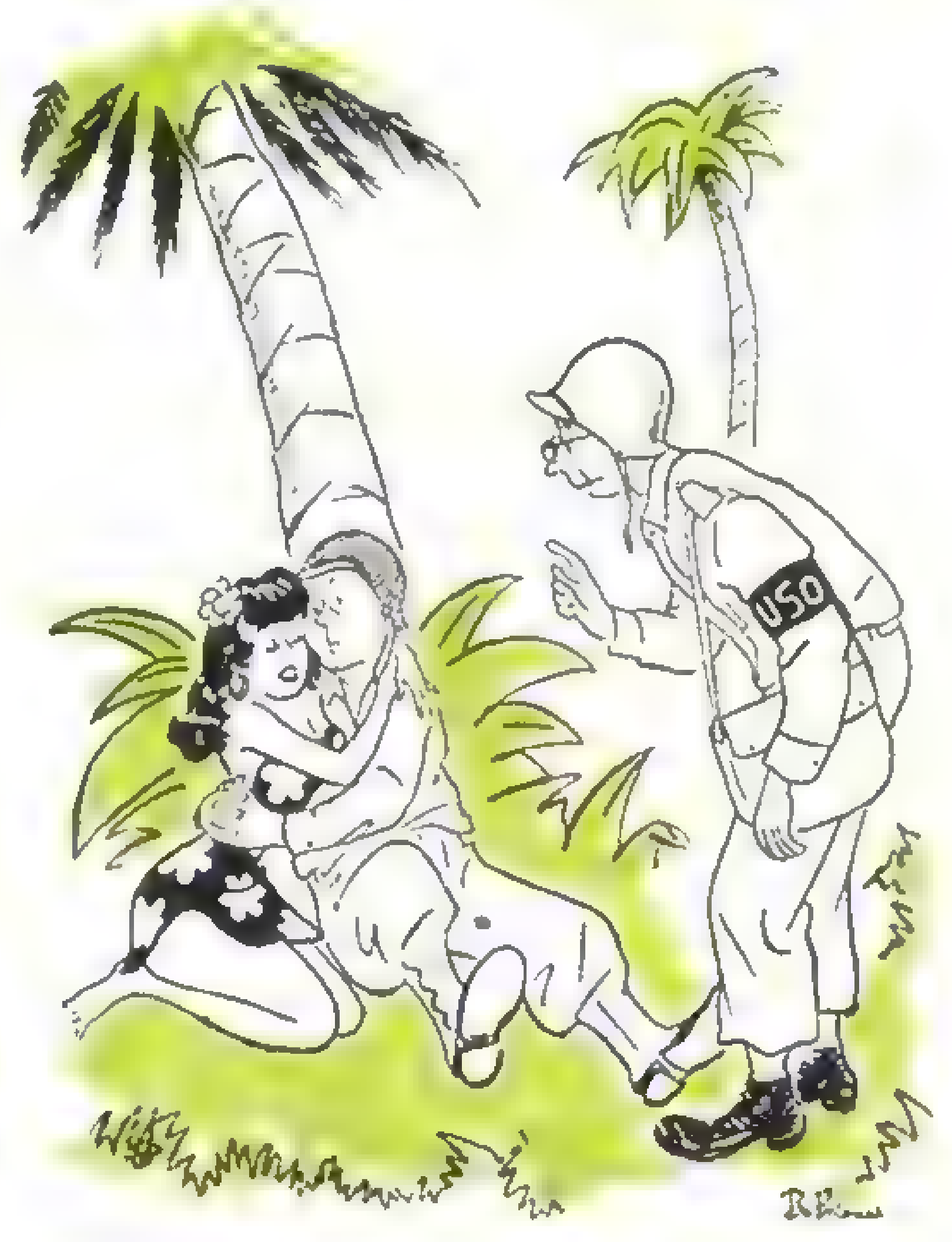
"I am Captain Smith," said the second man advancing. "I led a company in the Solomons." As the saint frowned, the captain withdrew.

The last soldier walked toward the saint. "I am Pfc. Johnson," said the lowly one.

The chains rattled and the gates of heaven opened wide.

"Come in, come in," welcomed St. Peter. "We need K.P's badly."





"Need an interpreter?"

Not only have the American soldiers been vastly affected by life in the Aleutians, but life in the Aleutians has been greatly affected by American soldiers. Consider, for example, the talking raven of the western Aleutians, *Corvus corax arcticus*. These islands have been his habitat for ages. He is large, a rugged bird, hardened to life on the chill, treeless slopes, and accustomed by rugged experience to scratching out a living in the North. A few ice worms and glacier snakes when he can get them—these constitute his diet. He is, understandably enough, not of a happy-go-lucky temperament, yet he is alert, imitative, and he makes up in intelligence what he lacks in charm, and like Edgar Allen Poe's raven, he can talk.

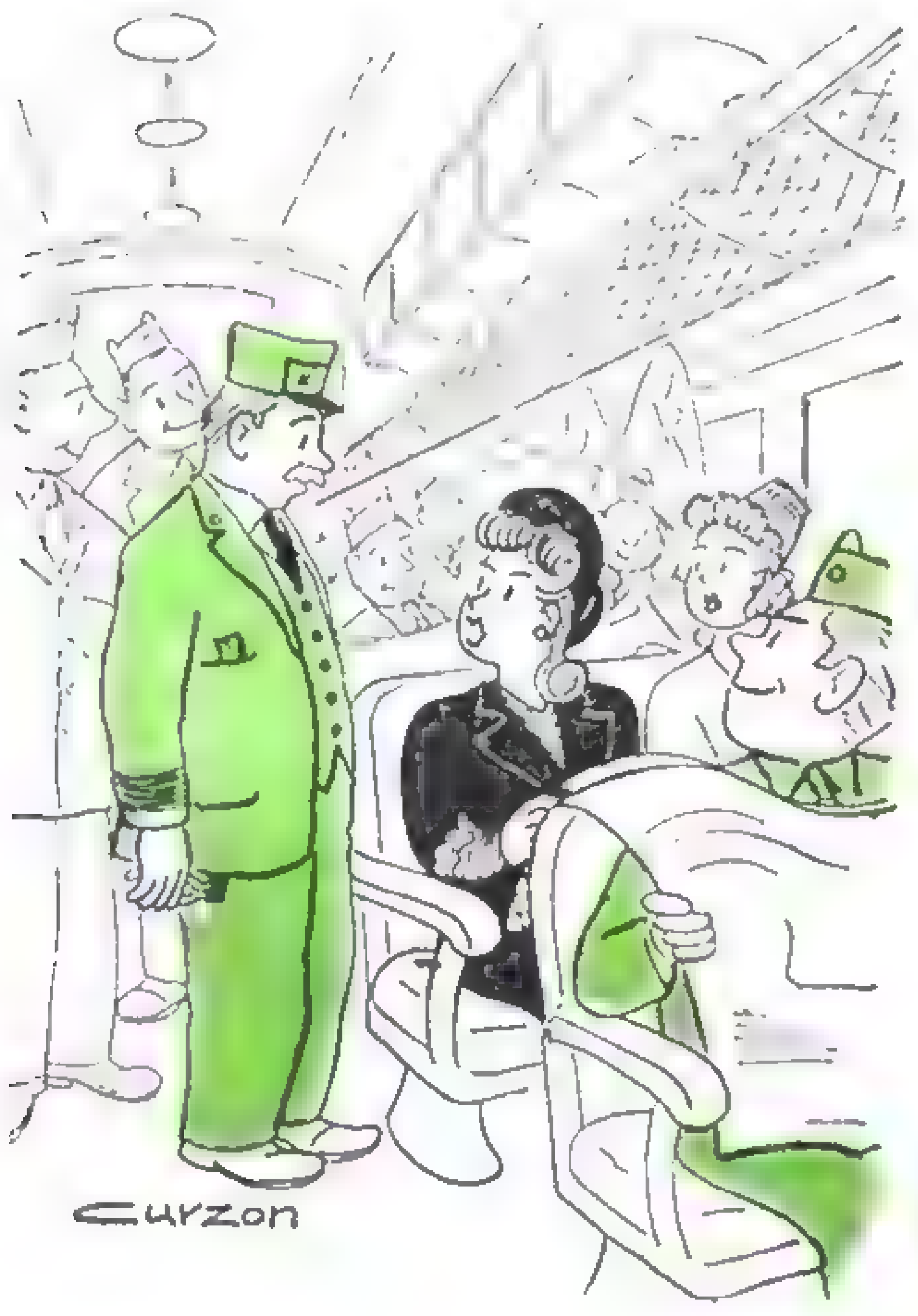
But since the Americans have come to the Aleutians, there has been a complete breakdown in the raven life cycle.

The first proof of this came in the fall of '43. An American fighter pilot at Adak observed a string of ravens flying alongside his ship, doing slow rolls and snap rolls whenever he did. The ravens were awkward at first, but were soon executing these maneuvers with such smoothness and precision that the pilot decided he'd show these birds something. He turned the show into a rat-race, hedgehopping and buzzing the field, but to the pilot's chagrin, the ravens could not only do the job better, but one raven flew alongside, carrying in his beak a small piece of a sergeant's ear that he had nipped out while this G.I. had been standing agape on the field, watching the show.

The disgusted pilot gave up and landed his ship.

To his amazement, all the ravens followed him in, peeling off and setting themselves down like hot pilots without bothering to let down their flaps, and stalked off to their own line along a lagoon. The writer, then on duty at Adak, who happened to be hidden while fishing behind a sandbank, was able to verify the rumor that these ravens were now talking among themselves with a Texas drawl. They had been jamming the radios of a Texas bombing outfit, and had picked up the lingo.

Recently, an amateur scientist in one of the anti-aircraft gun crews requested permission of his battery commander to put three or four 75 millimeter bursts into a particular black-winged squadron flying over the camp. "Hell, no," the commander snapped, "Those ravens are protected by Federal Law."



"Of course my trip is essential —I'm going to Reno"

"Suh, I only wanna kill just a few of 'em," pleaded the gunner, a Southerner, "Just them ones ovah yonduh." He pointed to a twelve-bird formation winging steadily along in best B-24 style on a course of 270 degrees true. "The othuhs is tryin' to be fightuh pilots, but them so-and-sos ovah theah ha' been bombin' us all mornin'."

•

According to Irving Hoffman:

Four soldiers were playing poker in the smoking compartment of a Pullman car. The hour was late, the porter wanted to go to bed. So he used an old and favored strategy. He got out his bucket and mop, and the powerful disinfectant he uses to scrub the floor. Soon the room was so filled with the strong odor, even the porter could stand it no longer. He left the compartment for a few moments. When he returned the four men were still playing cards—but they were all wearing gas masks, and had thoughtfully laid out an extra mask for the porter.

•

Red Cross home service units receive many odd requests for help, but a new one bobbed up last week when a young girl applied for assistance in visiting her boy friend, who, she said, was a prisoner of war. "You mean he's in Germany or Japan?" the authorities asked.... The girl said: "No—he's in this country."... "Well, then," inquired the Red Cross representative, "is he a German, Italian or Japanese?" ... "Oh no," was the girl's explanation, "he's in the guard house!"

•

Surveys indicate that four out of five women haters are women.

•

Two friends who hadn't seen each other in months met on the street: "What's up, Jim?" asked Harry. "Why are you dressed in your Sunday clothes on a week-day?"

"Haven't you heard the news?"

"News? What news?"

"Triplets!!"

"Oh, so that accounts for . . ."

"Yeah, that accounts for me wearing my new clothes. What the hell's the use trying to be economical?"

•

The husband (bragging to guests): "When anything goes wrong around the house, I fix it."

The wife (putting him in his place): "But how? Ever since he fixed the cuckoo clock the bird backs out and asks: 'What time is it?'"

•

Just about the time a fellow thinks he can make ends meet a girl comes along and moves the ends.

•

"Now," shouted the lecturer, "is there any man in this audience who would let his wife be slandered and say nothing? If so, stand up."

A meek looking little man in the back of the hall stood up.

"Do you mean to stand there and say you'd let your wife be slandered and say nothing?" the lecturer cried.

"Oh, I'm sorry," apologized the little fellow. "I thought you said slaughtered."

•

I opened my eyes and felt for my watch—it was gone.

I felt for my pants—they were gone.

I felt for my shoes—they were gone.

No wonder—I was in bed.

•

A man with a rickety wagon and a still more rickety horse stopped in front of a barroom.

As the bartender served up a beer, he said to the man: "That horse of yours doesn't seem to feel very good. Never saw such a wobbly horse."

"Oh, he's all right—just a run of bad luck," said the man. "I've been tossing a dime each morning to see if I buy some hay for the horse or a beer for me, and that horse has lost for the last ten days straight."

•

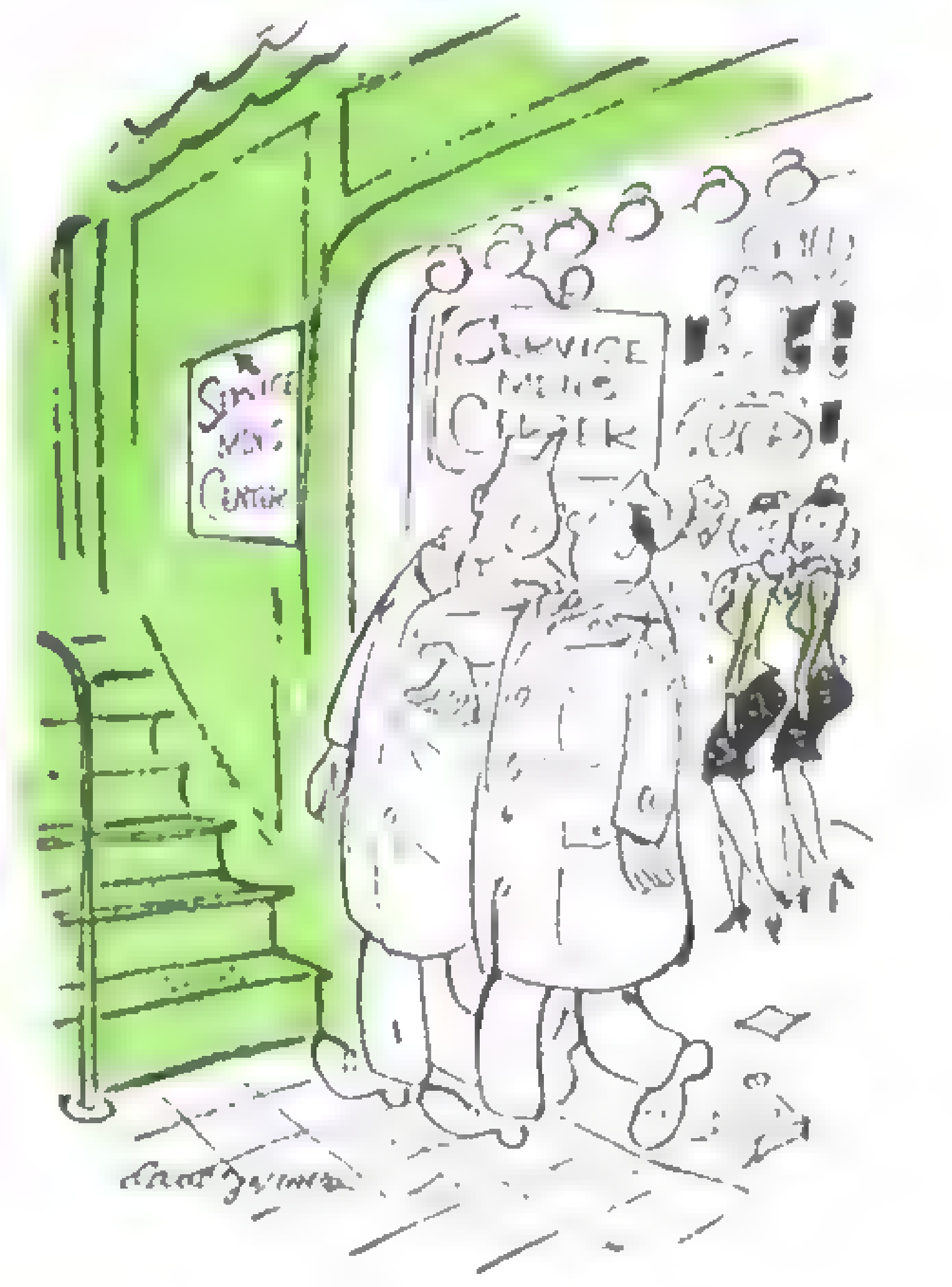
It happened at the zoo. The last cage they looked at was the tiger's.

After a vivid description by the father of the destructiveness of the tiger and its ability to devour a person, the little daughter stood motionless for a few moments and then asked: "Daddy dear, if the tiger should get out of his cage and eat you up, what bus would I have to take to get home?"

•

"You look all in today—what's the trouble?"

"Well, I didn't get home until daylight and I was just undressing when my wife woke up and said: 'Aren't you getting up early?' —so in order to save explaining I put on my clothes and came to work."



"I drop in here occasionally— this sort of entertainment should be encouraged"

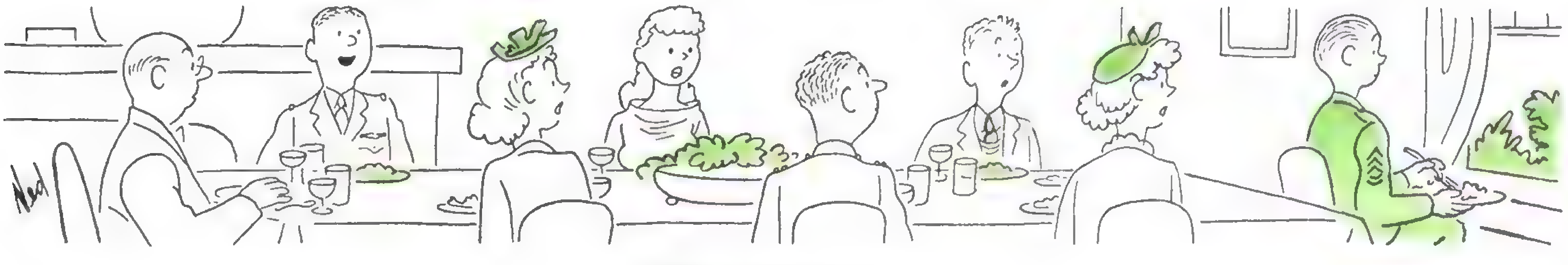
The doctor had examined the lanky recruit and was filling in the medical form.

"That's everything except the sputum test," he said, "Just expectorate in one of those little vials on the shelf at the far end of the room."

"What do you mean, doc?" asked the recruit with a puzzled expression.

"Spit in one of those bottles on the shelf at the other end of the room."

"What! All the way from here?"



"He's a tail gunner"

This Man's World

A cat's success story, a philippic on Scotch and memories of ancient hates, now seen through the years, brightly

by PAUL GALLICO

• OPINION •

I AM at the moment prepared to become mildly exercised and begin a controversy over the current continuing struggle on the part of Americanos to acquire a bottle of Scotch whisky or, for that matter, even a drink of it. Why? What has Scotch got, outside of a bad taste, that American Rye or Bourbon, particularly the latter, hasn't got?

It is not my intention to permit this argument to descend to the realm of provincial criticisms of a product manufactured and exported by our British cousins, as against our homebred liquor. I don't care who makes Scotch. If it were made by the Laps or the Turkomans or the Ozark Mountain boys, it would still be the worst tasting brew that man ever permitted to slip past his tonsils. If there were nothing left in the world but Scotch whisky and I needed the jolt provided by it's alcoholic content, I would still insist upon having it injected intravenously, or taking it enclosed in little gelatin capsules like castor oil.

Scotch whisky, the darling of the sophisticated barflies, male and female, tastes to me like a distillation of fusel oil and iodine with a charming after-flavor of tincture of aconite and wormwood. If you didn't know what it was and a doctor prescribed it for you as medicine, you'd pour it down the drain and fire the guy. Its action on the taste buds in one's kisser are comparable to what one may experience similarly by chewing on an old glove.

How was it ever sold to the American people, and how did we ever come to fall for it when we make the two finest native whiskies in the world, Rye and Bourbon? There are only two other whiskies that compare with ours for flavor. One is a good, aged, pot-still Irish whiskey and the other is another Western Hemisphere grain product manufactured to the north of us in Canada. But Scotch? Phooey!

Has no one ever pointed out that Scotch whisky is the national drink of the two peoples with the worst palates in the whole world, the Scotch and the English? Much as I love both those countries and their inhabitants, I am forced to report that there isn't a single edible dish or potable drink that comes out of the island they jointly inhabit. Even the fine wines of France must first be perverted before they are bottled for export to England. Any time you see "*English Cuvet*" on a bottle, it's six, two and even that it won't be any good.

The Scotsman drinks Scotch whisky by preference, but then he also eats porridge and a dreadful pudding called a haggis. The Englishman is accustomed to drinking Scotch whisky *with* his meals, because once he has taken the first mouthful of that concentrated elixir of gall, aloes and asafoetida, he can no longer taste what he is eating, and it is considered the lesser of the two evils.

None of the above is any assistance in explaining the vogue of Scotch as a prized drink in this country, particularly in the light of our own luscious and powerful whiskies which, for delicacy combined with wallop, are unmatched.

American Rye is a virile man's drink, noble in flavor, with the glint of sunshine over the Nebraskan plains reflected from the dark background of honest Rye grain. But how the ladies of our Republic were ever persuaded to forego the exquisite bouquet of fine Kentucky Bourbon for the harsh, acetous unsavoriness of Scotch remains a mystery to me.

A fine Bourbon whiskey, diluted with plain water and iced, is a drink for the gods. One can sniff it like old brandy and get heady from the delectable fumes and savor, but never quite catch the fruity mystery of its flavor. The aftertaste is a heavenly memory.

Blended with sugar, bitters and the acids of a twist of lemon peel in an Old Fashioned, it takes on entirely another character as delightful almost as its own honest self. And partnered with mint in a julep, it becomes one of the finest and smoothest drinks in the world. In the same manner, an aged, bonded, straight Rye whiskey, properly combined with a first-class Italian Vermouth and a red Maraschino cherry, results in the only really civilized mixed drink introduced to the world since the beginning of time, the Manhattan cocktail.

Now, will you kindly tell me what Scotch whisky mixes with? Nothing. It's a lousy loner. Its moraceous, escharotic flavor mingles with none, and like essence of skunk refuses to be disguised. The Scotch Old Fashioned is pure fantasy. It is still nothing but overpowering Scotch and water, and tastes like hell. Scotch is the only drink I know which, when diluted with water or soda as in the highball, tastes even worse than in its original strength. I once came across a book of recipes purporting to be a series of cocktails and punches that could be made with Scotch whisky, but I have never in my life encountered anyone with the courage to compound them, much less sample the composition.

I further depose that a Scotch hangover leaves the victim jaundiced, acrimonious, morose, sickened in body and hovering with his mind on the fringes of Gehenna. Rye and Bourbon build the body tissues, protect against influenza and common cold, stimulate the imagination and brighten the corner where you are. The morning after is a breeze. And should the storm winds blow, a hair of the biting dog combined with lemon juice, that panacea of all earthly ills, the Bourbon Whiskey Sour, will serve to disperse them.

Somehow, it seems apropos here to mention the only time in my entire public career as newspaperman, writer and contributor to periodicals that I was hanged in effigy. It occurred in Louisville, Kentucky, shortly after Derby Day, when I wrote my reminiscences of the big day at Churchill Downs in my syndicated sports column, and accused the hotel in Louisville of running out of Bourbon whiskey and sending me up a Mint Julep made with Scotch.

The *Louisville Courier-Journal* thundered. Mass meetings were held, suh. I was condemned and executed in absentia. I cannot say

"Henry's doing something to the radio so Frank Sinatra won't sound like Frank Sinatra"

that I blame them. I was young then. Now that in maturity I have come to a full appreciation of what a revolting swill is Scotch whisky, I wish to apologize to Louisville and its inhabitants and ask meekly if, some time in the future, I may again visit their fair city and sample its ambrosial Bourbons.

Career Woman

STORIES about animals have a tendency to become precious and too damned cute for words, which is not my purpose in recounting the tale of Limpy, the waif lady cat, who aspired to become a house cat. I thought first of not writing it at all, but it keeps echoing through me as a kind of a success story and a lesson in the value of perseverance. When I think about Limpy and what she achieved from a bad start in life, I feel warm and pleased. Maybe you will, too.

We first encountered Limpy last spring when she came skulking around the house from the direction of the barns, down on the farm. She was thin, wretched, half wild and injured. She limped, from some battle accident to a hind leg. She shined up to our three cats, house pets, but wouldn't let us get near her. Also she was starved. We put out food for her. She ate it and swelled up like a balloon.

She was the ugliest cat I have ever seen, mottled, runty, badly made, legs too high, tail too short, face pinched, fur ratty; you can take my word for it, Limpy was a bum. But we are suckers for cats, so we kept on feeding her. It took two months before she got over her fear of human beings and permitted us to touch her. Her leg was healing, but good food wasn't improving her looks a lick. She ate twice as much as the others. All that happened was that her sides swelled out. Food was a passion with her. At each sitting she tried to pack in enough to last her a lifetime.

We saw the *Great Idea* born in her the first time she came into the farmhouse for a meal. She took one cautious sniff around, gobbled her food, jumped up onto the cushion in the window seat and began to wash. Her every attitude expressed, "Now I am a house cat." Also, "Wow! How long has this been going on?"

But life isn't like that and come nightfall, Limpy was tossed out. When you have three cats of your own, brother, that's enough. But the idea and the ambition to be a house cat had been created in Limpy. Others had done it in this land of opportunity, why couldn't she?

I'm telling you it just wasn't practical. We go back and forth to the farm in summer and fall from a tiny New York apartment. Look, three twelve pound cats in a small flat is enough. There simply wasn't any place for Limpy. But she had fastened herself on our consciences. She was so determined to be a house cat.

We arranged to have her fed during our absences from the farm and whenever we returned there, Limpy reappeared from her hideout and tried to be adopted. One day she brought a small mole and laid it at our feet. It was obviously a bribe. Or perhaps she was letting us know that she was a worker and could be expected to earn her keep if she could only join our boys and belong.

Her limp disappeared, but she

Continued on page 136

The Adventures of Old Hep

What hardships this reporter had endured with never a word except to his newspaper

by **HARRY F. NYE**

THE first time I heard of ace correspondent Harlburt Hepperson was while I was in basic training back in the States. Like most guys, I hadn't read anything but Sad Sack since I'd been in the service, and my thinking on international issues was limited to speculation on what war theater I'd be shipped to.

Well, I was sitting in the gentlemen's lounge at the end of our barracks, taking my ease and killing time before the 4 a. m. K.P. call, and I picked an old edition of the New York *Democrat-Republican Mail Picayune* up off the floor. Smack in the middle of the feature page was one of those dim-lit jungle photos, all mud and uprooted trees and shell-tattered foliage, and smack in the middle of the picture, sitting on a pile of twisted machinery and smashed oil drums and broken crates, was a little bespectacled character in combat getup. He was mud from head to foot, but he was laughing and talking to a couple of soldiers who were equally besmeared but obviously in the best of spirits. The others had carbines, and this little fellow had a portable typewriter.

The cutline said, "Correspondent Hepperson eats C Rations in mud, joshes with G.I's on Tronga Isle Beachhead." Beneath the picture was Hepperson's story for the day. It was captioned familiarly,

"Hepperson Eats C's,
Joshes With G.I's"

It began: "Tronga, June 8: Today we chowed 50 feet from our perimeter on the beachhead, with sniper bullets whistling around our ears. Perched with me atop a hill of shattered Jap equipment overlooking a blasted coconut palm were Pvt. Jackson Smutts, of Fractured Tibia, Okla., and Pvt. Willard Ulberfutts, of Scrunt Neck, Conn., and Pvt. Heldon Escrow, of Jonestown, Tenn.

"We were all rather badly wounded, but too shy to talk about it, and we sat munching our rations and thinking of home.

"Finally I asked Pvt. Smutts what was the first thing he intended to do on reaching home after the war. Before he answered he pushed away a medic who attempted to extract a dud shell from his shoulder. He explained, somewhat embarrassed, that he wanted to make galoshes buckles of it for his girl. Then he went on to say that the first thing he'd do after the war would be to eat some of his mom's huckleberry tarts.

"'She makes the best huckleberry tarts in the whole world, or for that matter in Fractured Tibia, Okla.,' said Pvt. Smutts."

The story went on like that, telling how some others joined the conversation . . . Pvt. Herb Tush, of Addlepate, Texas, Cpl. Rutherford Cawthon, of Deep Fat, North Carolina, T/5 Anson Vinson, of Lynn, Minnesota, and an unidentified Seabee mm 2/c from the nearest LCI. They all told what they were going to do when they got back, and very interesting it all was. Terrific, in fact. I particularly liked the Seabee's plan. He was going to buy a long ton of Nebraska beefsteaks and wallow in them, wearing only a thin coat of creamery butter.

STORY DEPT
DANGER GENIUS AT WORK
Reamer Keller

"You'll have to rewrite the script—the casting office can't find a maid"

The yarn continued, "Then they asked me what I was going to do first off after the war. I demurred, laughingly covering my wounds with an old tarpaulin. 'Let's not talk about me,' I said, finally, through pain-clenched teeth. They pressed me no further, and soon we deployed for the afternoon push."

A ruthless editor had jumped the rest of the story to another page. My momentum carried me deep into an advertisement proposing to all soldiers that they get into a mad social whirl by changing toothpaste brands, and I searched in vain for the page on which the story concluded.

It was several minutes before I regained my composure and placed the paper reverently back on the floor. Gad, what a socko yarn that was and what a whale of a writer this Hepperson! How long, I asked myself, has this guy been writing the war while I sit here complacently doing K.P? Ashamed to attempt an answer, I rose to go. The mess sergeant loomed darkly in the doorway, beckoning with a greasy index finger, and I followed him toward the kitchen.

"What a man! What a terrific guy!" I breathed, thinking of Hepperson.

"Eh?" said the sarge. "What's that?" He had overheard me. He smiled a little, the stern lines around his mouth crackling crisply in the dawn quiet. "Well," he mused indulgently, "I guess anybody can be late once in awhile. It's only human. I'll see if I can't get you a ten-minute break sometime after supper tonight."

From then on I bought the *Mail*

Continued on page 110

For the Sake of a Plane

The men in the squadron agreed she was a sweet ship except for one fatal flaw and they hated to see her written off

by ROBERT GOLD

▪ FICTION ▪

He sat at the small writing table and stared at the many pages he had written and the rest that remained for him to write. The sun had faded to a stream of light on the ceiling, and he clicked on the desk lamp. Motors droned in the outside sky, vibrated through the thin walls of the office. Wellingtons, he thought—funny how you think you can always tell an English ship. The tower horn began to bark in short, harsh spasms of sound and, seconds later, sirens turned over slowly in the distance, built up to a screech as the cars raced down the runways. They must have been hit hard, he thought as he fingered the pen—litter cases aboard, worse maybe, but he had much to write . . .

"When Mitch went down, we thought it was an accident. Blake was sitting upstairs and saw the whole thing. Mitch was hot for another Jerry. He spotted one, a Focke-Wulf about three thousand underneath, and Mitch went down in a dive. It was a steep dive, Blake said, but he didn't notice anything wrong. He didn't even know Mitch was in trouble until a moment before he saw Mitch blast himself into a French cornfield.

"All of us thought it was an accident, but this is a new ship, and sometimes you wonder whether they took all the bugs out. You start to think of how Lou Bennett was dragged from a plane that didn't carry a bullet hole, how Dan Leonard never pulled out of his dive over Bremen. You remember that the planes were over here before our squadron came, that the English used them first and suddenly stopped using them. You wonder why they wouldn't fly the plane we had so much hope for . . .

"Two days ago, Blake said he would go down on his nose to see how she pulled out. We stood outside the office in which I write this now and watched him climb. He went up to ten thousand before he started down, and we were nervous. We shouldn't have been, but we were. He came down to five thousand traveling fast. Pull her out, we were thinking—you don't have too much time at 500 miles per hour. He didn't pull her out, and we watched him rocket down—we knew what we were watching, but we couldn't turn away. It was too late we thought, but then the chute jerked open, and we saw that Blake had gotten out.

"He came down spinning under the silk like that stringed doll we bought for Eddie. When we reached Blake, he was out cold. The medico said Blake had two busted thighs and his chest was pretty bad. He's in the base hospital. We may be able to see him tonight.

"We can't give this plane up, darling. It's a good ship, better than anything the Japs or Jerries can produce. We know that we are almost an experimental outfit and as soon as we give the word, these planes will be shipped in bulk across the ocean. But there is something wrong, something that all the shakedowns back in the States didn't bring out. It might be the need for a few extra inches of wing surface. It might be anything, and we must find it . . ."

An officer walked into the office, and he put the pen down.

"Can we see him?"

"For a short while, Aaron," the officer told him.

He got up, leaving the filled and unfilled pages on the desk.

The faint yellow bulb was not big enough for the room, but it played up against the bare walls, ran shadows over the bed and gleamed in the eyes that opened as the two officers entered. The pilot's face was white and feverish, but he grinned.

"Hello Les, Aaron—where the hell are the flowers?"

"For a moment we thought it was going to be a funeral piece," Les told him. "What took you so long to get out, Sam?"

Blake closed his eyes, and his voice was low and harsh.

"I couldn't get out. I was jammed against the belt and I couldn't open it. She wouldn't pull up, and I couldn't get out . . ."

The hospital room was very quiet, and it might have been that each man was thinking of a doomed ship roaring down a ruthless sky, of a tight cockpit and a man who couldn't get out.

"I slammed the lid back," Blake said slowly. "The air sucked me out very neatly, right through the strap. I guess I was kind of lucky, even with two broken pins."

Les nodded, but he was thinking of what the doctors said about Blake's busted chest.

"Why won't she pull out of that dive?" Aaron asked.

"I don't know," Blake muttered. He coughed, and there was blood on his lips. "I tried—there's something missing. But she's a sweet ship. I'd hate to see her written off now . . ."

A nurse beckoned from the doorway.

"Don't worry, Sam" Aaron told him. "Our baby is going to get another chance."

The man in the bed lay with his eyes closed, but he was smiling as they left him.

They walked down the border of boundary lights. The field was broad and dark beside them. A string of Hurricanes lined along the near runway, sleek noses angled at the sky, were waiting, ready for the sound of alien engines in the cloudbanked heavens.

"Let's ship it back to the States," Les suggested.

Aaron shook his head. "That would keep it out of the war another year, maybe longer."

"But you have nothing more than an idea. It might not work, it probably won't . . . what would I do if you don't pull her out?"

Aaron smiled. "You will take over the outfit, write a nice long report—and deliver a letter for me."

They stepped into the hangar, stood a moment while their eyes reacted to the glare of the lights.

The sergeant stooped from under a wing and wiped a greasy face with a greasy hand.

"All set, Colonel," the mechanic said. "They'll stand up under the top speed this ship will make."

Aaron looked at the plane the English didn't like.

The twin tail and the tricycle gear, the gunned wings and the slim lines of the fuselage . . .

"Warm her up at sunrise," Aaron told the noncom. "I'll take her out at 06."

They went out into the darkness beyond the hangar.

"Going to get some sleep?" Les asked.

Aaron stopped by the door of the office. "No, I have some things to finish."

Les nodded. He said good night and walked slowly deeper into the darkness.

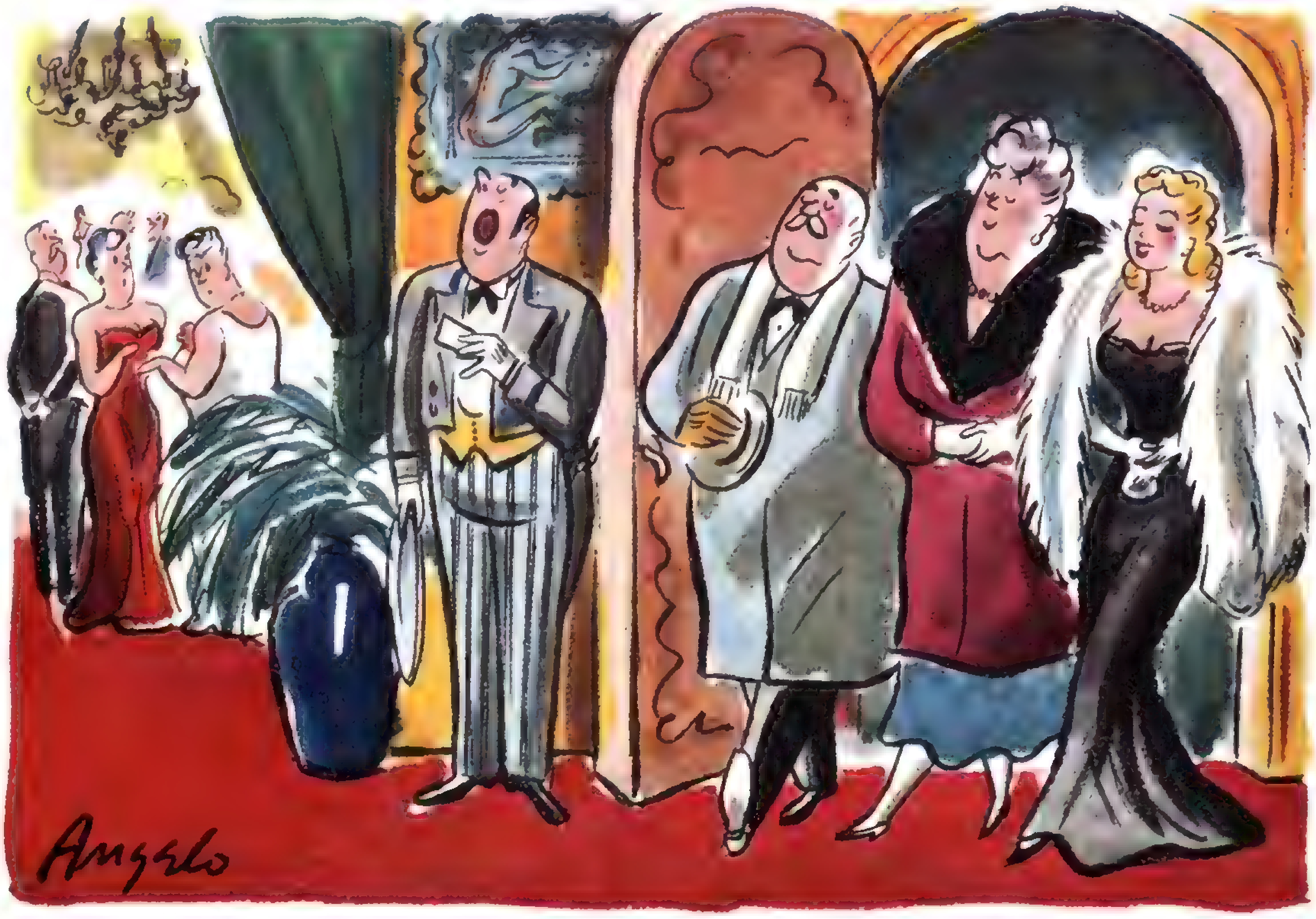
Aaron switched on the light and slung his cap on the rack. He picked up the pen and began to write.

There were many things that had to be said and this was the last time to say them. He thought as he wrote and he wrote mostly of what he thought, until the word and the idea were inseparable. He wrote of the recent years that passed so quickly, yet contained so much; of affection so great it could not be placed on paper but

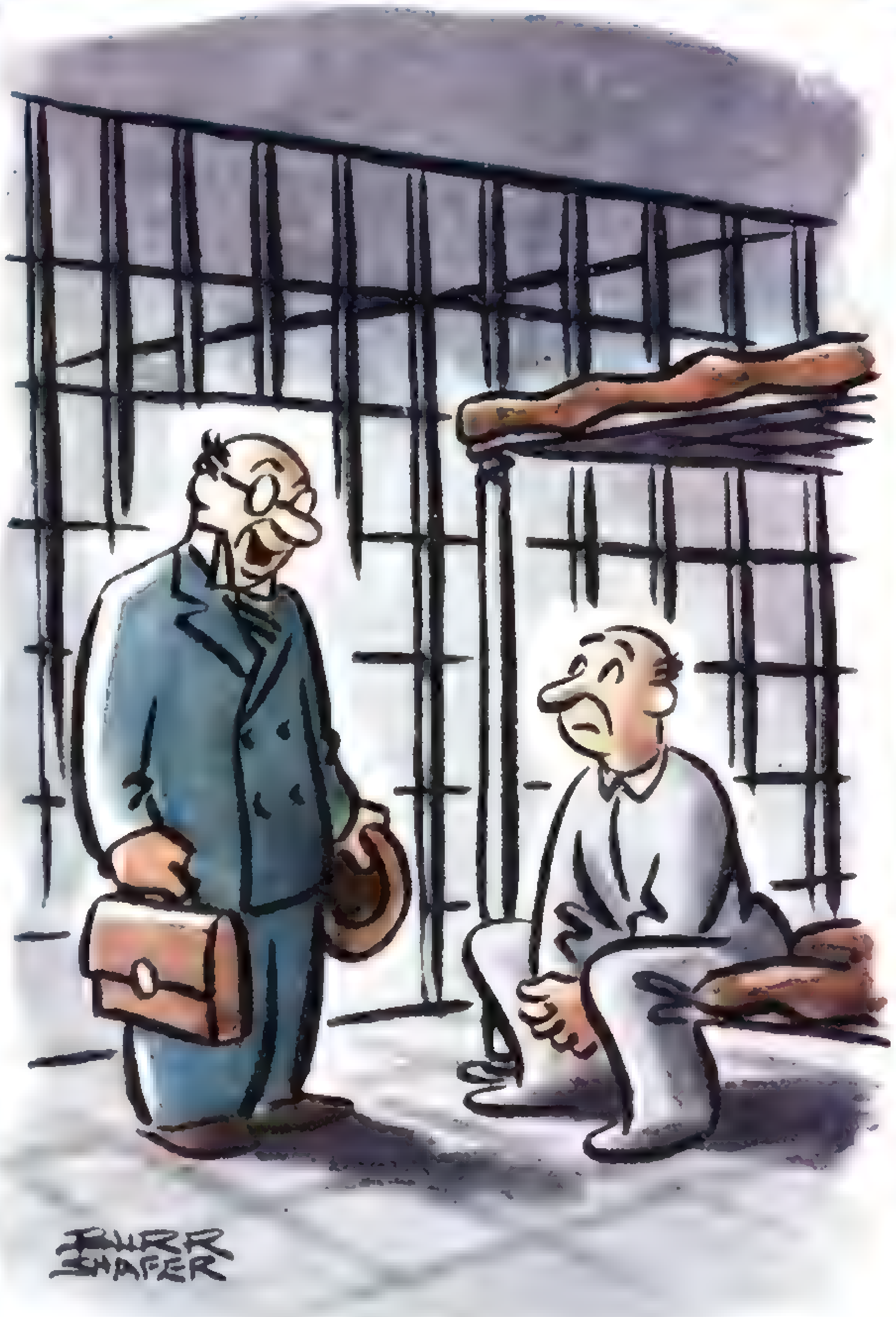
Continued in center of page 134

AIRACOMETS FLY RINGS AROUND THE JAPS

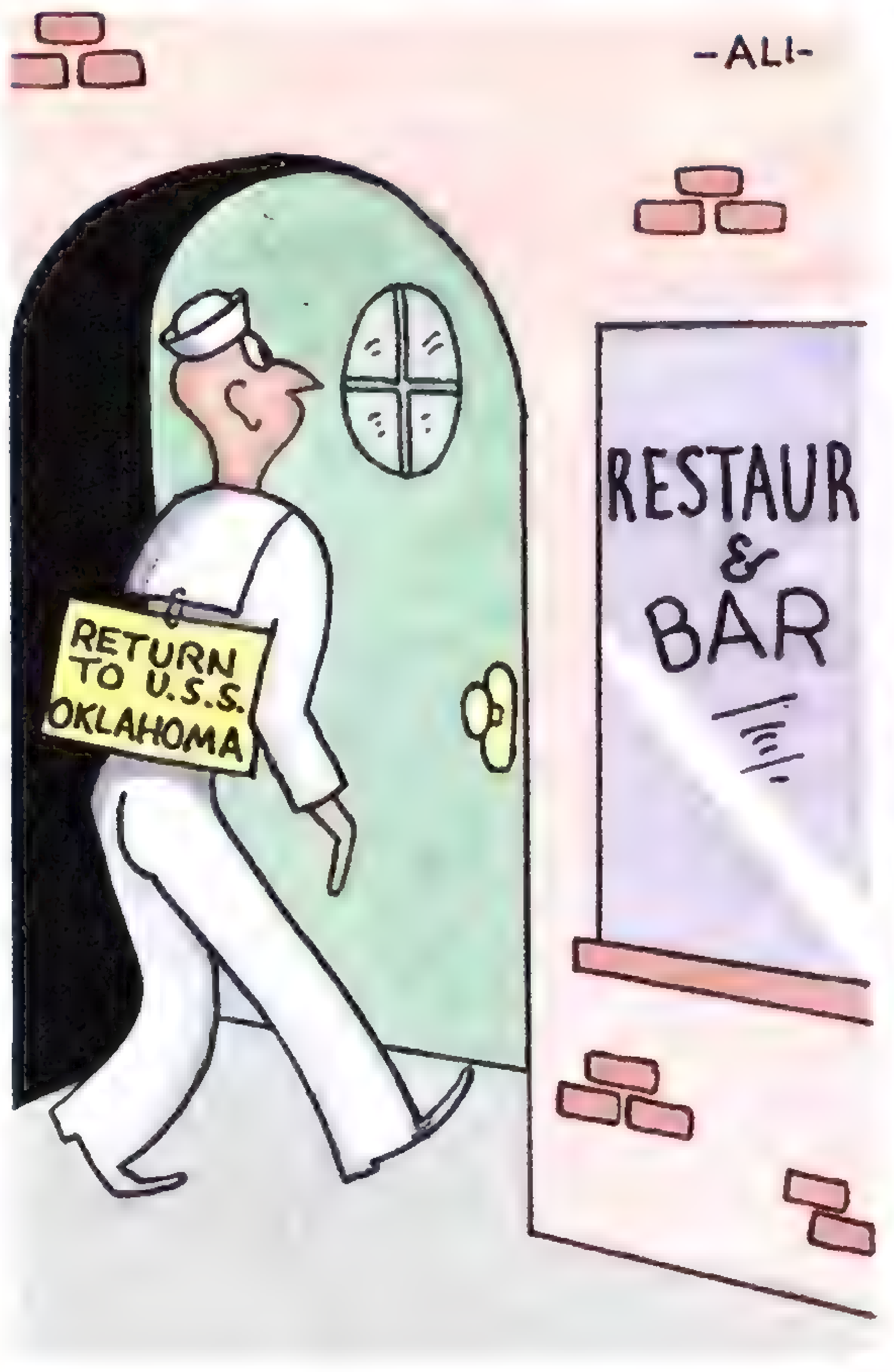
Despite the artist's imaginative projection into some future day, our first jet-propelled military plane is at present a trainer only. From the receiving end, the wicked feature of the Airacomet is that you don't know it's there till after its guns have hit you. It travels faster than sound; its indistinct "swoosh" and the roar of the jet are louder after it passes than when it darts down on its victim in a silver streak. Looking like something out of H. G. Wells, this five-ton jet has a slender fuselage, a long upswept tail, a wing span of forty-nine feet and no propeller. Tucked under the wings are two blister-shaped nacelles that replace the prop. The principle of jet propulsion, as old as Galileo and Newton, is the ancient moss-bucket that every action has its reaction. High-speed fans suck up the air that enters through the intake duct at the front of the engine, and force it into a combustion chamber where it mixes with kerosene. The resulting high pressure forces the gases into a turbine, and rearward the jet engine is nozzled down for greater power by a narrow ta pipe. This pipe increases the spee of the emerging gas to give th plane its forward thrust. Pil fatigue is reduced by the fact th the engine has little vibration. Th Airacomet takes off much like an other plane, usually with electric power, with the obvious advantag that it needs little warming u Having no propeller, it is bui close to the ground, a boon f mechanics and ground crews. Th jet differs from a rocket plane that a rocket must carry its ow oxygen while the jet takes its ox gen from the air. Allied jet-pr pelled planes have been used gainst the Nazis' flying bombs England, and naturally the con bat experience gained in this th ater has been used to make th Airacomet sure-fire. The plane ha been built by Bell Aircraft and th engine by General Electric und strict secrecy, and work was star ed back in 1941. During the ear testing period it was often nece sary to disguise it with a phon wooden propeller to fool low-flyin pilots from neighborhood base



"Mr. and Mrs. Donovan and maid!"


BURR SHAFER

"All I have to do now is prove the judge is insane"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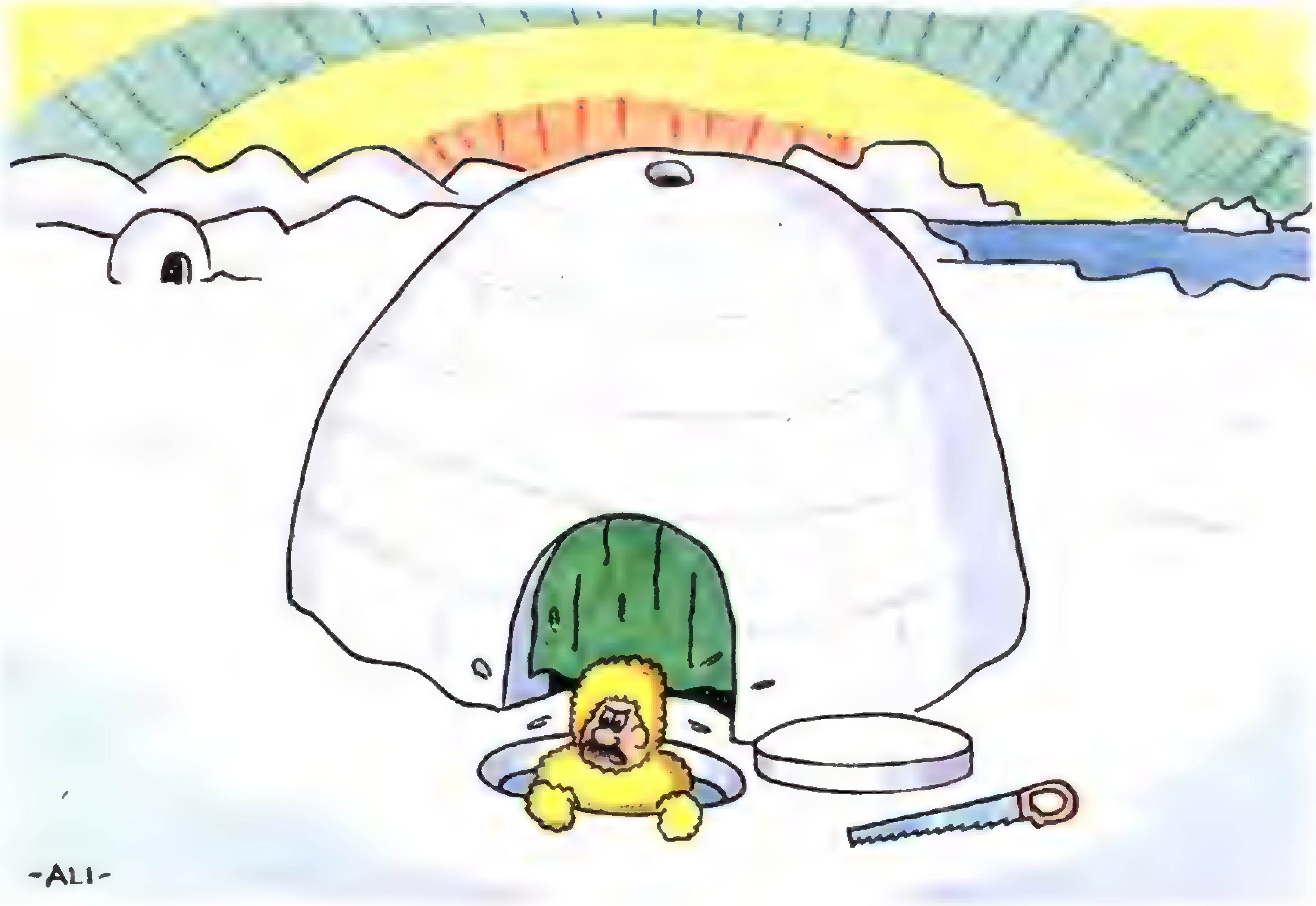
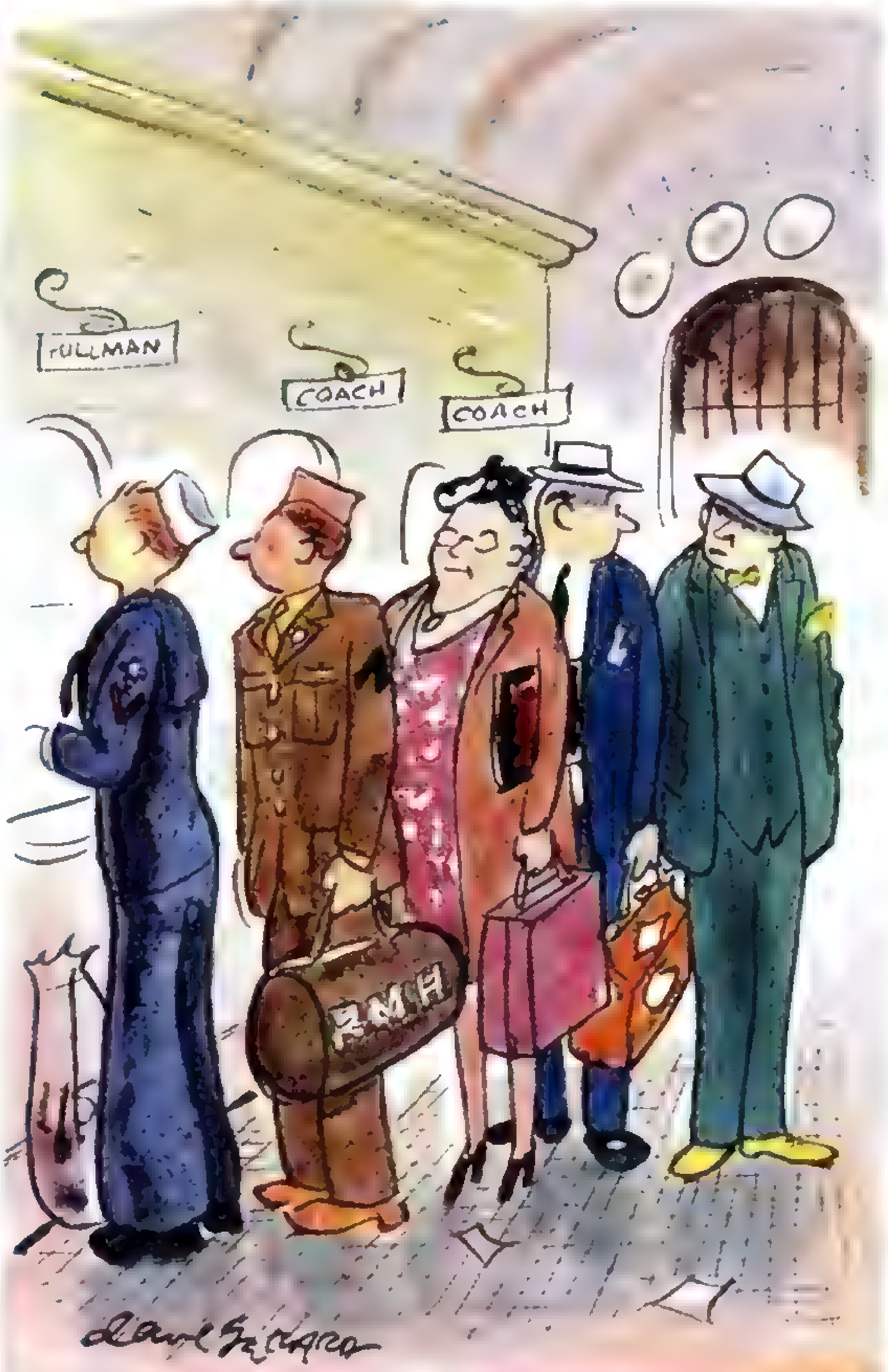
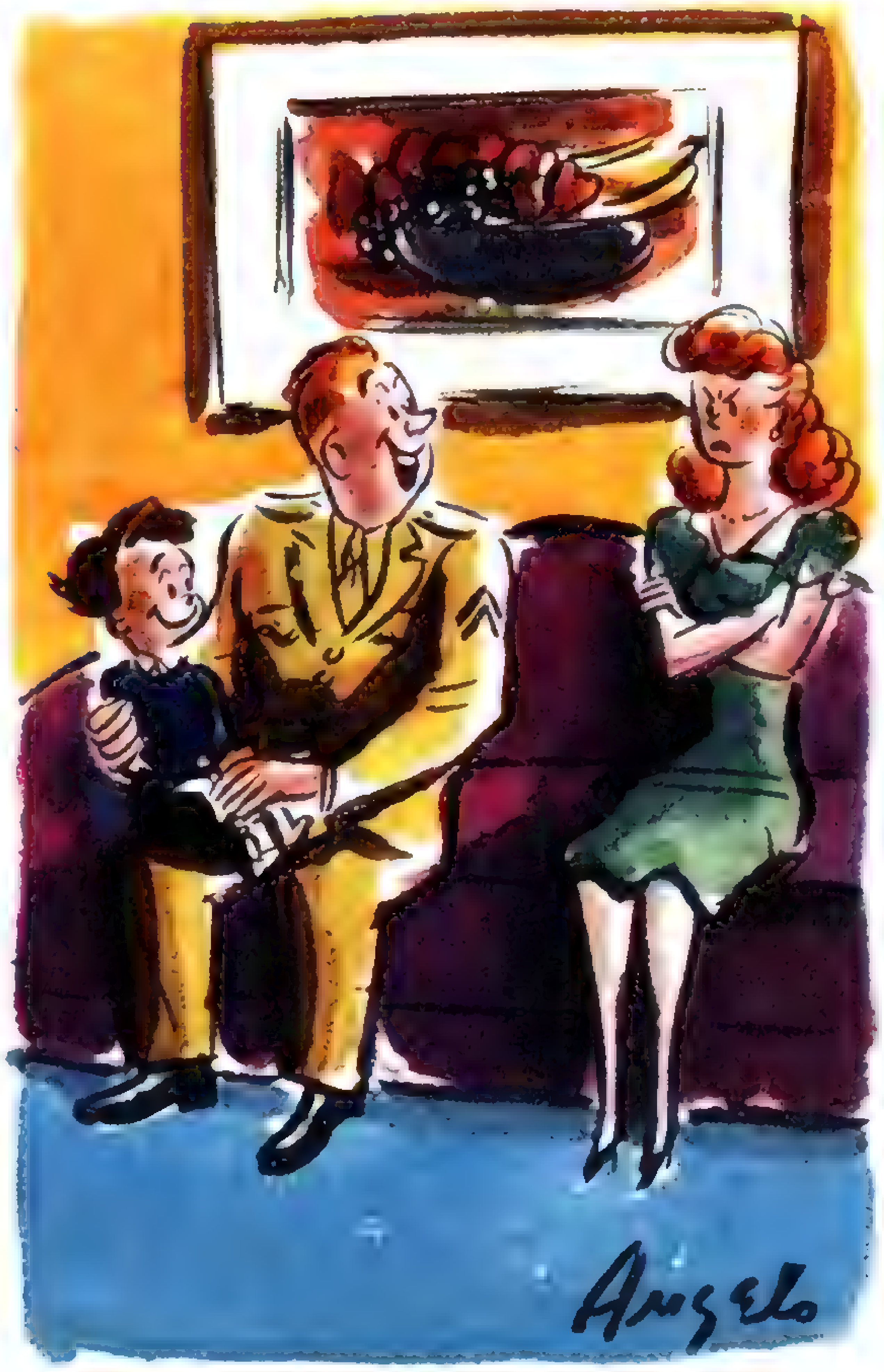
RETURN TO U.S.S. OKLAHOMA
RESTAUR & BAR



"Junior!"


PULLMAN
COACH
COACH
RMH

"Interested in buying a lower to Washington, Buddy?"



"Don't send him to bed—I love kids!"

Red Cross Rally

Americans, reminded of the great humanitarian work done daily all over the world by the Red Cross, gladly support the campaign for funds. Chairman at this rally scene wears a grey worsted suit with blue crayon stripes, white shirt, rayon tie. Next speaker on program favors blue self herringbone worsted suit, broadcloth shirt, Glen plaid tie.

On the Progress of Pomona

In her great days of glory the deity of fruit trees never had such libations as our brandies, cordials, liqueurs and wines

by LAWTON MACKALL

• POTABLES •

THE Romans had a goddess for it—Pomona, in celestial charge of orchards and berry patches. If a late frost nipped the show it meant that gracious Pomona just wasn't in the mood—was "off" her clientele that year.

Favors received had to be consumed before spoilage set in; there was no refrigeration and no Dr. Pasteur. Fruits could be dried in the sun, but such treatment warped their character. Apples and pears could be crushed into cider with interesting results, but the original apple and pear personalities couldn't be recognized. Any attempts at making fruit wine would have been up against the sugar joker: these fruits, though coated with the same yeast colonies found on the skins of grapes, contain less sweetness and hence, when fermented according to their own devices, don't acquire enough alcoholic strength to be durable. To stand up under changes of weather, a wine needs at least ten per cent alcoholic strength; modern table wines average twelve. Unassisted fruits, of the kind we are speaking of, fall far short of that figure, and some of them have wholesome but playful acids.

The answer, had the Ancients known, lay in the Graeco-Roman *hydromel*—a fermented mixture of water, honey and flavorings. By honeying up their fruits, they could have made fruit wines. But they muffed *that* one and potational progress had to wait till the introduction of distilling which, brought from the East in the late Middle Ages, became the alchemists' hobby. Kindly monks and nuns, with sick people to minister unto, devised cordials embodying fruits and herbs. Some of the most celebrated of these elixirs have come down to us today, and are sipped as precautions against the common cold.

Laymen set up stills and turned out gala assortments of cordials made from all the fruits in the fruit bowl. Thus was founded an extensive industry. France (including Alsace), Holland and Belgium were the leading areas of operations, with Italy and Switzerland not doing badly, and eventually the whole bag of techniques was brought to America. So now anybody whose demi-tasse needs extra flavor can choose among such gifts from Pomona as:

Apricot, Cherry, Blackberry or *Peach* Liqueur—Kind to jumpy innards.

Crème de Cassis—Black currants de-luxed into a cordial. Refreshingly used in making a classic Vermouth Cassis: 3 oz. Dry Vermouth in large goblet containing ice cube; ½ oz. Crème de Cassis which, being heavier, sinks down through; add fizz to fill, but never a lemon slice or peel if you want to keep your franchise as a boulevardier.

Crème de Fraises—From strawberries.

Crème de Framboises—From raspberries.

Curaçao—Sweet yellow exotic, wangled from the peel of green oranges of the Caribbean island of Curaçao.

Kirsch—Switzerland's national tipple. Crystal clear, ultra dry, with a fond memory of cherries. Three shots and you can yodel.

Mandarine—Meaning "tangerine" and tasting opulently thereof.

Maraschino—From Marasca cherries of Dalmatia.

Prunelle—From plums.

Triple Sec—Curaçao restyled. Colorless, higher-powered, less sweet. One wheel of the Sidecar.

For maximum enjoyment, don't squinch into undersized glasses that dribble stickily. Stage in pre-chilled stemmers big enough to permit swirling around and savoring the aroma. If you like to do pouring tricks, take a tall tubular glass and construct a Pousse-Café, layer on layer—provided you know your specific gravities and avoid putting heavier on lighter. To my way of thinking it is an architectural achievement rather than a drink. Sufficiently ornamental for me, is a Fruit Cordial Frappé, which involves merely the labor of filling a cocktail glass with crushed ice and pouring thereon a hooker of gala liqueur, to be extracted by the customer at his leisure with the aid of a short straw.

Scoffers at the voluptuousness of crèmes and such, gather their fruit diet in the form of brandies, of which Blackberry, Cherry (distinct from dry, colorless Kirsch), Apricot and Peach are redolent standouts—not to mention Plum, modeled on Central Europe's Slivovitz. Lumping blandishers with bracers, there are enough cordial types and flavors to quench your thirst from every conceivable angle, and these stars not only perform straight, but also do their stuff in countless cocktails, punches, cups and coolers. Rock & Rye, for example—and Rock & Rum, too—display their fruits aquarium style to save you the trouble of guessing. And a Sloe Gin Fizz, taking its hue and its tang from the plum-like berry of the blackthorn, actually visualizes your glow for you.

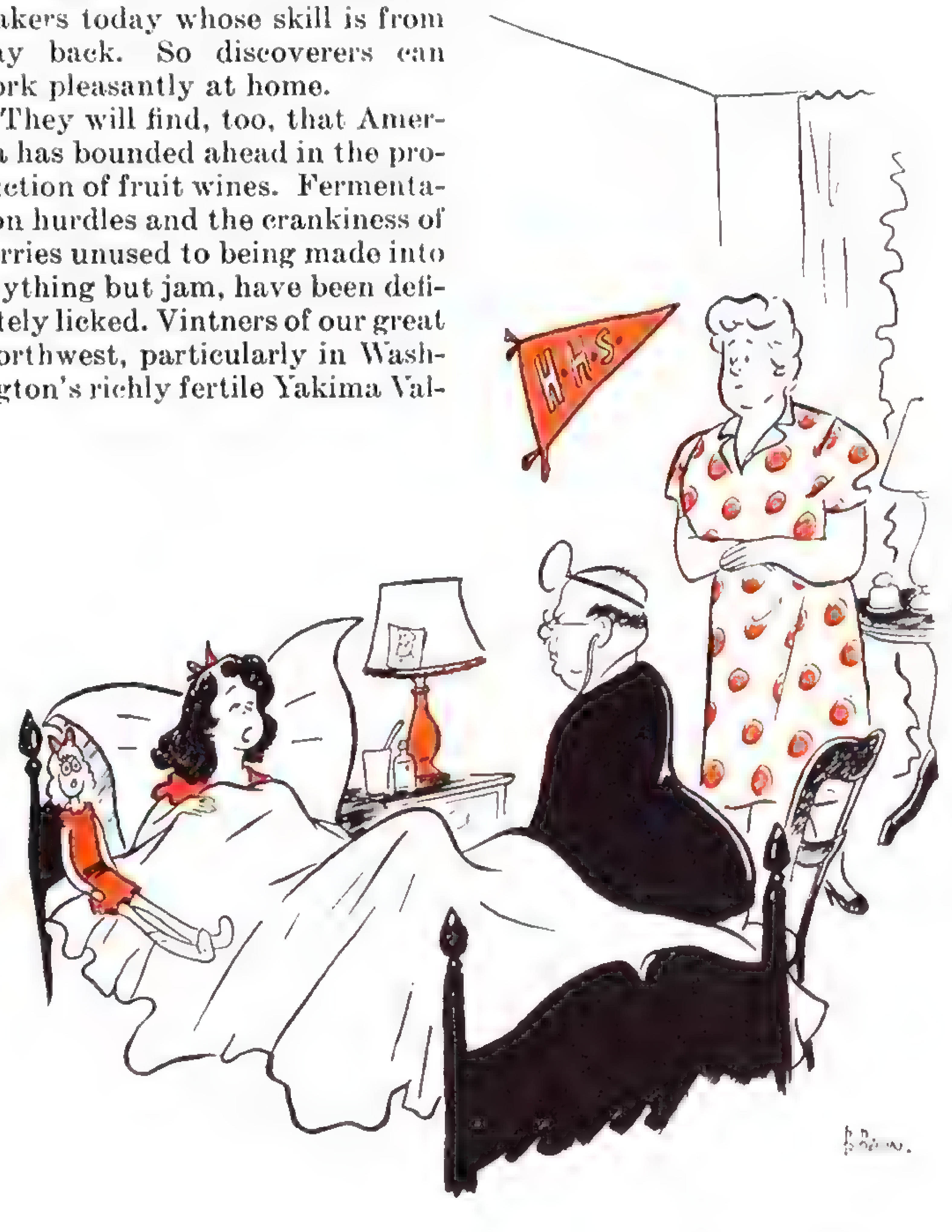
Apple Brandy, an independent liquor unconnected with the sweet doings of cordialry, was met by many Americans for the first time on the Normandy Beachhead. They hadn't the facilities nor the time for a Jack Rose Cocktail: 1½ oz. Apple Brandy, 1½ oz. Grenadine (syrup from pomegranates), juice of one lemon; shaken and strained. Or a Star Cocktail: Apple Brandy and Dry Vermouth 50-50, two dashes bitters; stirred and strained; lemon peel wrung over glass. They just took it neat or with a little water whose germs it neutralized.

Actually, Apple Brandy is about as "foreign" as Boston baked beans and Virginia ham. George Washington made it and there are makers today whose skill is from way back. So discoverers can work pleasantly at home.

They will find, too, that America has bounded ahead in the production of fruit wines. Fermentation hurdles and the crankiness of berries unused to being made into anything but jam, have been definitely licked. Vintners of our great Northwest, particularly in Washington's richly fertile Yakima Valley and the westerly part of that state, and in Oregon's vast-orcharded Hood River region, are turning out vinous editions of Peach, Apple, Cherry, Loganberry, Boysenberry, Cranberry, Youngberry, and so on. New York is successfully plumming, apricoting, etc., and, with apologies to the Brewster Sisters of *Arsenic and Old Lace*, inviting you to try "some of our Elderberry wine." It's deep-garnet colored, delicious, and I'm here to tell it.

"If we had a million cases of Blackberry we could sell them over the phone," sighs a Georgia wineman. That state is experiencing an agricultural rebirth under the munificent guidance of Cason J. Callaway of Blue Spring Farms, erstwhile of large textile interests; 100,000 acres are being planted with blackberries and grapes.

No, the great god Bacchus isn't worrying. He never felt better. But little sister Pomona has certainly grown. ##



"How about trying penicillin, doctor—that ought to get her to the dance!"

First Nights & Passing Judgments

Your steadfast correspondent endures eleven dramatic offerings and enjoys two: *Harvey* and *The Late George Apley*

by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

▪ THEATRE ▪

1 Play: *The Perfect Marriage*, by Samson Raphaelson.

2. Theme: The coolness which after some years often affects the sexual life of married couples and leads to an unhappiness frequently culminating in divorce.

3. Treatment: The husband and wife jump in and out of fancy boudoir apparel by way of stimulating each other's libidos, kittenishly address each other as Antony and Cleopatra, and spend the rest of the time quarreling like a couple of alley cats, which inevitably, according to the author, at length brings them together again.

4. Acting: Victor Jory and Miriam Hopkins kicked the leading roles around as if they were pink footballs.

5. Critical comment: Pretty awful.

1. Play: *No Way Out*, by Owen Davis.

2. Theme: The conceivable danger of professional medical ethics in the case of an unscrupulous physician.

3. Treatment: The unscrupulous medico through recourse to the aforesaid ethics keeps from consultation a female physician who concludes he is deliberately mistreating his mortally ill stepdaughter in order to get hold of her money. The agony goes on for two hours, whereas it might readily have been ended early in the evening if the female physician had had the common sense to get the old family retainer, who for years had been onto the crooked medico, to spill the beans.

4. Acting: The company for the major part performed as if it had swallowed a big dose of the author's old 10-20-30 melodramas, without water.

5. Critical comment: The exhibit closed after eight performances, which, including the three weeks of rehearsal, were twenty-nine too many.

1. Play: *Embezzled Heaven*, by L. Bush-Fekete and Mary Helen Fay from the novel by Franz Werfel.

2. Theme: A devout old servant seeks to bribe her way into Heaven by financing a worthless nephew toward the priesthood, discovers that he has used her money to other ends, but eventually learns from an audience at the Vatican that love conquers all difficulties, and that St. Peter will accordingly throw open the pearly gates for her.

3. Treatment: The old servant simply sits around for the greater share of the evening with a far look in her eyes and talks about the play that should be going on, but that doesn't. The general effect, consequently, is of a wheezy church organ playing over and over again a badly composed hymn.

4. Acting: Ethel Barrymore does well by the unstimulating leading role; Martin Blaine is believable as a young priest; and Albert Basserman, famous before the war in the theatre of Central Europe, plays the Pope with such a German accent as hasn't often been heard hereabout since the days of Louis Mann.

5. Critical comment: A tedious session relieved only briefly by the handsome pictorial episode in the Vatican scene of the final act.

"You've got leisure, peace and security"

1. Play: *Harvey*, by Mary Chase.

2. Theme: A tosspot, while in a blissful state one night, comes into contact with a rabbit, by name Harvey, over six feet tall, and is so taken with him that they thereafter become steady, boon companions. The alcoholic's family, concerned for his welfare, place him in a sanitarium that he may rid himself of Harvey and thereafter lead a sober, normal life. On the eve of his treatment to that end they learn from a passing taxi driver, with long experience of drunks, how unhappy and nasty they become when they are forced to go on the wagon, and conclude that their blood-brother, genial, kindly, generous and contented man that he is, had better for all concerned, remain that way.

3. Treatment: A mixture of fantasy, farce and comedy, the play is at bottom an exercise in the Pirandello theory of the superiority of illusion to reality applied to a paraphrase of the familiar old burlesque formula of the souse who is persuaded to imagine he is seated next to the beautiful, passionate Cleopatra of the Nile and who, accepting the illusion for fact, enjoys himself no end. But over the whole the author has played so delightfully fresh a humor that the evening for the most part becomes excellent diversion.

4. Acting: Frank Fay as the Harvey-seeing lush is admirable, and Josephine Hull, as his older sister who feels responsible for him but who on one occasion also sees Harvey, is an equally admirable foil.

5. Critical comment: A genuingly amusing evening.

1. Play: *Sleep, My Pretty One*, by Charlcie and Oliver H. P. Garrett.

2. Theme: A mother, possessive of her son beyond all reason, resorts to every device, including murder, to keep him from marrying.

3. Treatment: The mother, confined to a wheel chair by a stroke, is rolled on and off the stage in the plotting of her Machiavellian antics, which embrace the pushing of her son's first fiancée out of a high window to her death, the driving of the second out of the house with sinister tales of the family, and the attempted murder of the third through poison and the aforesaid high window. Failing in the last case, she takes the poison herself and, having driven the terrified girl out of the house and into the arms of a childhood lover, dies serene in the knowledge that her son is still hers. This balderdash is dramatized in terms of endless gabble and obvious melodrama, which in combination drove the audience out of the house in turn before the play was half over.

4. Acting: Pauline Lord, as the

mother, acted the role into considerably less movement than the wheel chair in which she was rolled on and off, her performance amounting to little more than a reading of the part. Julie Stevens, as the third fiancée, managed to seem one of the only two vaguely real characters in the doings. The rest contented themselves largely in platform recitations accompanied by so much striding across the stage that one anticipated they would imminently find themselves out in the middle of Forty-eighth Street.

5. Critical comment: The doodad was properly consigned to the storehouse after four showings.

1. Play: *Don't, George!*, by Katherine Laure.

2. Theme: A mother tries to steal her sister's beau for her daughter, her husband meanwhile exercising himself to undo the old girl's plans.

3. Treatment: The author is a novice playwright with a taste for bad puns, whose dramatic construction is so faulty that her focus on her leading characters goes completely askew after her second act and centers itself upon characters hardly material to her theme.

4. Acting: Strictly amateur, like the play.

5. Critical comment: Gone and forgotten.

1. Musical: *Robin Hood*, by Reginald De Koven and Harry B. Smith, in revival.

2. Theme: The well-recalled story, set to De Koven's tuneful score, of the young nobleman who, when robbed of his title and estates, joins a band of outlaws that preys upon the rich on behalf of the poor.

3. Treatment: The old-time romantic stuff interrupted by such dismal jokes as "I'd like a glass of new-laid milk," "If she's your better half, what must the rest of your family be like?", and "I dote on you"—"What I want is an anti-dote."

4. Acting and singing: The voices were generally deficient, and the acting, when serious, was comical and, when comical, took such forms as a comedian's bumping into a door, staggering back and thereupon extending his forefinger by way of guiding himself through it.

5. Critical comment: If the celebrated Bostonians, who did the operetta originally, could have seen it in its latest incarnation they would have had difficulty in believing their eyes and ears.

1. Play: *In Bed We Cry*, by Ilka Chase.

2. Theme: A successful cosmetics merchant, whose associate is a former lover, loses her husband, who has also been associated in the business and who, fed up with it, takes his departure to apply himself to the scientific treatment of war wounds. She thereupon vexedly becomes the mistress of a refugee, but learns too late upon the death of her spouse on the battlefront that it is he alone whom she loves.

3. Treatment: The author, whose first play it is, recites her story rather than dramatizes it, and is ferociously occupied in giving it a "smart" tone. To that end, she indulges in such epigrams as "A woman often mistakes a man's attention for intention," dresses herself up (she herself plays the leading role) in enough fashionable frocks to outfit the entire Colony restaurant, introduces a butler uniformed like a Ziegfeld Rear Admiral, and causes the characters, including herself, to talk sex ceaselessly from 8:45 to 11.

4. Acting: As the anatomically miscellaneous heroine, Miss Chase indicated her intermittent attacks of profound feeling by making her eyelids tremble and simultaneously screwing up her nose as if it had suddenly encountered an unpleasant odor. The other women in the company contented themselves in leaning back on chairs and divans and archly displaying their legs up above the knees. The men simply ambled around with their hands nonchalantly in their trousers' pockets, pausing occasionally to compliment Miss Chase on her gowns and overpowering physical and mental allure.

5. Critical comment: Rubbish.

1. Musical: *Sadie Thompson*, derived from the noted play, *Rain*, by the Messrs. Dietz, Mamoulian and Duke.

2. Theme: Doubtless too familiar to you to call for restatement.

3. Treatment: Maugham's trollop is treated to such a dose of ballets, choral numbers and assorted fancy embroideries that the poor girl may be forgiven for concluding that the South Sea islands are peopled largely by relatives of the Theatre Guild.

4. Acting: June Havoc, while weak in the vocal department, is a pictorially perfect Sadie, and discloses herself to be not without a measure of dramatic talent.

5. Critical comment: With the nonsensical embroideries left out and with more reputable music than Duke's, the show might have got somewhere. As it stands, it is overblown and defeats itself.

1. Play: *The Streets Are Guarded*, by Laurence Stallings.

2. Theme: The miracles performed daily in the course of duty by American soldiers at the fighting fronts.

3. Treatment: A mixture of realism and mysticism—the central figure is a Marine identified with the Saviour—which trips over itself and wobbles uncertainly on its slow way to a final curtain.

4. Acting: Except for George Matthews, the actors in the roles of officers, Marines, aviators and sailors constantly struck poses which prettified the play out of any possible conviction.

5. Critical comment: Some good dialogue here and there, but the play as a whole is badly muddled and never seems to be sure of what it is driving at.

1. Play: *The Late George Apley*, by John P. Marquand and George S. Kaufman, derived from the estimable Marquand novel of the same name.

2. Theme: The parochial snobbishness of old Bostonians and their grim adherence to tradition.

3. Treatment: An episodic picture of family life under the regulations imposed by a dyed-in-the-wool Brahmin paterfamilias, embellished with close understanding and with considerable telling humor.

4. Acting: Leo G. Carroll excellent as old Apley; Percy Waram ditto as his worldly old crony; and the rest, except in the cases of Margaret Dale as a conventional sharp-tongued relative, John Conway as an intruding Clifford Odets, and Byron Russell as the kind of butler one never encounters outside a stage dressing room, fully in key with the script.

5. Critical comment: Forgetting a later section that sags and a few Kaufman-incorporated gags that are Broadway rather than Beacon Street, a warmly enjoyable evening.

1. Musical: *Rhapsody*, by Fritz Kreisler and the Messrs. Levinson, Sundgaard and Latouche.

2. Theme: The old Alt Wien court intrigue stuff.

3. Treatment: Kreisler's score taken for a mortal ride through the camphor-ball palace gardens, palace antechambers and palace ballrooms.

4. Acting: None perceptible, though some of the singing was acceptable and a newcomer named Gloria Story very refreshing.

5. Critical comment: Kreisler would be justified in taking the authors of the book out into the back yard and biting them.

1. Play: *The Man Who Had All The Luck*, by Arthur Miller.

2. Theme: The question as to whether a man's fate is preordained or whether it lies in his own hands.

3. Treatment: Amateurish both in its attempted philosophical excursions and its dramatic speech.

4. Acting: Mostly the routine kind.

5. Critical comment: A quarter of a century behind the theatrical times and yanked off after four performances. ⧺

"Four years ago as an experiment we tried separate vacations and I haven't seen him since"

Man the Kitchenette

Commending practical collections of recipes and books that discourse on the science and pleasures of dining

by ILES BRODY

•EDIBLES•

BEING a food writer I know a good deal about cookery books. Wise Doctor Johnson said, "The greatest part of a writer's time is spent in reading in order to write; a man will turn over half a library to make one book." He also said: "Women cannot make a good book of cookery." This was not quite so wise, because today many of the best cookbooks are by women.

Despite my knowledge of the subject, I hesitated to recommend to you the latest cookbooks, without first receiving expert advice. So I took a trip to Scribner's, the New York booksellers, where there is an excellent culinary department. It is conducted by Mrs. Elizabeth Woodburn, who is not only a walking, but also a charming, encyclopedia of cookbooks. I asked Mrs. Woodburn which were her best modern recipe books. Of course, you know there are two distinct categories of culinary works: practical collections of recipes, and general books on food, gastronomy, epicureanism, or the science and art of dining. The recipe books serve mainly to instruct the cook how to prepare dishes. They rarely make interesting reading. Books on food reveal to the reader the philosophy of eating, which is rather an important thing, since we are supposed to put away three square meals a day.

Here are the best-selling modern cookbooks (at least at Scribner's):

Fannie Farmer's Boston Cooking-School Cook Book, *America's Cook Book*, *Recipes of All Nations*, by Countess Morphy, Jeanne Owen's *A Wine Lover's Cook Book*, Pearl Metzelthin's *World Wide Cook Book*, Tracy's *Casserole Cookery*, *Serve it Buffet* by Florence Brobeck, *Just for Two* (a cookery book for newly married couples), *The Escoffier Cook Book* and Mrs. Rombauer's *The Joy of Cooking.*

Whew! And I just mentioned a few, the most sought-after ones at present. There is a deluge of cookery books on the market, selling like hot cakes. This supports my dismal belief that soon in every American house we will have to eat *crêpes suzettes!* Probably you know my aversion toward this nonsensical dessert, thought so much of by naïve women.

Cookery books are slow but steady sellers, the dream of provident publishers. To illustrate this fact I ought to tell you that *The Joy of Cooking*, the only recipe book on the national best-seller list, was compiled over five years ago, and did not sell well at all until last year when a new edition was brought out, and then it promptly became a best-seller. The reason? It contains the most recipes, nearly three thousand, I think. Everyone knows that the Fannie Farmer book is something of a national institution, a Gibraltar of a cookbook, and I would like a tenth of the revenue it brings its publishers each year! The excellent but much too elegant *Escoffier Cook Book*, (although it is well-nigh impossible to use in a moderate household, for most of the recipes call for stock, fish *fumet*, essences, roux, timbale crusts, and heavy cream) also sells exceedingly well. Can it be that the buyers have discovered Oscar Wilde's *bon mot* that "To get into the best society one has to feed people"?

Feeding is a social game. Man is distinguished from the beast in being a conversing and dining animal. Madame Moll-Weiss, a French lady and important culinary author, gave the best large dinner parties in Paris at the turn of the century. They were very famous. She was also famous for her popular book, *La Cuisine Rationelle*. But she was most noted for her handwriting that no one could decipher, excepting a certain typesetter. Madame Moll-Weiss conducted a culinary column in *Le Matin*, and one memorable night as she completed her column, she laid the manuscript on the editor's desk, and went home to bed. So was the paper trying to go to bed, or at least the editor was ready to put it there. But Madame's compositor was missing. Everyone from the editor down to the copy boy carefully examined the manuscript, but no one could make head or tail of it. Finally a bright fellow suggested a capital idea. Why not send the script to the drugstore across the street? Pharmacists are used to all sorts of handwriting. Haven't doctors the craziest calligraphy? Their prescriptions often look like hieroglyphics. The pharmacist should transcribe Madame's column, and the shame of having to omit it in the morning paper would be avoided! The editor was jubilant. He sent over the manuscript with a copy boy, on the double. The lad gave it to the druggist without a word, and waited for the results. They were soon forthcoming—and the boy ran back to the office with a jar of face cream the pharmacist had prepared from Madame Moll-Weiss' gastronomical adventures!

After this little digression I want to tell you that Monsieur Louis Diat's *Cooking à la Ritz*, while it has a discouraging title, is not at all terrifying to use. Monsieur Diat, who is the executive chef of the Ritz Hotel in New York, simplified his recipes for home use. This is one of my favorite recipe books. I also like the *Butterick Cook Book*, Gaynor Maddox' *Russian Cook Book* and André Simon's *French Cook Book.* If you like French food, do not fail to get this latter book; aside from the excellent and comparatively easy-to-prepare recipes, it teaches you a lot about the art of eating and drinking. There is a recent *Greek Cook Book* published by the Near East Foundation, which is quite good, and an *Italian Cook Book* by Pellegrino Artusi, which is fair.

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AL COFRANCES

I do not recommend a book, called *Cuisine de l'Amour*, published in New Orleans, which bears the subtitle "Aphrodisiac Culinary Manual." It contains nothing new or useful, although it promises in the preface to regenerate your physical vigor. There are precious few aphrodisiac foods in this world. Helena Rubinstein's *Food for Beauty* has excellent vegetarian recipes. I am against Gayelord Hauser's book, *Diet Does It*, despite its great popularity, simply because it stresses too much the health-through-stomach business. Eat what you want—and, by the way, that is the name of a good cookbook by Dr. W. W. Bauer. *Feeding the Lions* is the Algonquin's cookbook, written by Frank Case, the owner of that literary New York hotel. It contains sound recipes. Jeanne Owen's *Book of Sauces* deserves an honorable mention. *Clementine in the Kitchen* has the elaborate recipes of a French cook, and a labored and much too carefully written text by Phineas Beck.

But enough of recent recipe books; as I have said, there are so many that I could fill a fat volume with merely their titles. Instead, I will tell you about the evolution of culinary literature.

The writers of new cookery books should lay no claim to originality, for cookery books are copies of each other. The first volume of recipes was the only completely original one. This plagiarism will never cease, and it had better not, because cookery is a traditional and useful art, and the recipes tested and compiled through the centuries must not be thrown away—unless we want to take all the joy out of eating. So the best a recipe book "writer" can do is to compile skilfully, using his sense of comparison, and make complicated recipes read more clearly. He must avail himself of a thousand recipe books! It is not dishonest, not even unethical for a food writer to pirate. Look at the great Anthelme Brillat-Savarin, the cleverest, the wittiest writer on gastronomy who ever lived: he lifted whole passages from Dr. Kitchiner's *Cook's Oracle.*

Moses seems to have been the first food writer. In Exodus there is a lot about eating, stressing the value of vegetables and fruit, prohibiting meat from animals that did not chew the cud, commanding the ischiatic (the nerve next to the seat bone) be removed from every animal before using it for food, forbidding his people to cook a kid in its mother's milk (which might have been more humanitarian than dietetic), and asking the Israelites to eat well, but not to deteriorate into gluttons. I do not think the wise pronouncements in Exodus on food were ever compiled in a modern edition; they would make an interesting book.

No ancient Egyptian tells us about the food habits of his people, but Herodotus, the Greek historian, said that the Egyptians were very sane feeders, and that they consecrated three days each month to cleansing themselves thoroughly with emetics. The Greeks (excepting Galen, the physician) had little to say about their food, but the Romans left considerable culinary literature. Once, in the olden days in Paris, for a few hours I owned a Greek-Roman cookery book translated into French—but I ate it. Or at least, I sold it for twenty francs, shortly after I received it as a gift, and devoured a colossal luncheon on the proceeds.

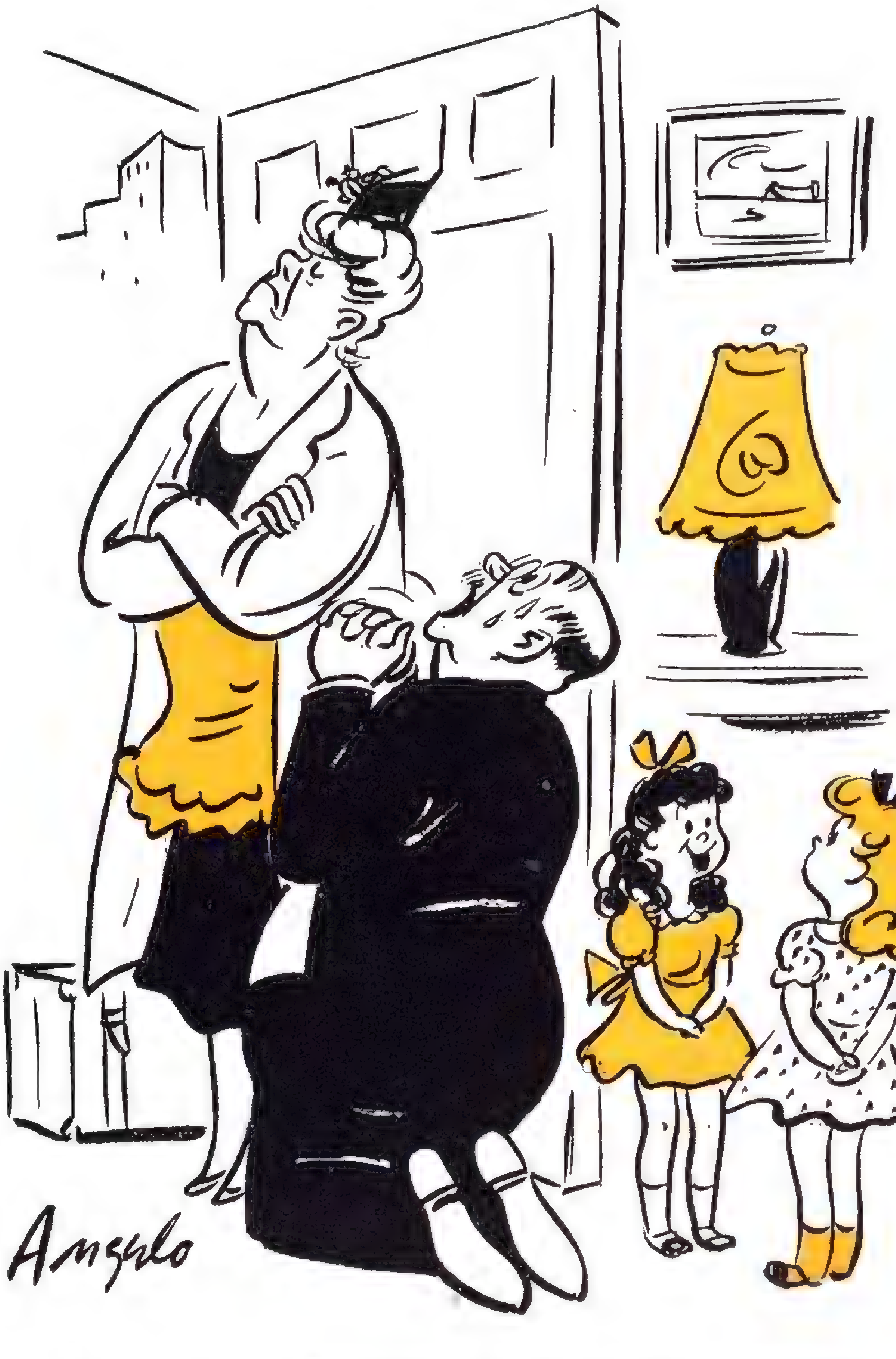
Xenocrates wrote an important treatise on fish as food. Dioscorides, who lived under Nero, compiled a book on medicinal foods. Petronius, that early Lucius Beebe, very graphically described gastronomy in his days, in *The Feast of Trimalchio.* Pliny the Elder wrote about the eating habits of the Romans and the properties attributed to the various edibles. However, Apicius, who lived in the time of Augustus, was the most important culinary writer in Ancient Rome. He left us *De Re Coquinaria,* and his work was such a success that cooks were called Apicians, and the Romans were literally killing themselves with the luxury of the table. The senators finally passed a law against overfeeding on delicacies.

With the fall of the Roman Empire, civilization, art and cookery, the culinary writers fell too. There was a long lull during the Dark Ages, but some writers (among them Nonius, a Hollander) compiled cookery books in Latin. The first cookery book ever published in a modern tongue was a Spanish one, called *Libro de Cozina* by Ruberto de Nola, publication date uncertain, but it must have been toward the end of the fifteenth century. The first English cookery book, *This is the Noble Boke of Cokery,* appeared in 1500; one of the few copies was owned by the Duchess of Portland. Sieur de la Varenne is the author of the first French cookbook, printed in 1692. Ever since these primary editions, people never stopped writing (that is to say, pirating) cookery books, and buyers were always plentiful. For instance, *A New System of Domestic Cookery,* published in England in the nineteenth century, sold three hundred thousand copies in a few years! I cannot lead you through the labyrinth of cookery books right now; such a bibliography would run into volumes. But I would like to tell you about a few more of my favorite culinary books.

You won't find recipes in them, but, my, what reading! Don't miss: Brillat-Savarian's *The Physiology of Taste, Host and Guest,* by A. V. Kirwan, *A Book of Food,* by Philip Morton Shand, *Food and Flavor,* by Henry T. Finck, *The Belly Book,* by L. Leipoldt, *Hunger and History,* by P. Prentice, *The Anatomy of Dessert,* by Edward Bunyard. This list gives enough of my secrets for the time being. I don't urge you at all to read my own book, *On The Tip of My Tongue,* because out of its 274 pages there are only four truly worth while reading. However, the public's favor is unaccountable—this little book went into its third edition two months after publication. I am sincere when I tell you that the popularity is undeserved. Among other of its failings, there are merely around fifty recipes in it—I have no more favorite dishes.

If anyone tells you writing on food has nothing in common with literature, deny it. Shout the name of Alexander Dumas, the Elder, who wrote a marvelous book on food that runs into a thousand pages; or Sir Walter Scott who really wrote Mrs. Dalgairn's *Cook Book;* and George Meredith, who wrote expertly on cookery, too. If nothing helps, recite the charming little ditty Thackeray composed thanking his friend Mr. Carter for a gift of goose.

"The housewives of a former age
Were wont to stuff a goose with sage.
You put the bird to nobler use,
Carter! and stuff a sage with goose!"



"I'm going to be a servant when I grow up, and be independent"

Melodrama in the Forties

Life moved fast in the eighteen-forties, and this spirit was reflected in the naming of towns, rivers and mountains

by GEORGE STEWART

• ARTICLE •

The covered wagons reached "the Oregon country" in 1842; two years later they got to California. The Americans had begun the most spectacular of their migrations.

All along those trails they strewed names. Emigrant Pass and Emigrant Lake still testify that their wagons passed that way, for they were always emigrants, never immigrants. Massacre Rocks and Battle Mountain tell their stories to him who knows the language—that where Indians killed whites, it was a massacre; but where whites killed Indians, it was a battle. Where someone died, and they piled stones on the grave to keep the wolves away, later comers might call it Grave Creek. Pilot Butte and Pilot Peak were their names for mountains standing high as landmarks.

From the emigrants, as from all travelers, came lost-and-found names. In carelessness or sudden alarm a man left something behind at a camping place. Some other found it, and remembered the place by that name. Thus over the West spread the names of Knife Creek and Butcherknife, Pipe, Pistol, and Hat—such things as may be lost and found again. Even Horseshoe and Muleshoe may sometimes indicate, not a curve of the stream, but the finding of a cast shoe.

Also, like all travelers, the emigrants gave names only along a line. A stream usually took the name which the place of crossing brought to mind. If there was a rock there, that would be Rock Creek, even though there might be no other rock on the whole stream.

Travelers even earlier than the covered-wagon emigrants established a great name in that manner. Most of them followed the course of the Columbia River, and came to what were called the Cascades, where the river flowed through a range of high mountains. They called these "the mountains at the cascades" and later the Cascade Mountains, and the name spread north and south along the great range, just as the name given to hundreds of little streams at their crossings spread to cover the whole.

When more people arrived in Oregon, Amos Lovejoy and Francis Pettygrove laid out a little town, four streets each way, in 1845. Lovejoy was from Massachusetts and wanted it to be Boston, but Pettygrove was from Maine and wanted Portland. Being good Americans they flipped a coin. The name of a great city went spinning into the air. It fell for Portland.

The Mexican War was linked with the admission of Texas, a name much too well established to be changed. It was our first foreign war, except for some brief invasions of Canada and a little sea fighting. The troops which crossed the Rio Grande and landed at Vera Cruz were the first expeditionary forces; they were also the first large body of American tourists. After the fighting was over, they spent their money freely, learned some Spanish, and got along very well with the señoritas. They came back, and spread a scattering of Spanish names all over the country.

They loved their victories most of all. Chapultepec was outlandish and hard to pronounce, but even so, it appeared. Monterey was unknown to the post-office lists before the war, but a few years later there were seventeen. Buena Vista, helped by its literal meaning, "fine view," soared from none to nineteen. A Palo Alto sprang up in seven states, and a Cerro Gordo in five. Resaca was transferred to Georgia, where ironically it was to become the name also of a battle in the Civil War.

In contrast to the earlier wars, the Mexican War was remembered less by its heroes. Scott and Taylor had names which were too common to be distinctive. In spite of its grotesquerie, Taylor's nickname of Rough and Ready was drafted, and there were soon nine such post offices. Minor heroes, such as Quitman and Ringgold, had their roll of towns and even of counties.

Two great cities bear what may be called Mexican War names, but they fall into the class of Cleveland and Rochester.

Few Americans can even identify George Mifflin Dallas. A well-born Philadelphian, he attended Princeton, and then began the career of gentleman in politics. He became senator, minister to Russia and to Great Britain, and vice-president under Polk. In 1846, the war year, the administration was popular in Texas. That spring, the legislature created and named counties for both the president and the vice-president, and Dallas was also established as a county seat.

If he ever heard of his namesake, Mr. Dallas was probably not greatly complimented. Conservative, cosmopolitan and wealthy, he would scarcely have appreciated the raw western village. He could not have known that only through it would his name be preserved in common speech. An unremembered vice-president, he is honored by a larger city than any president except Washington.

The city which rivaled Dallas was much like it in naming. William Jenkins Worth as a young officer had fought bravely in the War of 1812, and almost died of a wound received in the desperate fight at Lundy's Lane. As a general he was the hero of Monterey, led the landing operation at Vera Cruz, and fought magnificently in the campaign against Mexico City. Off the battlefield he was narrow-minded and egotistic. He caballed against his commander-in-chief and old friend, General Scott, and had to be placed in arrest. He was forgiven, however, and sent to be commander in Texas, where he died.

His body was laid at the crossing of Broadway and Fifth Avenue, but as the millions pass the column bearing the names of his victories, few remember who he was. On the Texas plains an Army post was given his name. It still remains Fort Worth, the largest of our cities to bear a military title.

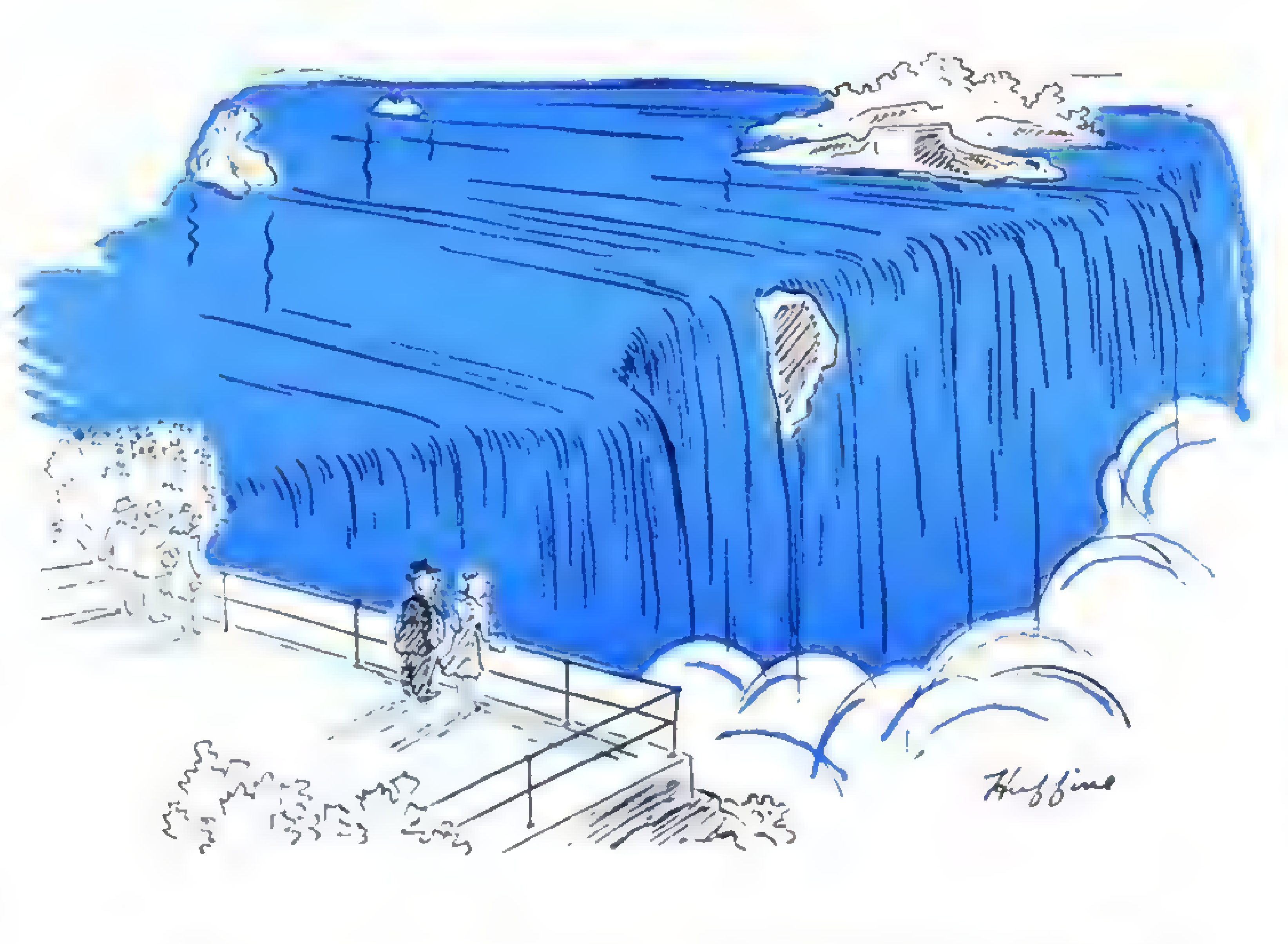
The earlier railroad lines were built to link towns already named, but even so, most of the way stations had to be established. The railway builders naturally called a great many stations for themselves, their brother officials, and their larger stockholders. Where plain Pat Flaherty was section boss, the siding would soon be known as Flaherty's. If he escaped the perils of rail traffic for a few years, his name might become so well established that the succeeding post office or town simply was Flaherty.

The Georgians were among the first to be enthusiastic about the new railroads. In 1836 the Legislature passed an act for the construction of the Western & Atlantic to connect northern Georgia with the Tennessee River. The Georgia end of the line was located vaguely until surveys could establish the most practical point.

In the next year the appointment as chief engineer went to Stephen H. Long, who soon drove a stake at a point in northern Georgia which has ever since remained the hub of southern railroads. It was with rare directness simply called Terminus, and a dozen houses sprang up in expectation of the railroad.

In 1843 the ex-governor Wilson Lumpkin visited the locality. He was accompanied by his charming sixteen-year-old daughter, Martha, and Terminus was chivalrously chartered as Marthasville.

Certain ungallant railroad men, however, looked upon Marthasville as a namby-pamby name for



"Nice to see something there's plenty of, isn't it?"

a place which was undoubtedly to become a great center. In particular, Mr. Richard Peters of the Georgia Railroad, now rapidly approaching from the East, disliked the idea. He wrote his superior, asking him to suggest a better name.

This chief engineer was a young man of engineering genius who had just been to Europe, not to look at cathedrals, but to study railroads. (He was destined to become one of America's first railroad barons.)

In 1845 he acted with his usual decision, and overrode linguistic barriers, as in the years to come he was to override the Alleghany Mountains. Mr. Peters later reported the words of his reply: "Eureka!—Atlanta, the terminus of the Western & Atlantic Railroad. Atlantic, masculine; Atlanta, feminine—a coined word—and if you think it will suit, adopt it."

Mr. Peters was delighted, and thus issued his circulars, ignoring that Marthasville was named by legislative act. The prestige of the railroad was so great that the citizens acquiesced, and at its next session the Legislature substituted the new name in the act of incorporation.

For many years explorers had been searching that somewhat mythical point, "the source of the Mississippi." In 1832 the Rev. William T. Boutwell and Mr. Henry R. Schoolcraft, the great investigator of Indian lore, reached a small body of water called by their guides, Omushkos, "elk lake." The explorers decided that this might be claimed as the origin, and set about replacing the commonplace name. Mr. Boutwell crudely turned "true source" into Latin as *veritas caput.* Thereupon Mr. Schoolcraft, joining the tail of the first word and the head of the second, ingeniously produced Itasca.

From very early times the French had known a large tributary of the Mississippi as the Saint Pierre. The Americans translated this as the Saint Peter. Near its mouth, on the Mississippi, a few settlers built log cabins, and in 1841 Father Lucian Galtier established a mission there. As he later wrote:

> In the month of October, logs were prepared and a church erected, so poor that it would well remind one of the stable at Bethlehem.

On November 1, he consecrated the new log church, dedicating it to St. Paul and expressing his hope that the little settlement might bear the same name.

That whole region was as yet a part of Wisconsin Territory, but its eventual separation and statehood was certain. It was, however, lacking in a name. The region had a better right than any other to be called Mississippi, but that name was preëmpted. Other river names were thought to be singularly inappropriate. No American state could be named Saint Peter or Saint Croix, Cannon, Rum, or Crow Wing.

Having no suitably-named river, some undaunted resident of that frontier region talked with the Indians and discovered Minnesota, the Sioux name of the Saint Peter. It meant "cloudy water," since the river in flood was whitishly turbid.

The name Minnesota was dignified and sonorous, and represented the tradition of Indian river names. But at the last moment a rival arose, and the question produced a skirmish on the floors of Congress.

Mr. Martin of Wisconsin introduced a bill to establish the Territorial Government of Minnesota. It was referred to the Committee on Territories, and reported back on February 17, 1847. But the originator found that something had happened in the Committee, so that his bill read to establish the Territorial Government of Itasca.

Mr. Martin was immediately on his feet with an amendment to strike out the word Itasca wherever it occurred in the bill and insert, in lieu thereof, the word Minnesota.

Mr. Thompson expressed a dislike of "all these Indian names." He proposed that the new territory be Jackson, "as a proper tribute to that distinguished patriot."

Mr. Houston of Delaware promptly rose with the inevitable reply:

> If one of the future States of this Union was to be named after any American citizen living or dead, he thought it would be decidedly better to call it after the Father of his Country.

After further discussion, the flurry subsided as quickly as it had arisen. "The question being put on Minnesota it was agreed to without count."

One step remained to complete the cycle. In 1852 the Territorial Legislature memorialized the President to discontinue the use of Saint Peter River, and substitute Minnesota River in official use. An Act of Congress confirmed the alteration. Such a deliberate change in the name of a large river was without precedent since the years when English, Dutch, Swedes and French had squabbled over names as symbols of empire.

During two generations, the Spanish settlements in California had grown slowly stronger. The country filled in with little names in the usual ways, the only strange one being that sometimes they put out beef as bait for bears, and the place took its name in that way—La Panza, "the paunch", for instance. The Californians also explored a little to the eastward and gave religious names to the two great rivers — San Joaquin for the saint who, tradition holds, was the father of St. Joseph, and Sacramento for the Holy Sacrament. Beyond these rivers, they saw very high mountains and called them La Sierra Nevada, "the range snowed-upon."

After the annexation, the Americans had no hatred for the local people and customs, and they found the Spanish names easy to pronounce.

One of the places where the American first settled was at Yerba Buena, so called because of a mint-like plant growing there. This little adobe-built village stood on Yerba Buena Cove which offered a good anchorage near the inner tip of the peninsula between San Francisco Bay and the ocean. Near-by were also the Mission and Presidio of San Francisco.

After the American occupation, a new spirit of enterprise sprang up in California, and some developers, among them the enterprising native Mariano Guadalupe Vallejo, planned a new town farther up the Bay. Vallejo's wife had been Francisca Benicia Carrillo, and the new town was to be named San Francisco in her honor (they said). But the more alert of the Americans of Yerba Buena suddenly saw through this subterfuge. Obviously these wily promoters were trying by means of a name to make the world think that their new town was the chief place on the Bay. A meeting of citizens was quickly called.

There was argument and opposition. The crusty editor of the recently founded newspaper threw all his influence against the change. Nevertheless, the motion carried.

On January 23, 1847, the Alcalde (as their mayor was still called) issued an explicit statement:

> Whereas the local name of Yerba Buena as applied to the settlement or town of San Francisco, is unknown beyond the immediate district . . . therefore, to prevent confusion . . . and that the town may have the advantage of the name given on published maps, it is hereby ordered that the name of San Francisco shall hereafter be used in all official communications.

The obdurate editor refused to change his masthead for seven weeks, and then still repeating his preference for the old name, he capitulated, and published his first issue under the date line San Francisco.

Shortly afterwards the little village on the peninsula was again lucky. The name in this case was John Charles Frémont, one of the most melodramatic figures of that melodramatic decade. Frémont had spent the last few years in wandering about the far West, and in writing highly readable accounts of his adventures. In spite of his egotistic qualities, he was singularly uninterested in naming. He was the first American of record to see the beautiful sheet of water now famous as Lake Tahoe, but he recorded on his

WINES AND LIQUORS
FB.

"Quick, a pint of rye—doctor's orders"

Continued on the next page

map the banal description Mountain Lake.

Nevertheless, his opportunities were great, and he left a far from negligible imprint. Doubtless from the analogy of Great Plains, he invented Great Basin—"a term which I apply to the intermediate region between the Rocky Mountains and the next range." He replaced the earlier names of a desert river, not too felicitously, by calling it after the German scientist Humboldt, who had never been near it. The frontiersmen regularly said California Mountains for the range which they crossed to arrive at the Spanish settlements, but Frémont preferred Sierra Nevada, and popularized it. He used the spelling Utah for the lake and river. He also sometimes wrote Nebraska River, but in the end was forced to use the well-established Platte.

The Spaniards had neglected to supply a name to the passage connecting San Francisco Bay with the ocean. Although Frémont had never been to Constantinople, he fancied a resemblance between that ancient harbor and the western strait, and he felt also the common commercial importance of San Francisco. He wrote accordingly: "I gave the name *Chrysopylae*, or GOLDEN GATE; for the same reasons that the harbor of Byzantium was called *Chrysoceras*, or GOLDEN HORN."

Hardly had the name been fixed before the Argonauts of '49 were pouring in through the Golden Gate, and hailing it as a good omen. These goldseekers themselves were of all nations and all ways of life, and with their names they gave the final touch of melodrama to the decade.

The roster of their mining-camps was a list of nations—French Corral and Dutch Flat, Chinee Camp, Kanaka Bar, Sonora, Chili Gulch. It recorded where men of all kinds worked the gold or first discovered color—Soldier Creek and Sailor Creek, Mormon Bar, Nigger Hill, Texas Hill, from which you might head for Illinoistown, Nashville, or Hoboken Creek.

They changed the language itself, making *diggings* into a common word. From some uncertain source, the word *gulch* sprang suddenly into use. They also put the final touch upon *slough*. Once it had meant a muddy place in a road, as when Chaucer's host was afraid that the drunken cook would fall into the slough. When Pilgrim was mired in the Slough of Despond, the mud had grown deeper.

In America the deepening continued, and water began to stand on top. By the time settlers had reached Illinois and Missouri, any good-sized backwater was a slough. But the Californians went the whole way. All the great side channels of the lower Sacramento became sloughs, though big and deep enough to give passage to large vessels, and one was even called Steamboat Slough.

The miners were methodical in the street naming of their second city, called Sacramento from its river. The streets parallel to the waterfront were numbered, and those perpendicular were lettered, beginning with A Street on the north. There was no foolishness about such names. A stranger, an hour after landing from his steamboat, could find his way about the town as readily as the oldest inhabitant. Perhaps this was the reason such a pattern was established, for in that time everybody was a stranger, one might say, and there were no oldest inhabitants. Also, Sacramento was laid out in a roaring hurry, and no one may have had the time to decide upon names. Even I Street was allowed, in spite of people's constant tendency to mix it up with 1st Street. (In the end, it became such a nuisance that it was commonly written Eye Street.)

The whole life of the forty-niners was involved with rivers. They found rich diggings on the gravel bars, and must have running water to work their cradles and rockers. In exploring the country, they kept close to the rivers, and since most of them landed at San Francisco, and the gold country was on the westward slope, they advanced into that country upstream, seemed to divide into two forks, almost equal. Naturally then they called them the North and South Forks. This was the more likely because everybody, as in laying out Sacramento, was in a great hurry, and they were all passing on to another place, never settling down. So even if some man named a stream, he might not stay there long enough to tell the next man what it was.

Beyond that was the second degree in such names as The North Fork of the Middle Fork of the American River, which might be clipped to North-Middle American. Some streams went into the third degree as in The East Fork of the North Fork of the North Fork of the American, and the delightfully explicit West Fork of the South Fork of the North Fork of the San Joaquin.

Although these were the most cumbersome names ever given by Americans, they were also highly practical in an unmapped and scarcely explored country. If you told a stranger that the place he wanted was on Washington Street near Arch, you had told him nothing, but when in Sacramento you told him to go to J Street just beyond Fifth, he got there quickly by himself. So also, when you informed someone that a certain mining camp was on the South-Middle Yuba, you had really told him something.

As if to compensate for their naming of rivers, the forty-niners lavished upon their creeks and mining camps a whole treasury of fancy. Many counties had somewhere a crossroads with such a name as Pancake Hollow, Knock-'em-stiff, or Hell-fer-Sartain. Whiskey Creek hardly counted as one of them, for it was more a matter-of-fact memorandum that some one had once sold whiskey there, or run a still.

Possibly the California fashion began as a by-product of civic virtue. The miners of a certain camp squelched a crime wave by hanging three men on a convenient tree, and it thus became known in the early months of 1849 as Hangtown. From such precedent may have sprung Chicken Thief Flat, Cut Throat Bar, Murderers' Bar, Gouge Eye, and Garrotte.

Once the fashion had started, it spread quickly. Primarily it gave vent to the lusty high spirit which was the distinguishing mark of that amazing time. No censorship restrained it; society was of men only. Most of them looked upon their sojourn in California, as a temporary and riotous adventure. Few would have wished to establish a permanent address at Mugfuzzle Flat or Stud-Horse Canyon, but as a passing fancy they enjoyed the amusement, and vied with one another in grotesquerie. Doubtless the more sophisticated miners often invented the most outlandish terms; two Harvard men named Shirt-tail Canyon.

Drink and cards, favorite male pastimes, furnished many incidents which were enshrined and then forgotten. Euchre Bar, Poker Flat, Seven-Up Ravine, and Red Dog stood over against Whiskey Bar, Milk Punch, Port Wine, Brandy Gulch and Delirium Tremens.

The English also had a tradition of giving humorous names to fields, especially of far-off places. Timbuctoo may thus have come to California with some Englishman. Lousy Level is to be found in Hertfordshire, as well as in the Sierra Nevada. (The gold-rush also acted in reverse, so that California soon became a field name in various English counties.)

Some names involved profanity and other plain language. Guano Hill was perhaps not pronounced as spelled. Argument still continues as to whether Putah Creek was an Indian name or only a disguise of some Spanish-speaking pioneer's *Puta*, prostitute.

On the other hand, a few places had religious names such as Gospel Gulch and Christian Flat. The latter indeed may have been for a man so named, as was certainly true with Angel's Camp.

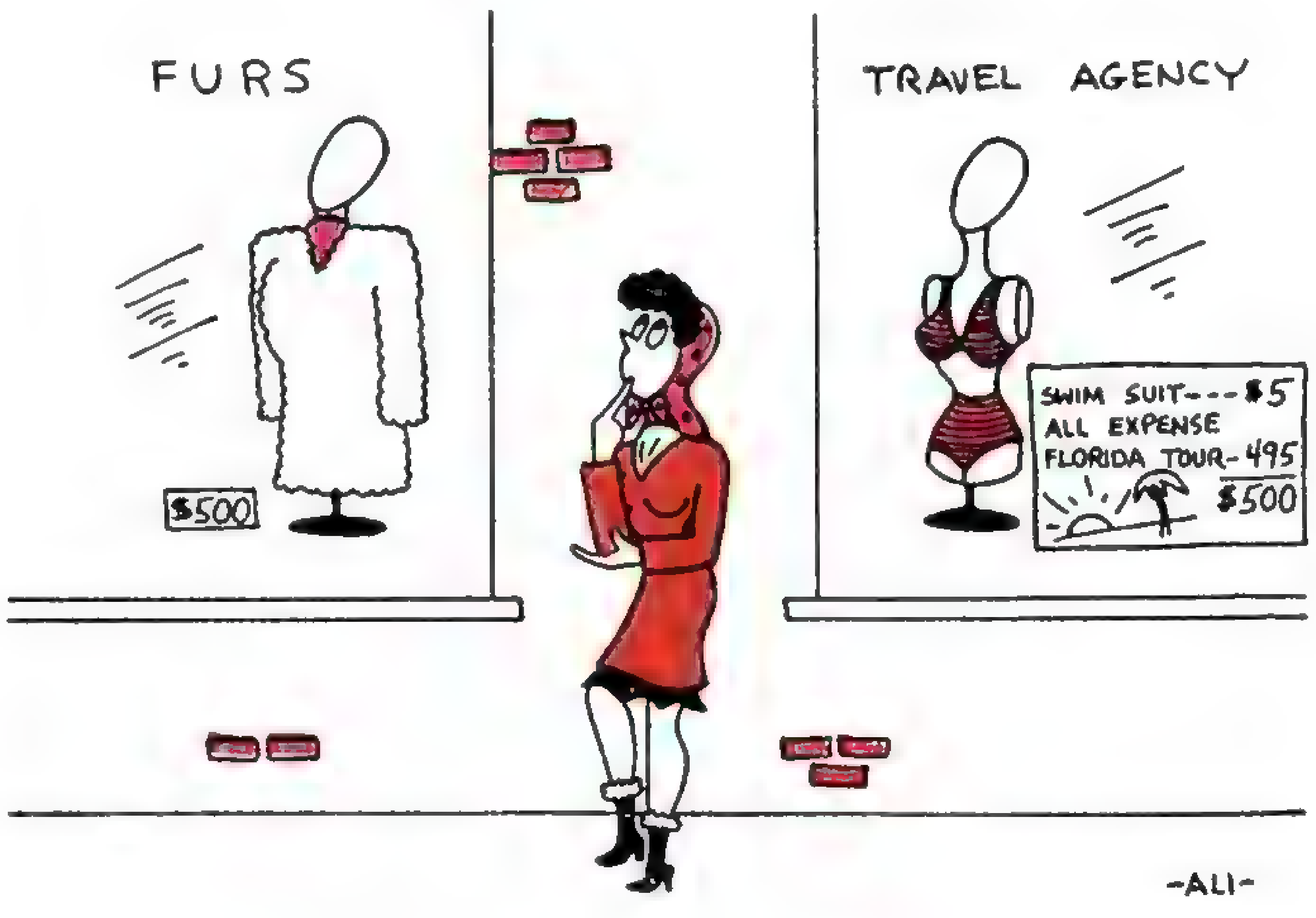
As in every region, some places received good advertising names—Gold Hill, and Rich Bar, and Ophir. As a miner wrote:

> "Somewhere in Genesis mention is made of a river in paradise running through the land of 'Havilah, a country rich in gold.' We were shy on the river, but the balance of the quotation seemed appropriate enough, so I christened the proposed town 'Havilah'."

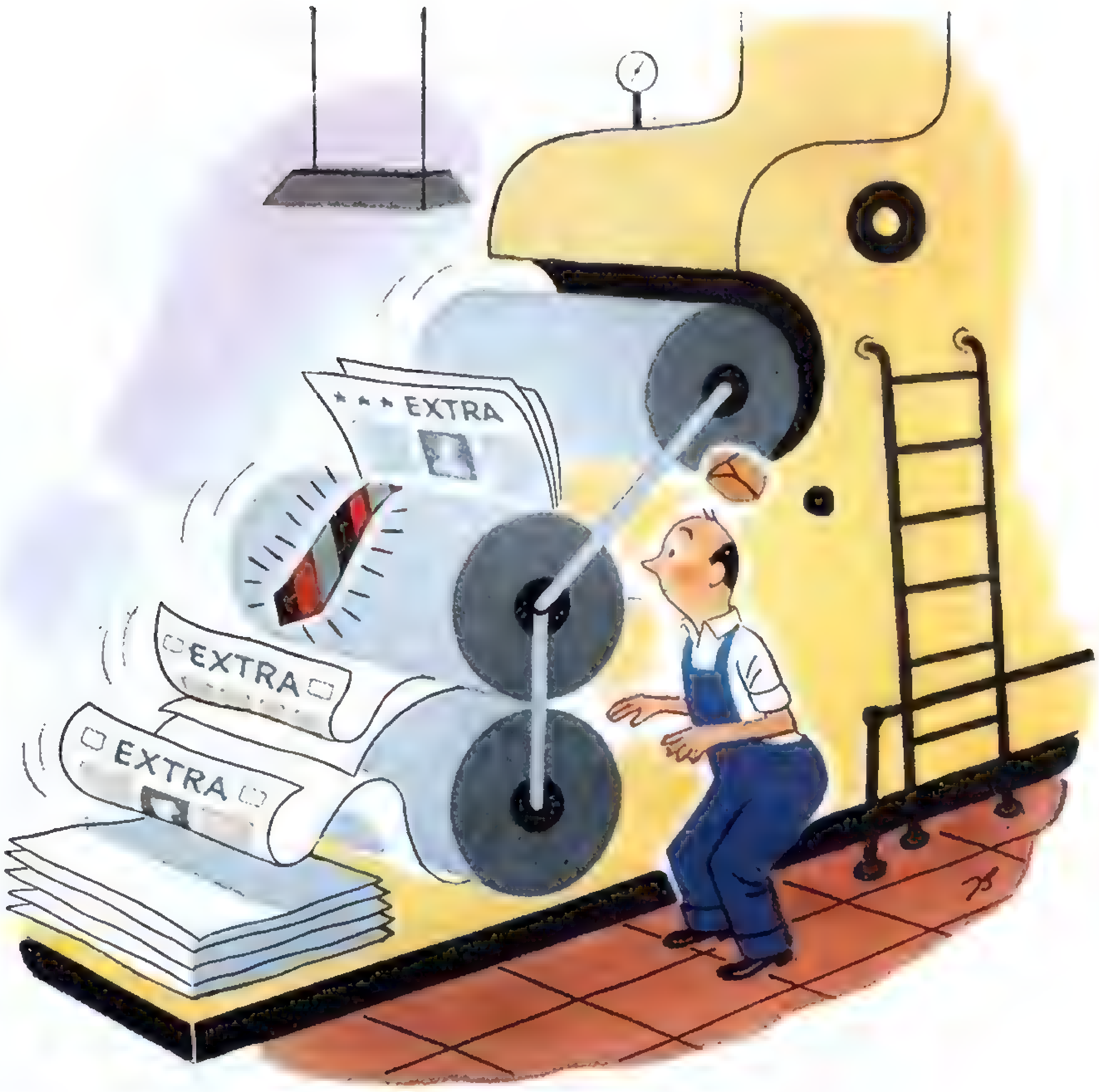
The gold country, however, was unique in having a large number of definitely forbidding names—Hungry Camp, Humbug Canyon, Hoodoo Bar, Poverty Hill, Nary Red. Such a name was often given by opposites, where a rich strike had really been made, in the hope of keeping rival miners away.

Many of the names must have arisen from some trivial incident on which the namer fastened eagerly. Bogus Thunder suggests an incident; tradition holds that it was because the noise of a waterfall was taken for thunder—but this sounds like an obvious explanation which would later be invented. Finnegan's Lane may have involved an Irishman somewhere, but merely to take the obvious suggestion of such names is to go astray as often as to go right. Jim Crow Canyon may have been for a Negro, just as likely for a white man who "jumped Jim Crow." One man's guess is as good as another's when it comes to Chucklehead Diggings, Chruntown, Fly Away, Gomorrah, Hell-out-for-Noon City, Hen-Roost Camp, Slap-Jack Bar, Slumgullion, You Bet, Love Letter Camp, One Eye, Poodle Town, Quack Hill.

The Forty-Niners were true sons of Captain Gabriel Archer. Their country offered the most unrestrained and flamboyant experiment in American naming. #



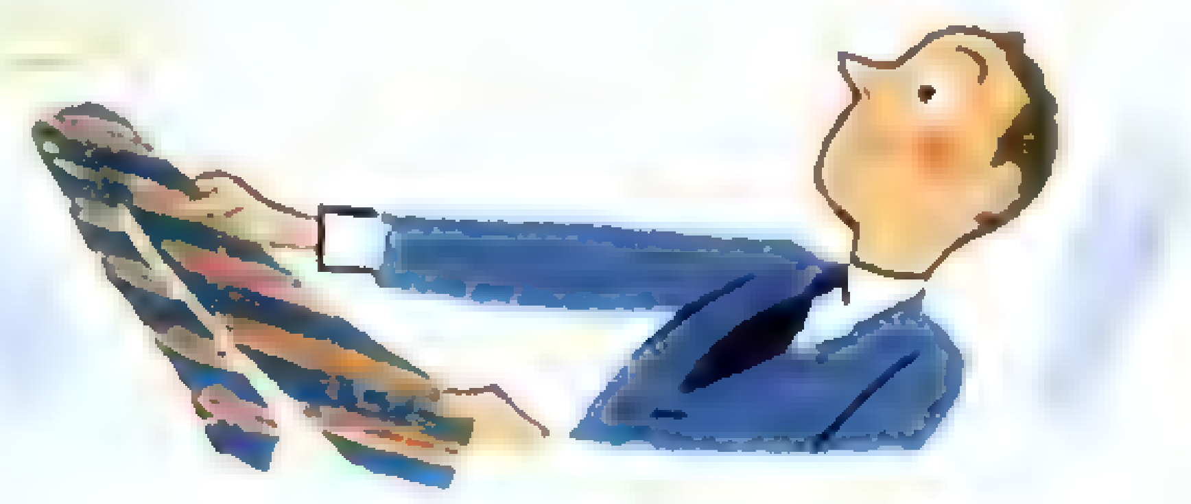
Stop the presses!
STOP THE PRESSES!



Here's the greatest, latest, hottest news beat on ties you've ever cast an orb at!

Arrow Lido! The tie with a brand-new idea!

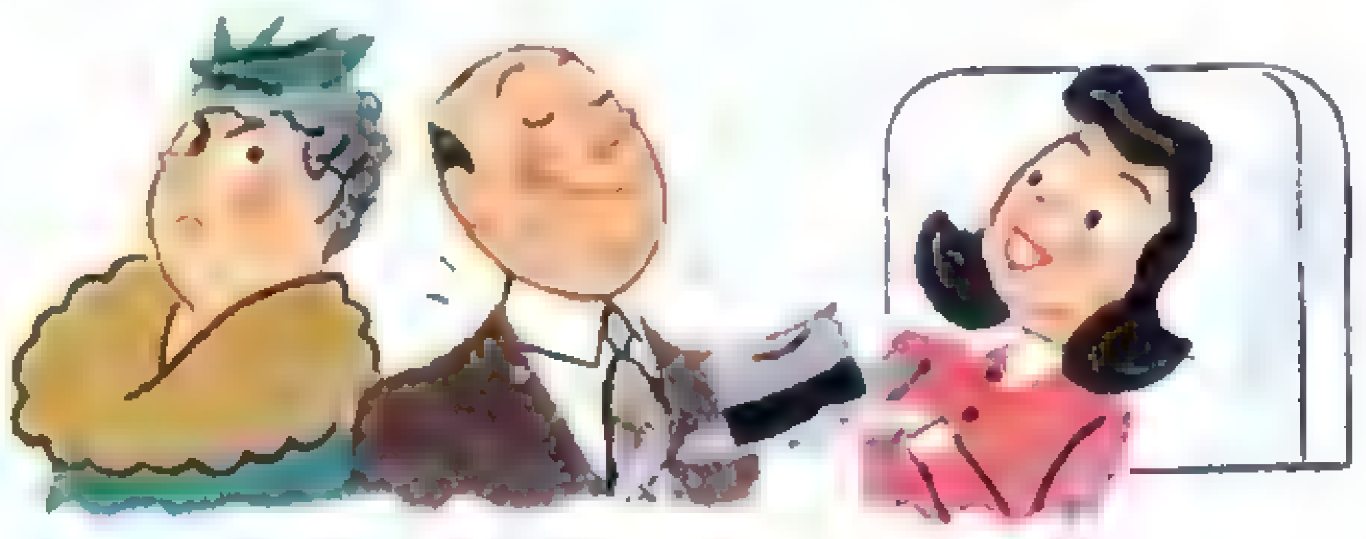
What's the idea? *Blending colors on a tough, long-living fabric!*



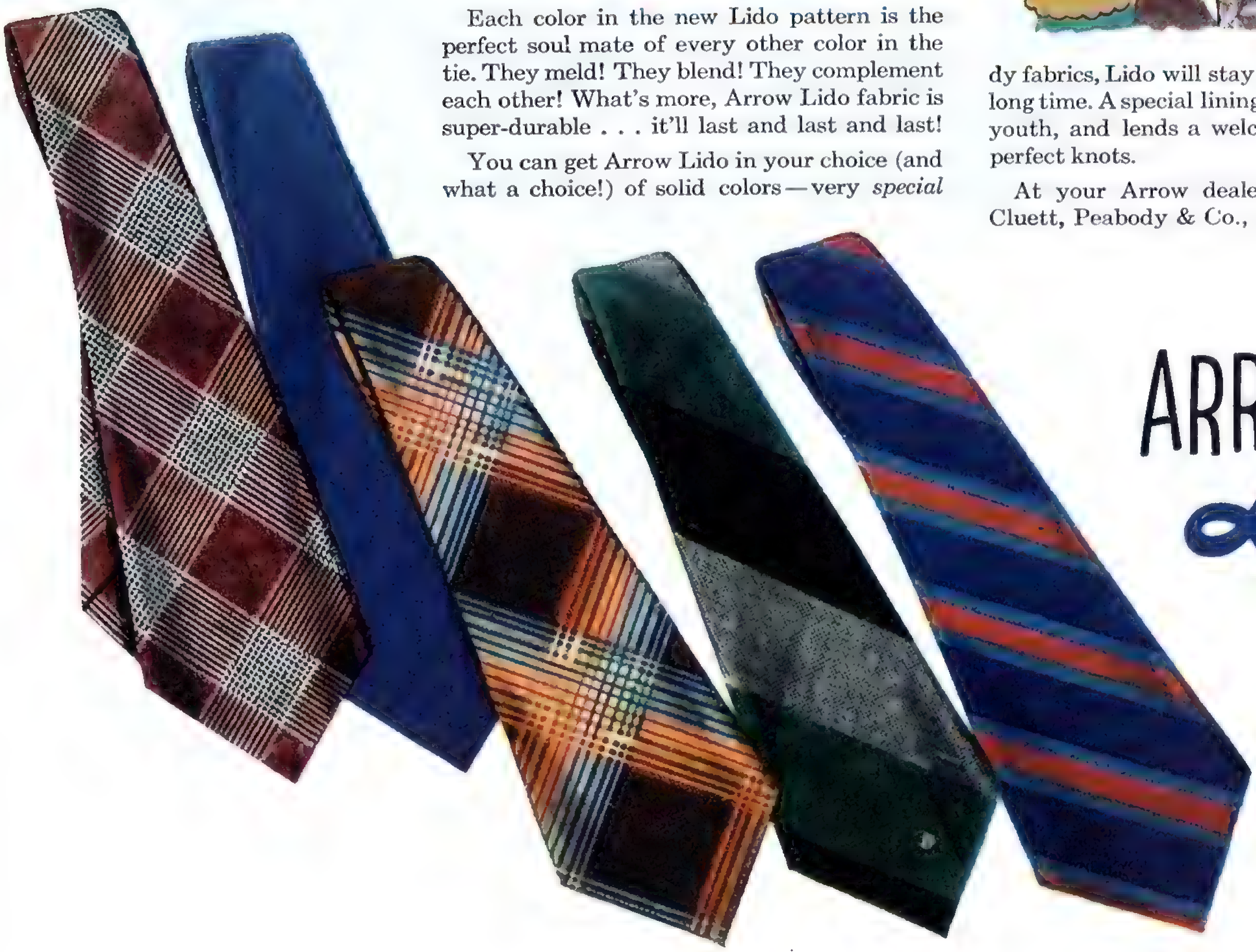
Each color in the new Lido pattern is the perfect soul mate of every other color in the tie. They meld! They blend! They complement each other! What's more, Arrow Lido fabric is super-durable . . . it'll last and last and last!

You can get Arrow Lido in your choice (and what a choice!) of solid colors—very *special* solid colors—handsome plaids, and smart-as-a-buggy-whip stripes.

Naturally, because they are made from sturdy fabrics, Lido will stay with you a long, very long time. A special lining helps preserve Lido's youth, and lends a welcome hand at making perfect knots.



At your Arrow dealer's. $1.00. Made by Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.



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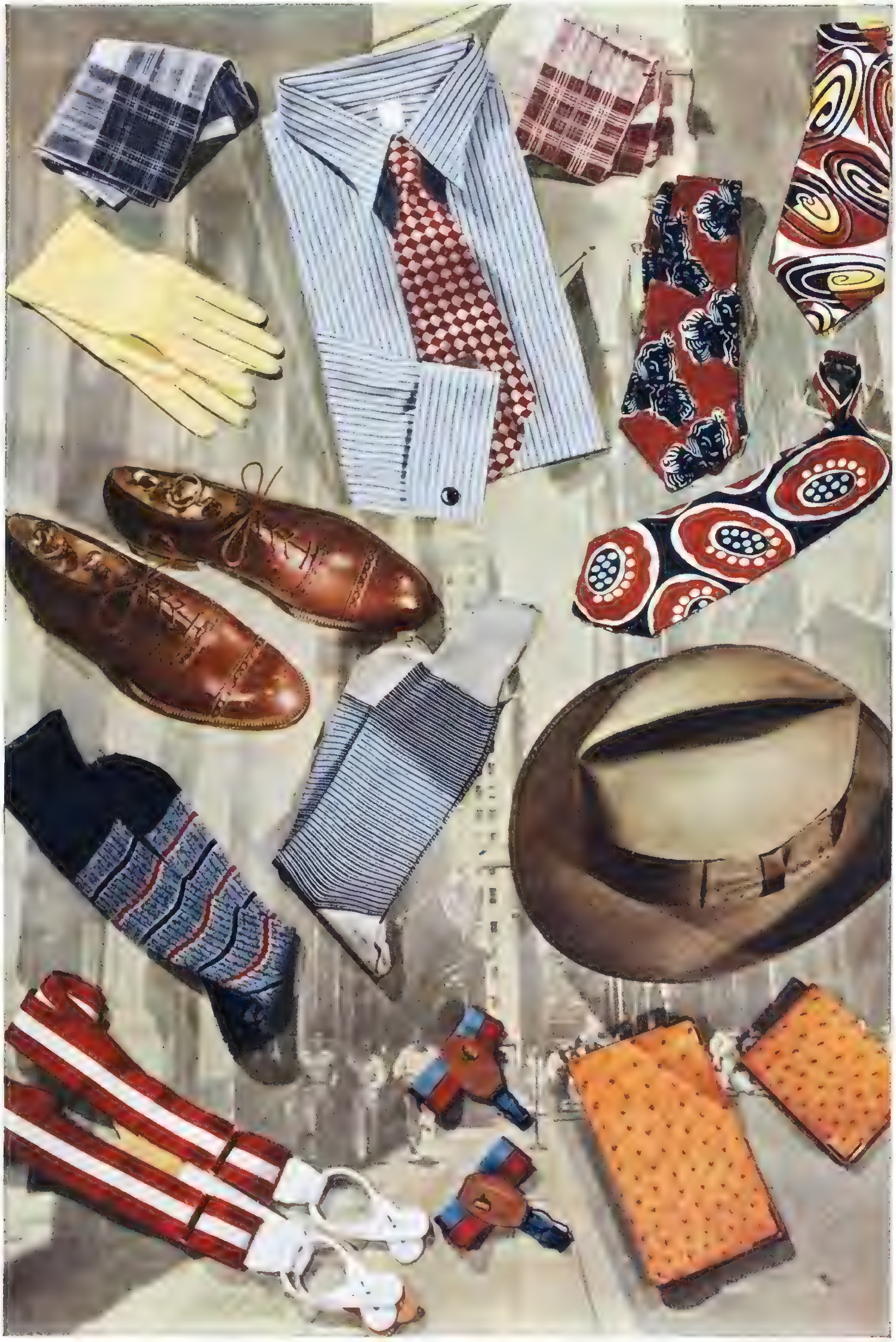


KODACHROME BY SIDNEY RAVITZ

downtown doodads

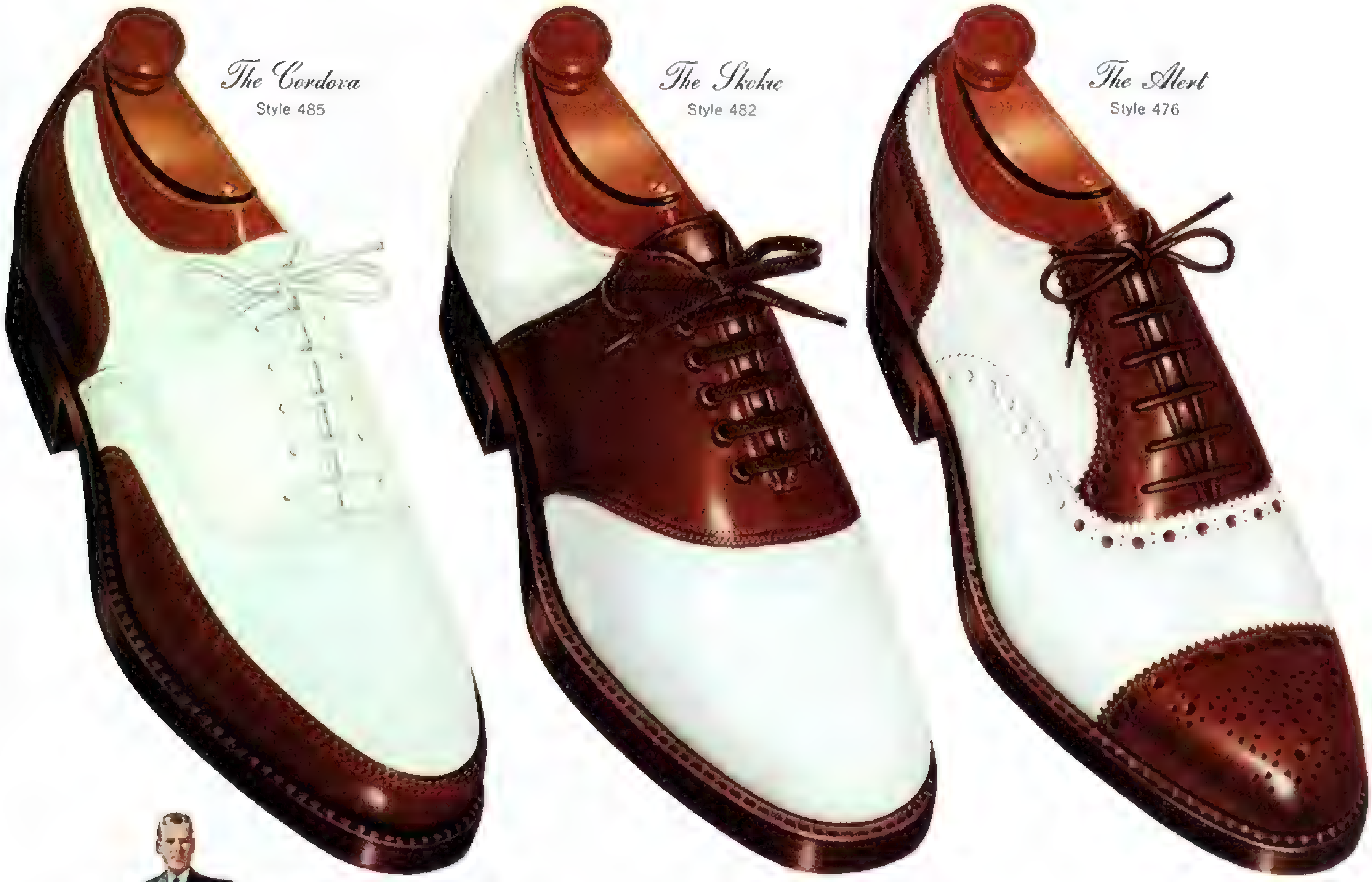
This kodachrome spotlights the answers to the business man's bewilderment concerning the choice of accessories for wear with a blue or grey suit. The striped broadcloth shirt should remove uncertainty as to appropriate pattern and color. The small wavy design of the accompanying tie is on the conservative side. The more flamboyant alternates, all printed rayon foulard neckwear, are evidence of discerning interest in colorful and striking effects. Such ties, however, are best worn with a plain white or pale blue shirt. The border striped handkerchiefs show related colorings. Chamois gloves are high on the list of favorites. The brown town last shoes have medallion perforations in the toe caps. The horizontally striped lisle socks lend a metropolitan air. The brown felt hat has a brim of moderate width. Suspenders and garters are club striped, ostrich wallets gold trimmed.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.)

Nunn-Bush

Ankle Fashioned Oxfords

FOR ADDED STYLE MILEAGE


The Cordova
Style 485
The Skokie
Style 482
The Alert
Style 476

SPORTS STYLES by Nunn-Bush are shoes of obvious social competence. It is because Nunn-Bush style is *built in,* not built on. Ankle-Fashioning, the Nunn-Bush method of improving fit, also makes smartness last amazingly longer. Some Nunn-Bush wearers have told us Nunn-Bush shoes are the finest in the world. We would appreciate having your opinion too . . .

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For Men of Appreciation...**LORD CALVERT**

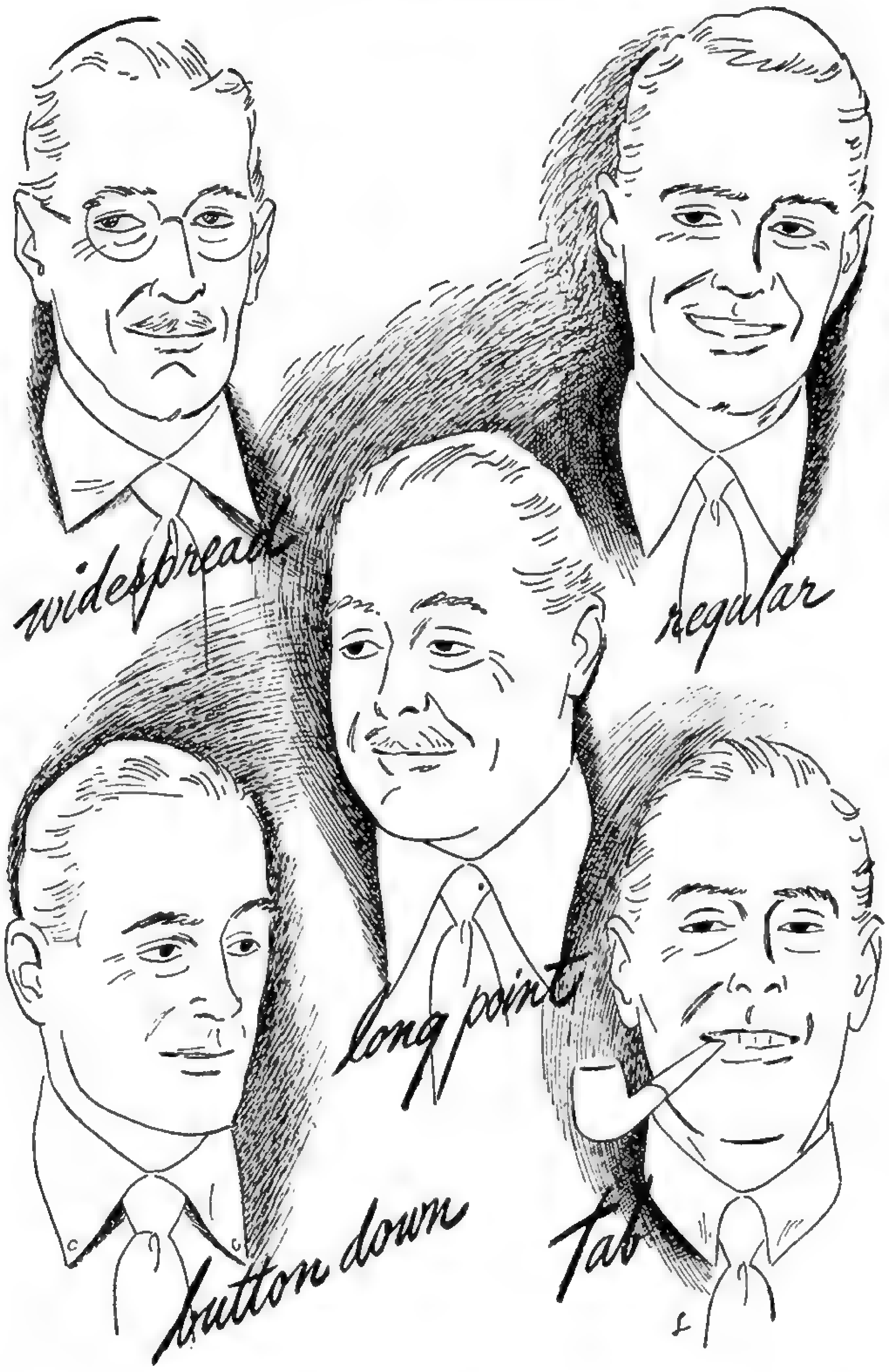
THIS distinctive whiskey, "Custom" Blended for the enjoyment of those who can afford the finest, is so *rare* ...so *smooth*...so *mellow*...that it has never been produced except in limited quantities. For years the most expensive whiskey blended in America . . . each bottle of Lord Calvert is individually numbered and registered at the distillery.

LORD CALVERT IS A "CUSTOM" BLENDED WHISKEY, 86.8 PROOF, 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. CALVERT DISTILLERS CORP., NEW YORK CITY

A Line on Collars

Let not your face be long or your heart troubled because for each pan there's a collar

by O. E. SCHOEFFLER
• WEARABLES •



So you're going to buy a shirt. The adventure begins with finding a salesman. Next you mention to him your neck size and sleeve length, and finally you must choose a shirt with the collar best suited to your facial proportions. After that you may debate over fabrics, colors and patterns.

The widespread collar, which is gaining favor, is especially adapted to men whose faces are fairly long and narrow. The spacing between the points of the collar emphasize horizontal lines and tend to minimize facial longitude. These lines also create the impression of greater breadth across the shoulders. This type of collar goes appropriately with faces of medium proportions, too.

The so-called regular collar with points about three inches in length, which incidentally is the best countrywide seller, is fairly versatile. With less spread between the points, this collar is probably adapted to more facial contours than any other. It goes well with faces of moderate proportions and also adapts itself to broad or to long, narrow faces.

Over the Rockies from California comes the rage for long-point collars. While many buyers are influenced primarily by fashion, this type is essentially useful for creating vertical lines to complement the broader-than-normal face. Men with average features have, of course, a wider leeway in the selection of collars and, therefore, can also wear the long points.

Long-necked individuals like to dress in a way that obviates undue attention to their collar lines. The fairly high tab collar, with points buttoned beneath the tie, is rightfully popular with this type.

The fashion of the collar rather than the length of neck is emphasized, and at the same time it is excellent camouflage.

The button-down collar, which has its widest publicity among undergraduates at universities and prep schools, also has many inveterate wearers among young and older men in business. The button-down-collar shirt is most frequently designed in oxford fabric. And in relation to facial lines, the button-down collar best complements broad proportions. ###

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Your dashing Alligator does you double duty day after day—whether it's damp or dry! For Alligator Rainwear is not only smart as all outdoors, it's dependably processed to guard your health and clothes from rainy weather! Always in traditional good taste. Superbly styled. Impeccably tailored. Truly versatile. Yours at popular prices, at better dealers everywhere. The Alligator Company, St. Louis, New York, Los Angeles.

ALLIGATOR
Rainwear

because . . . IT'S SURE TO RAIN!

Done Any Good Reading Lately?

Continued from page 31

the helpmate came in from the kitchen with the pot roast. She came within an ace of dropping it.

"What's the matter with you?" she demanded.

"Nothing," I said. "I was just—"

"Did I startle you?" she went on. "Goodness knows you ought to have been able to hear me coming. You've been jumpy as a cat lately."

"I am not nervous," I said with some heat. "I was merely having the common ordinary courtesy to—"

"It's probably from drinking too much coffee lately—and staying awake half the night reading those mystery novels. You're so jittery most of the time I expect you to jump right out of your skin."

I uttered a hoarse "Damn it—!" before I could check myself.

"You never used language like that when we were first married," she interjected. "You were the best-mannered, most gentlemanly man I'd ever met."

"In the next thirty minutes," I promised her, "by dint of hard work and intelligent application, plus a certain natural aptitude, I am going to get very drunk—and there are six days to go until Saturday." Being the gentleman I am, I kept my word.

Reticence plus a deference to the paper shortage prevents me from chronicling certain episodes traceable to the following questions: Are you constantly solicitous of her health? Do you always try to understand her? Do you build her up in public, constantly trying to inflate her ego as you like her to inflate yours? Do you remember that she still likes to be taken to dances, parties and theatres? Do you praise her intellectual qualities? Suffice it to say that my attempts to reform along these lines met accusations of irony, mental cruelty, hypochondria, callow flattery, superficiality, habitual dissipation and deliberate intent to cripple the war effort.

I shall close, as *Are You a Good Husband?* did, with the query: Do you remember that your wife still likes to receive presents? The burden of this, as you'd imagine, is that a husband should keep on bringing gifts to his wife just as he did in his courtship days. Once again I weighed myself and found something wanting. Taking an extra dip into my dwindling bank balance, I came home staggering under bundles of candy, flowers and hosiery and laid them at the feet of the adored one.

"Well," she said, "well—" in warm, glowing tones reminiscent of Murmansk in January.

"Just a few trifles for you," I said modestly.

"So I see," she countered, "I've been expecting them."

This surprised me. "Frankly," I admitted, "I don't see why. I have to admit I haven't been a very good husband lately."

"That," she rejoined with the kind of a laugh I never cared for, "is putting it mildly. Are you going to tell me who it is or will I have to find out for myself?"

"Who? What?" I stammered, and then it dawned.

Not being one given to histrionic denials in situations like these, I merely breathed calmly, "Honey, you're crazy as a cockroach."

To which she retorted brightly: "I'd have to be twice as crazy not to realize from the queer way you've been acting in the last couple of weeks that something's up. I wasn't born yesterday, you know."

This was too much for me. "I can't believe it," I sputtered. "Here it is 1945, a supposedly sophisticated and cultivated age. We're supposed to be intelligent people. I bring you a few trifling presents and then you pull that classic bromide, that outworn credo of every comic strip in the past four decades. It proves that I have a guilty conscience because I'm carrying on with some other woman. Is that what I'm supposed to believe?"

Said the little helper, "You hit it right on the nose—and it's either Dot Weller, Margaret Ronwick, Muriel Thatcher or that new switchboard operator—or maybe all four—and I don't mean the head of the batting order, either."

There followed a slight tussle in which I hit her right on the nose and she removed several hundred square centimeters of my scalp with a handy flower vase, and when I came to, she had taken the kiddies to her mother's and I was out in the kitchen wondering how much Brillo it would take to wash eighteen frying pans. But don't get the idea our marriage is permanently on the rocks. Next month, I understand, a prominent magazine is to feature a piece titled *Your Wife Ain't Half Good Enough for You, Bub.* Just let me study it over a few times and we'll be happily together again, me telling her about the tough day I had at the office and complaining about the mashed potatoes, her snuggling up to me and knowing it was all a horrible dream and it will never happen again. #

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STRIPES are STARS this Spring

Yes, gentlemen, stripes are style-stars this Spring . . . and the most distinguished stripes in men's wear star the Van Heusen label! Bold stripes, neat stripes, shadow stripes, and ombres . . . you'll find them all in the Van Heusen parade of favorite performers. See them!

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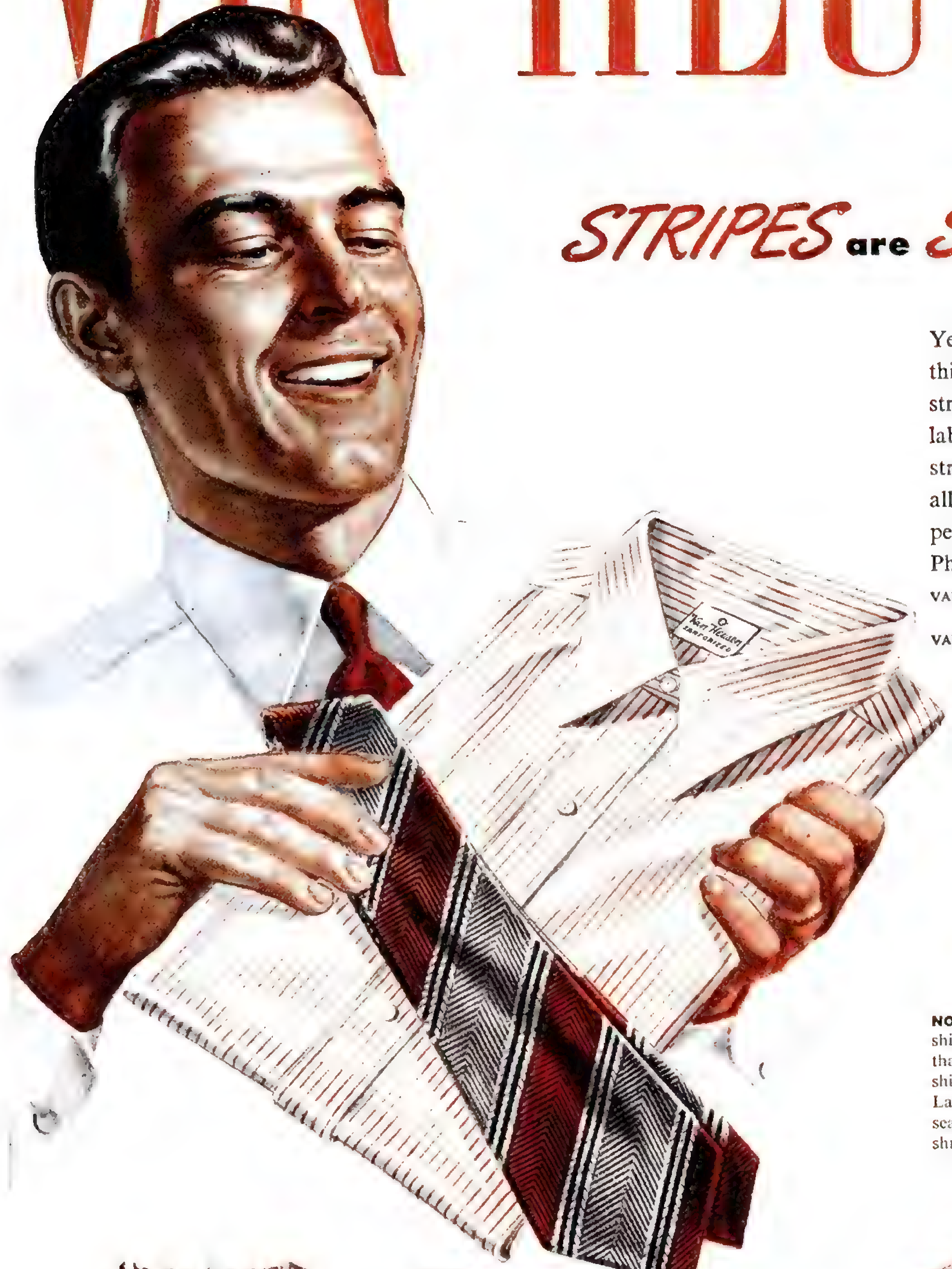
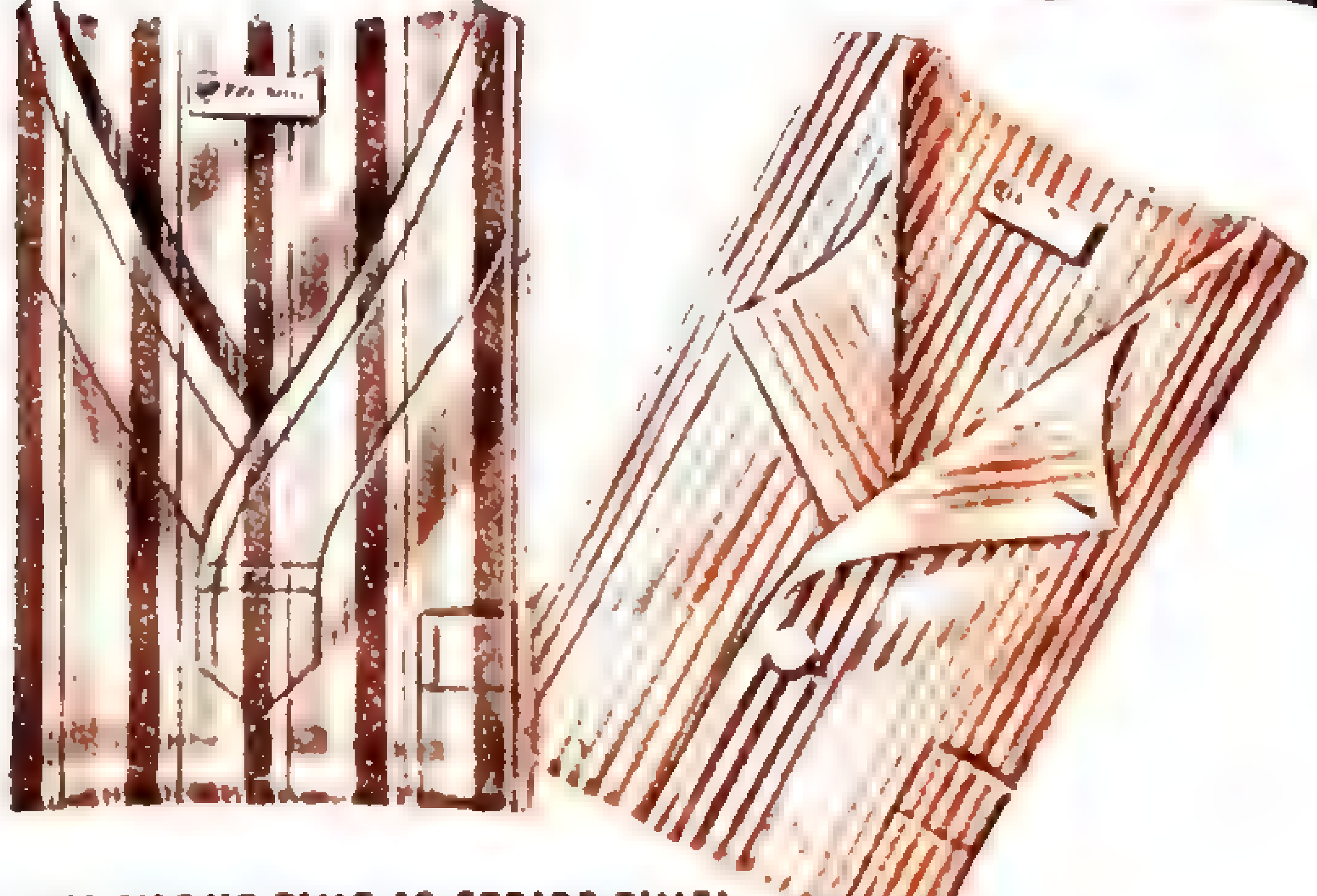
VAN HEUSEN *Shirts in whites and patterns, $2.25 and up*

VAN HEUSEN *Ties to match . . . $1.00 and up*



NOT A STRIPE BUT A STAR! The Van Heusen white shirt with its exclusive Van Heusen collar attached that looks starched but isn't. All Van Heusen shirts are Sanforized, endorsed by the American Laundry Institute, bear the Good Housekeeping seal. A new one free if a Van Heusen Shirt ever shrinks out of size!



EVEN NIGHT-TIME IS STRIPE-TIME! Van Heusen Pajamas feature shirtmaker tailoring and fit in long-wearing, washable fabrics, $2.50 to $6.50.

MADE FOR EACH OTHER! Van Heusen Shirts and Ties in complementing stripes. New neckwear designs include cables, zig-zags and stripes that work into patterns.

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Don't blame your Jockey store, or us
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
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If you can't find Jockey Underwear in the stores today, it's not your dealer's fault. He's trying to get it for you. Jockey is scarce because production for the armed forces comes first. That's how you'd want it to be, and we know you'll be patient while the shortage lasts. We're doing our best to serve a growing home demand, by dividing our limited supplies regularly and fairly among our retail trade. *All* Jockey styles have the patented Y-front, no-gap construction that prevents *squirming.* If you can't get *Midways,* ask for *Shorts.* If none are available at the moment, keep Jockey on your shopping list and try again a little later.

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Jockey
Y FRONT—PATENT OF Coopers

The Adventures of Old Hep

Continued from page 89

Picayune every day, and I followed indomitable Hep, as he was affectionately known to the troops, on his Pacific adventures. He was unbeatable. Nor rain, nor lead, nor mud, nor malaria could stay him. He wouldn't give up, he wouldn't rest. He was a one-man beachhead, and the defiant clatter of his typewriter ran through my dreams. He was my hero.

The day finally came when we finished basic, were issued a few more tools to carry on our backs, and moved to the Port of Embarkation. From there it was a matter of a couple-three weeks and we replacements were down on an island in Hep's South Pacific. It was just as bad as he had described it, except that the boys had built floor tents, hutments, showers, movie amphitheatres, ball diamonds, networks of oiled roads, and a few post exchanges since Hep had moved up. Unfortunately, *Mail Picayunes* were scarce on the island, and I had about given up the idea of following Hep when one morning the captain delivered me an amazing piece of news.

"I've decided to save you the expense of a divorce"

"Simpson," he drawled (he had been on the languorous tropical isle for some weeks now, and had lost altogether his charming Brooklyn twang), "I have an assignment for you that you'll like."

I pressed eagerly against his desk, toppling a stack of rotation applications into his lap. I made as if to retrieve them.

"Nemmind, son," he smiled. "I'm going to burn them in a minute. Now a fellow name of Hepperson . . . war correspondent . . . is coming here today on the trail of some kind of story."

I squealed with delight.

"He is wading ashore this morning at 0800 hours," the Captain continued. "I want you to meet him and make him as uncomfortable as possible, as per his request. Better get ready for him right away."

I spun and ran out the door, forgetting in my haste to salute. I checked and stepped back into the tent. A cheery fire blazed in the wastebasket, and the captain smilingly waved me away.

I trotted down the company street on my mission, pausing to hurl a coconut disdainfully through my mosquito bar and to kick over the neat washstand I'd built outside my tent. Hep wasn't going to catch me softening up!

By 7:30 I was ready for Old Hep. I had dug him a shallow foxhole in a swamp down the beach, and the engineers had orders not to drain and fill the area as long as Hep stayed. A case of smashed C Rations lay near the hole, and with them a canteen of muddy water. The PX, the Officer's Club, and all messes were out of bounds to the correspondent. I counted off the discomforts proudly. I was ready.

And here, at last, came the great writer himself, a slight, stooped figure, wading in through the pounding surf with his portable in his teeth. My snipers began their welcoming patter of fire, and bullets ricocheted from the waves about him into the still, tropical air. Then I saw that something was amiss. Hep was shaking his helmeted head tiredly, and he called off the snipers with an abstracted wave of his arm. He was ashore, now and sloshing toward me, his brow creased, the shoulders that had brushed aside half the small-arms fire in the Pacific drooping disconsolately.

"I am Spencer Simpson," I began uncertainly, "of Little Water, Michigan, and when I get back home the first thing I am going to do is enroll in business school again."

"Glah ah meecha, Svessr," Hep answered. Then, remembering the typewriter, he let it fall from his teeth. "Thanks for the welcome. But, my boy, I am in no mood for celebration today. What I need is a big, hot meal and a soft bunk. I have a lot of heavy thinking to do. Now run along, there's a good T/5, and rustle the grub. I mean chow. Hurry it up!"

I walked away, dazed and hurt, and after I'd complied with his orders and he'd eaten, Hep rolled into my cot and fell into a troubled sleep. The four hours he tossed and groaned were the longest in my life. Doubt tormented me in my bedside vigil. Was Hep going soft? Cracking up? No, it couldn't be.

Finally he awoke and squinted at me through sleepy eyes. He raised himself on his elbow.

"T/5 Spencer Simpson, of Little Water, Michigan, I am in a jam," he said. "A terrible jam." He shuddered, and then fished a watersoaked envelope from his pocket. "Read this," he commanded.

The letter, under the *Picayune* Syndicate letterhead, began cryptically:

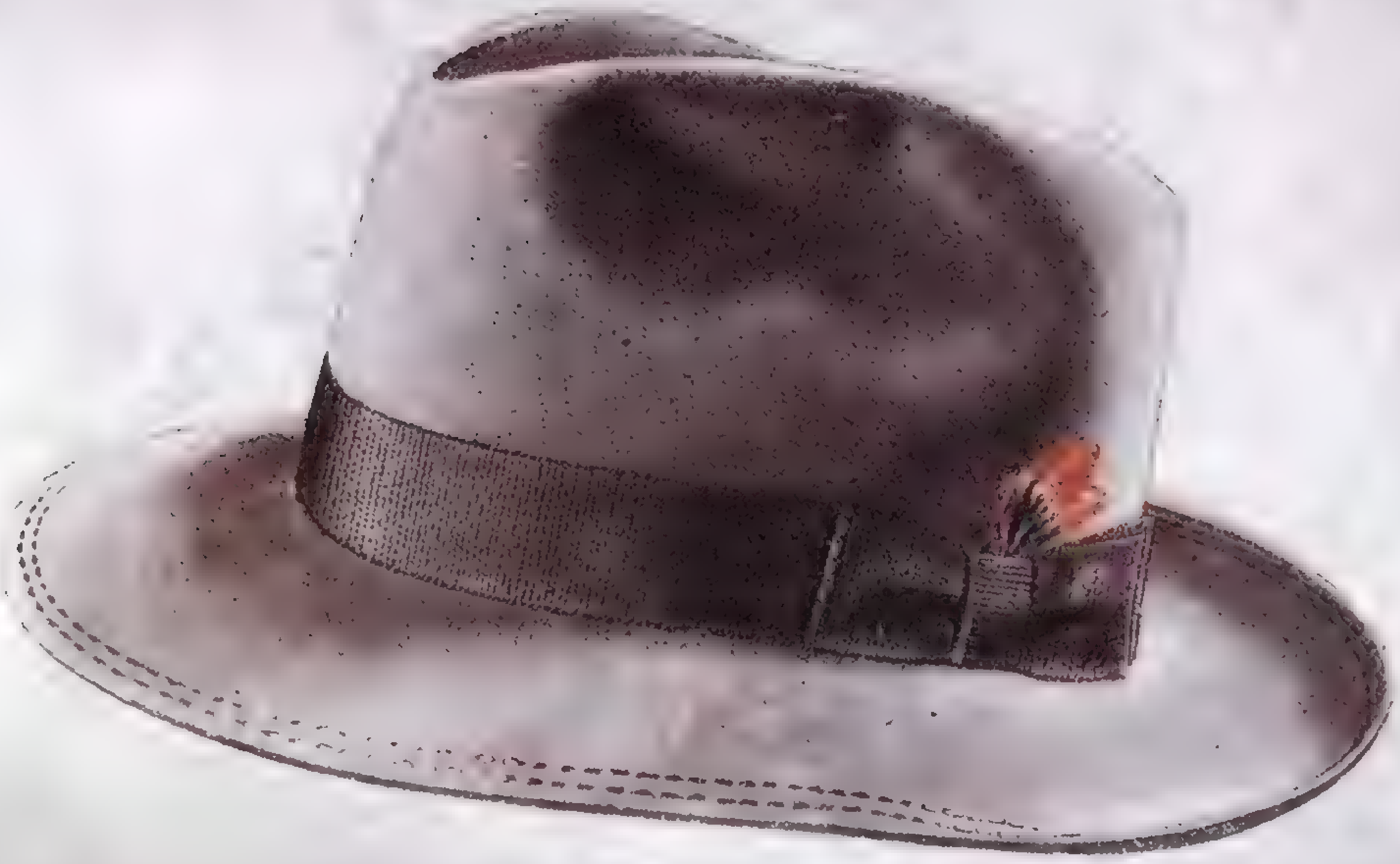
"Hep,

"Your stuff is getting lousy. Tame. Colorless. You haven't taken a beach in two weeks. Your last malaria siege was way back

Continued on page 112

TRADE MARK
DUNLAP
NEW YORK

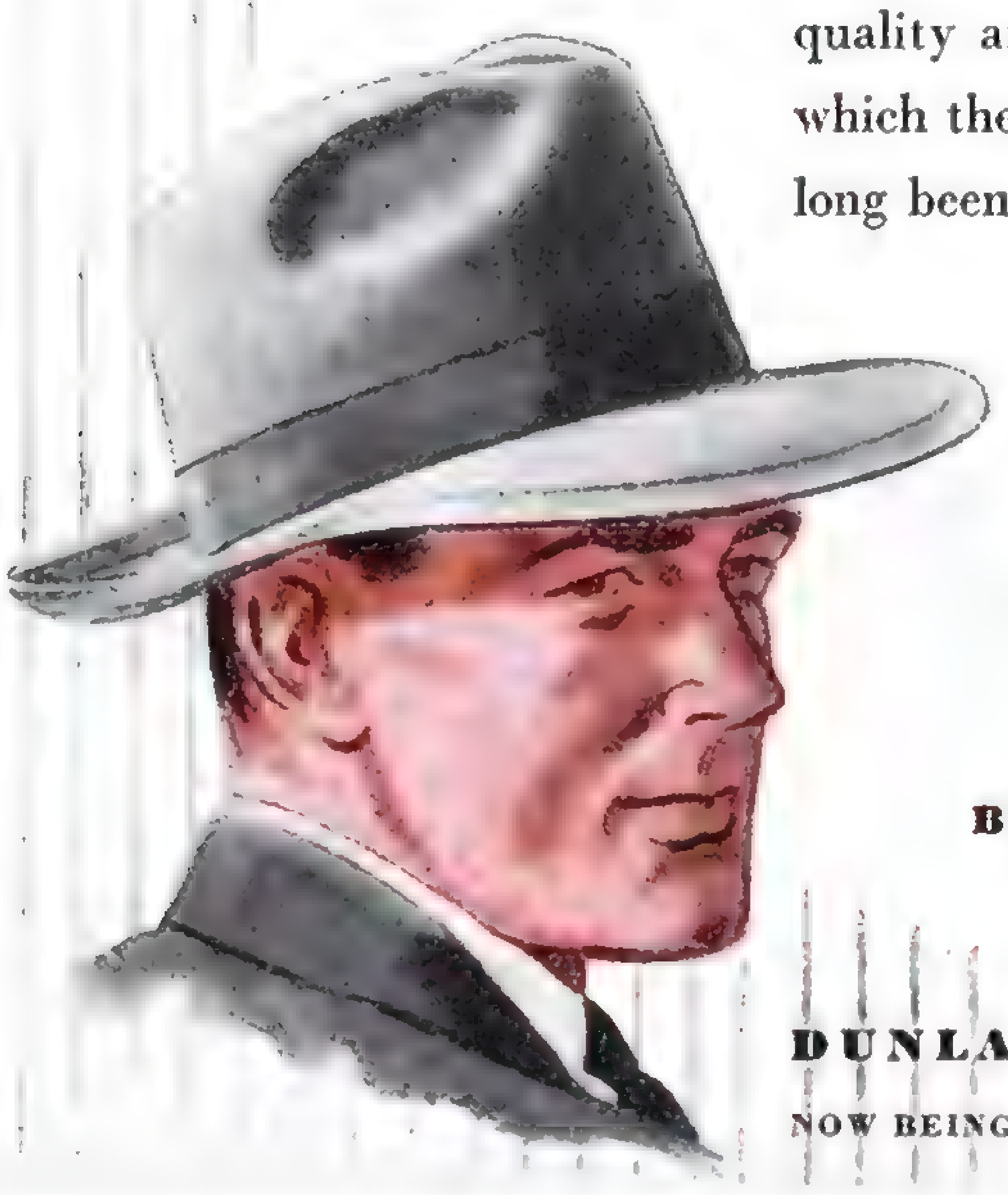
Celebrated Hats

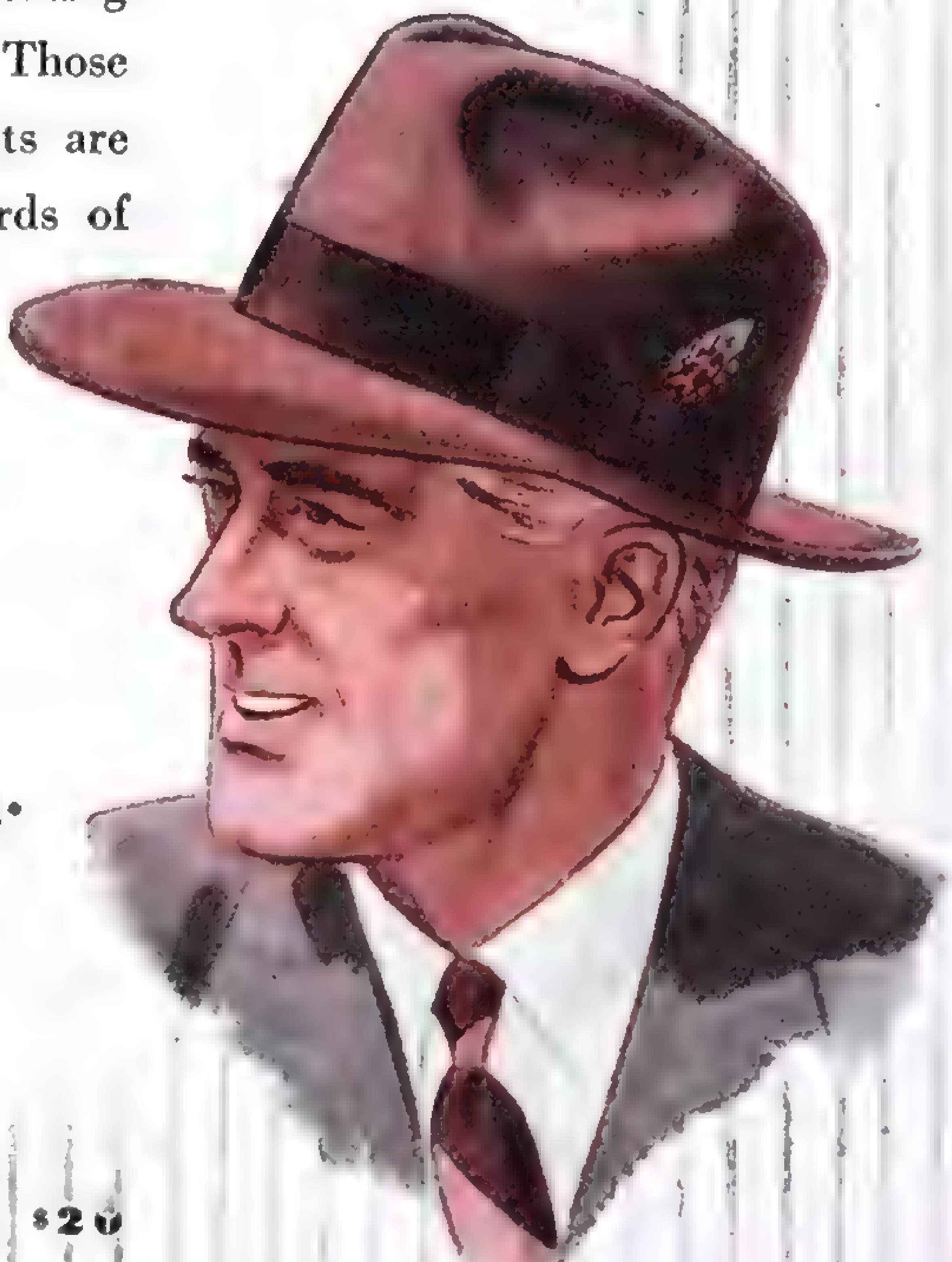


LUXURE

"Your Dunlap, sir..."

A select company of men will enjoy, this Spring, the privilege of wearing hats bearing the Dunlap label. Those who do can be certain their hats are made to the same high standards of quality and workmanship for which the name of Dunlap has long been celebrated.





TRAVELER*

BI-'N'-WIDE

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MATRIX SHOES
by Heywood

THE HOUSE OF HEYWOOD • WORCESTER 4, MASS.
Makers of Men's Fine Shoes since 1864

The Adventures of Old Hep

Continued from pages 89-110

in March. It's getting around that you eat K Rations now . . . and it is a well-known fact that they are edible.

"The Chief wanted to fire you right now, but I dissuaded him and you are getting another chance on the condition that you deliver on the special assignment which follows:

"Here's the angle. You dig up a soldier for our 'What we're fighting for' campaign, who is fighting for a Big Double Malted Milk with Eggs In. No faking now. It has to be authentic, because we are flying a big malted in by special plane and our cameramen will be on hand to get pix of the G.I. drinking it.

"Get on the ball."

It was signed, "Editor J. K., of NY, NY."

I let the letter drop back into the envelope. "I see what you mean, Mr. Hepperson."

"That ain't the half of it. I have only one day to go, not counting the dateline, and I've interviewed 5,482 soldiers and not a one of them is fighting for that damned malted." The little journalist ran a hand through his tousled hair. "I'm willing to concede right now that there isn't a guy in the Pacific area fighting for a Big Double Malted Milk with Eggs In." And with that he heaved himself off the cot, took up his typewriter, and headed out into the company street on his desperate quest. Fred Quonset, who was asleep in our tent, rolled over on his back, and his loud snores punctuated the silence.

That night I told the boys of Hep's plight, withholding the malted milk part of his assignment. They listened with interest, and each ran hopefully through what he was fighting for. Last to hold forth was Freddie Quonset.

"I," he announced, "Just happen to be fighting for a Big Double Malted Milk. With Eggs In, I might add."

Stunned, and then joyously happy, I leaped to my feet. "Freddie! That's it! You're the guy he is looking for! You've saved Hep's job!" I screamed. And then I recoiled, having smashed in the bottom of our Coleman lamp with my head.

We yelled and hollered and clapped Fred on the back and hoisted him to our shoulders. "We gotta find Hep!" I yelled deliriously. "We gotta tell him. We'll track him down on the perimeter, wherever that is." As an afterthought I added, "Wonder what El Capitan wants me to do tomorrow?"

"K.P!" screamed the Captain, who is a light sleeper and whose quarters are adjacent.

Late the next afternoon I was out back of the kitchen scrubbing garbage cans when Old Hep, grinning from ear to there, bounced up and slapped me on the back.

We struggled briefly with the garbage can and then decided to leave it where it was, snugly over my shoulders.

"Feeling better?" I asked.

"Yeah, man, of Little Water, Michigan," he laughed. "You've heard of my luck, no doubt?"

"Heard of it? Who besides me found the jerk who was fighting for a malted?"

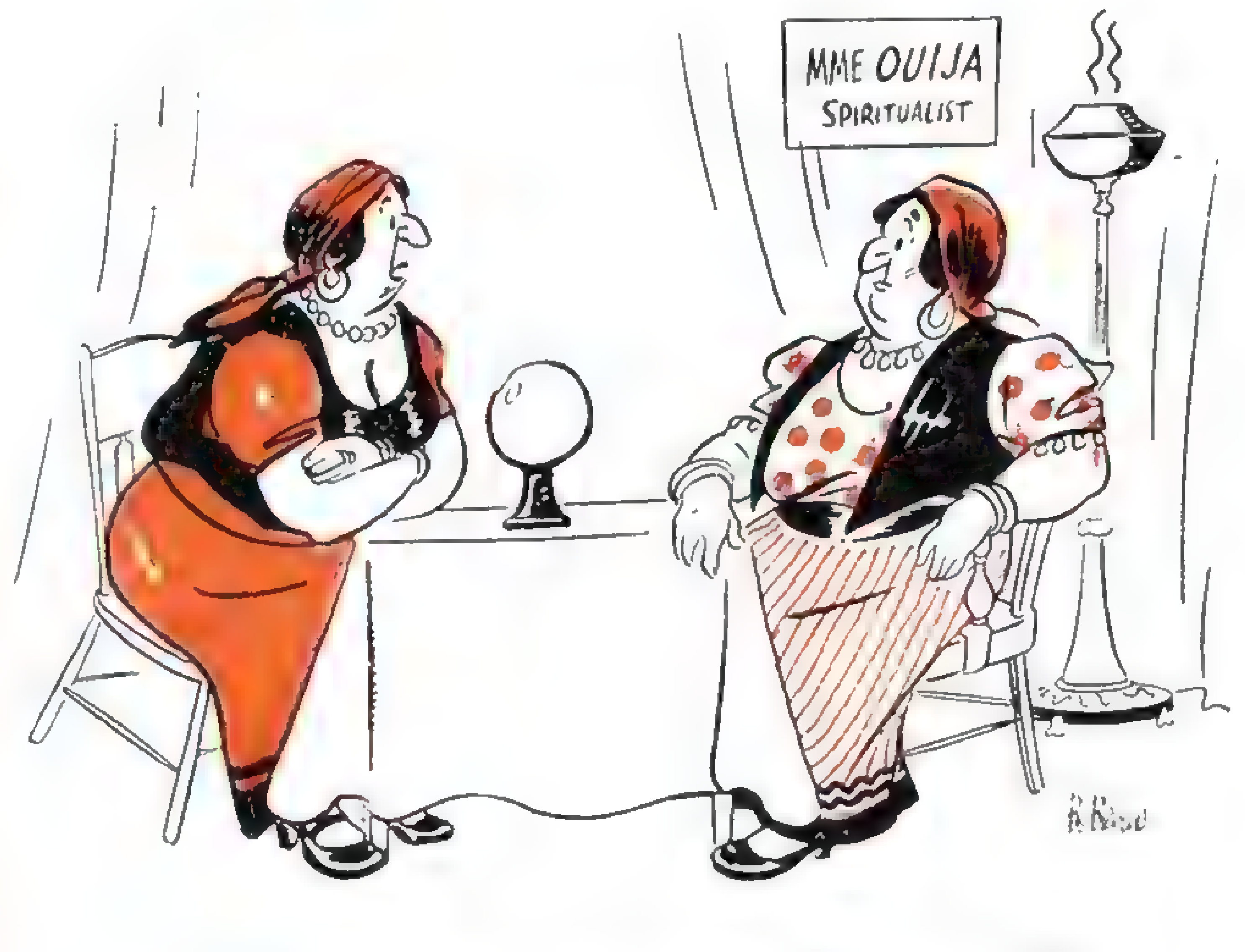
He waited for the echoes to die down.

"Naaaw, not that, Spence," he exulted. "That's all off. When I got back this noon there was a letter for me from Knight and Tripleweak, the New York publishers. They've signed me to do a hardboiled book on the war, and I've already mailed my resignation to the *Mail Picayune*."

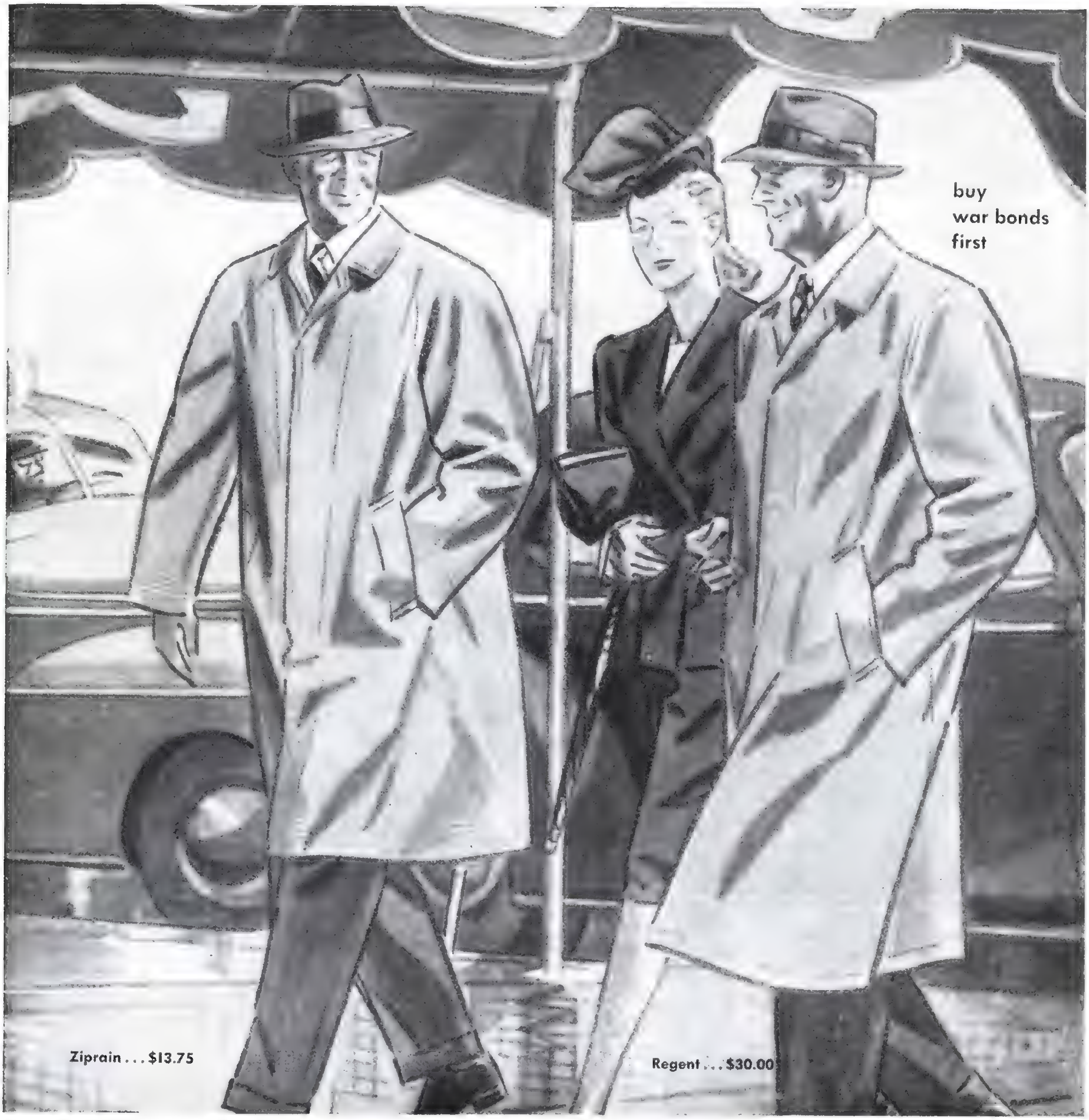
"Congratulations. Mr. Hepperson."

"That ain't the half of it, boy. There's gonna be no mushy-mushy malted milk stuff for my new bosses. They want me to find a guy who's fighting for a triple shot of bourbon, without wash, for my central character! That, I know, will be a leadpipe cinch." And he walked happily away.

I heard the kitchen screen door slam, and Freddie Quonset's boots showed in my narrow field of vision. "Help me get this can off," I said. #



"Did you hear Dunninger last night?"



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Regent . . . $30.00 The very finest Rainfair coat. Superior wool gabardine in a handsomely styled, showerproofed model of exceptional distinction. Sleeve and deep yoke lining of rayon. Smart shade of tan.

Free booklet . . . how to make your raincoat last . . . Our new free booklet gives you detailed instructions, and illustrates the latest Rainfair styles. Write for it . . . and for the name of your nearest dealer . . . today!

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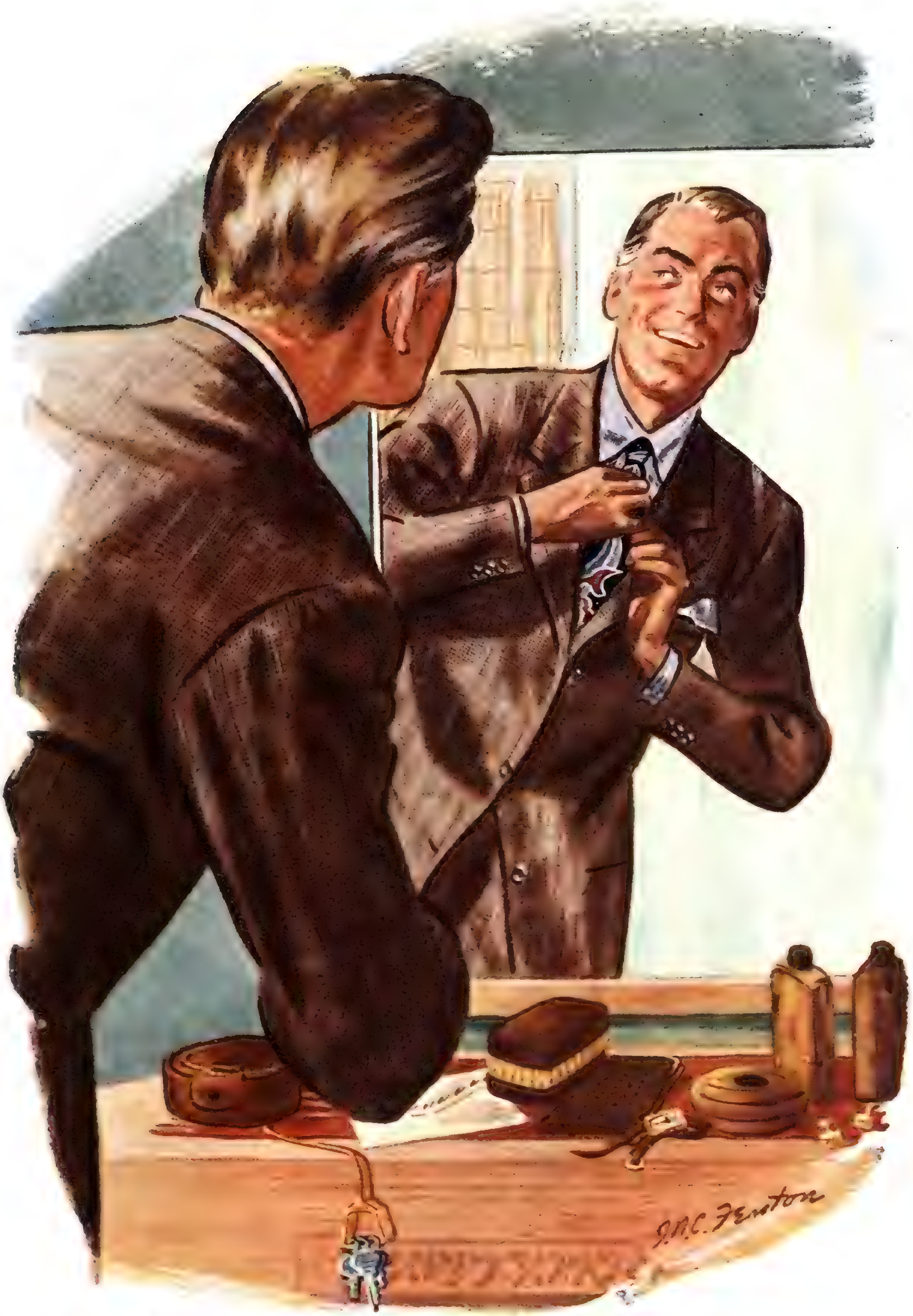
smart as a topcoat . . . and ready for rain



the light touch

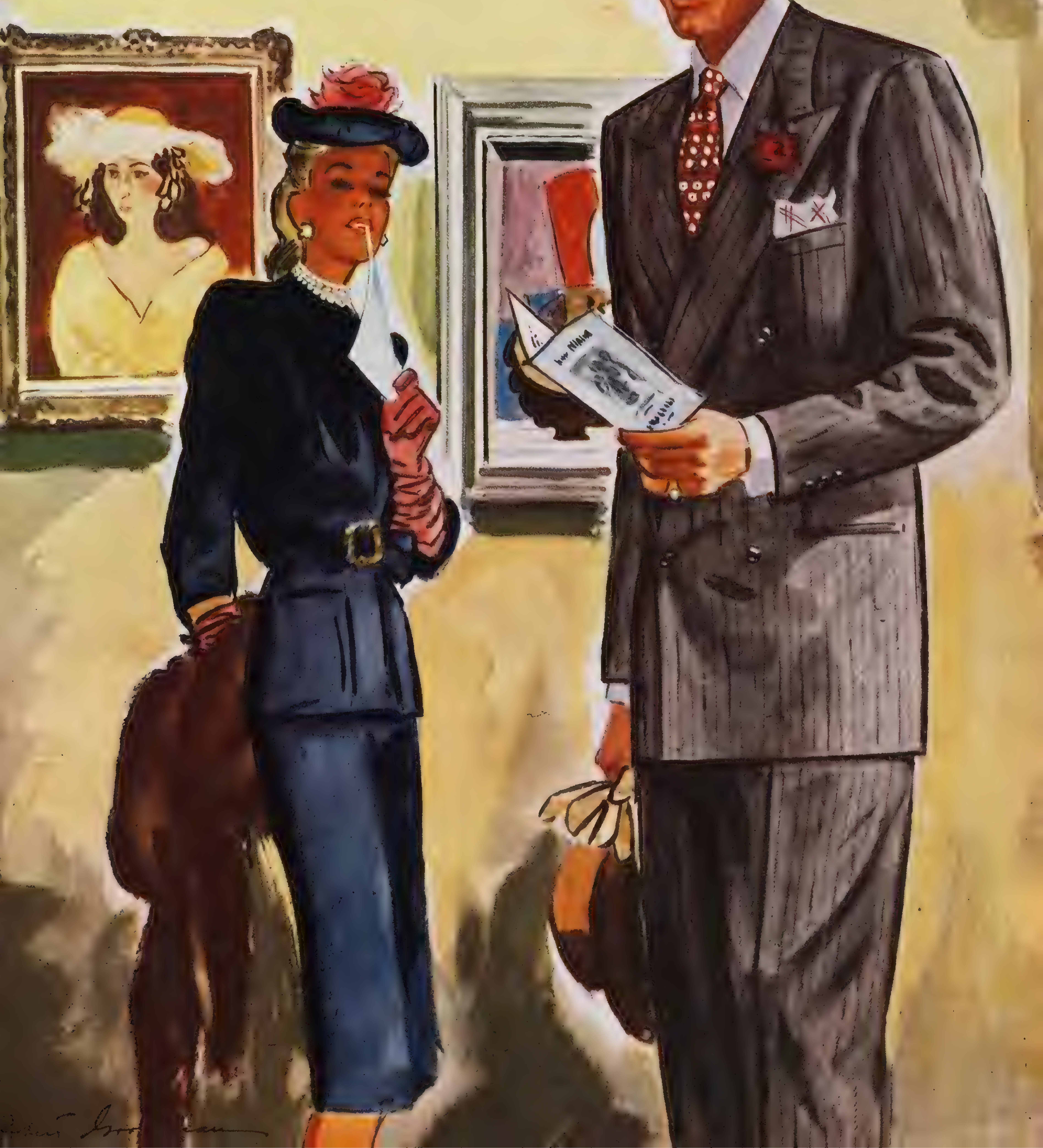
To tie a well shaped tie, don't tug and pull as if you were bent on self-strangulation. Take it easy. The light touch will result in a smooth knot and, just as important, the center crease just below it. This will keep the knot in place. The mirror gazer here is putting these final touches to tying his hand-painted silk tie, which is worn with a blue and white striped broadcloth shirt. Speaking of the light touch, his suit also has it. Light color threads are interwoven with darker ones to give a lightish cast to the worsted suit. In the past, such tones were worn only in the warm season, but now it is right for cold weather wear, the weight of the fabric being satisfactory for such weather. On top of the chest of drawers are accessories for neat turnouts; stud box, key chain, military brushes, alligator wallet with gold trimming, wrist watch, cuff links and toiletries.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.)

It's a Kuppenheimer

No question about it. Kuppenheimer quality is quickly recognized by men who appreciate fine clothes. Of course, our fighting men come first. And their needs are greater than ever. But it will pay you to insist on a Kuppenheimer, even if you must wait—for the clothes we are making today are the finest we have produced in our 68 years.

AN INVESTMENT IN GOOD APPEARANCE



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Blended Whiskey
J. G. Kinsey

We get the nicest complaints!

We never heard of Ken Johnston until he sent us a complaint. And now he's one of our favorite people.

Here's the story, in Ken's own words:

"My workshop has always been a favorite hangout for the boys. But recently, they've taken to coming more often, and staying longer.

"Maybe it's coincidence, but this happened at just about the same time as I started to make my drinks with your perfectly grand-tasting Kinsey Whiskey.

"Don't get me wrong—it's a pleasure to serve my friends with such a smooth and satisfying whiskey. But now I'll always wonder—is it me or my Kinsey they love?"

Well, folks, that's the story. If *you* start serving rich, mellow Kinsey (remember, 52 years of "know-how" goes into every bottle!) *you'll* probably become a more popular host, too. (Don't say we didn't warn you!)

For Unhurried Moments

KINSEY

The Unhurried Whiskey

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Lizzie Takes to the Air

Continued from page 58

after headache in a plane-buying spree is the fact that it costs more to maintain and service a plane than it does to buy one.

Hangar rents, for example, are in the clouds. Hangars are larger and require fancier fixings than auto garages. And as long as prices remain high, repair jobs and the addition of new, hard-to-get parts will cost many times more than similar jobs on a car. Then there are the frequent inspections and the high insurance. And the meanest headache in the lot may not be the cost at all.

Each state, each small municipality, as well as the federal government, looses a hornet's nest of rules and regulations on a plane owner, regulations which would be easier to follow if they agreed with each other. Conflicting laws must be redrafted. And then there's that old flyers' axiom, "You can't fly there if you can't land there!"

Automobiles never became popular until good highways were constructed. Private flying can't become popular until adequate airports are available. This doesn't mean million dollar airports, and, if rotary ring planes such as the helicopter and autogyro are used, or new standard type planes are developed to rise almost vertically, it doesn't necessarily mean very large airports, either. But small private planes must have their own fields. These days they land and take off at regular commercial airports, in between transport flights. But after the war commercial airlines will speed up their schedules to the point where it just wouldn't be safe to have small planes landing and taking off in the same area. Small airfields must be provided for the private flyer. They must be located near his residence, and they must be where tall buildings, radio masts, chimneys or wires will not be flying hazards. Furthermore, they must conform with city zoning ordinances.

It is estimated that in five or ten years after the war a city the size of Philadelphia will need from 150 to 250 landing areas in the metropolitan area. Think what that is going to do to city real estate! A few landing areas may be located along rivers, in parks, or on lake banks; slum areas in the older cities may be razed to supply a few more. But a lot more space will be needed than these sources can supply. It will be the downtown auto parking problem multiplied by a hundred, for a parking space can be squeezed into almost any vacant lot, but a landing field must have not only more room, but suitable approaches as well.

And who is going to pay for all this?

There are 3,086 airports in the U. S. today. The Civil Aeronautics Administration proposes that they may be increased to 6,000 airports to be built throughout the country, two-thirds of them for the convenience of flivver pilots like you and me. This would give an airport to every community with 2500 population or more. Since the project would help supply postwar employment, it would be financed partially by the federal government and individual states. Somewhat similar is a bill introduced by Congressman Jennings Randolph of West Virginia, which would appropriate one billion dollars for building airports throughout the country. But in any case, individual communities will have to do some of the paying, and *much* of the planning.

Meanwhile, aeronautics engineers are working on problems you may never have thought of. For example, the matter of noise. Think of what it will be with hundreds of airplanes crisscrossing above your office or house—all day *and* all night. New propeller blades are now being tested in an effort to cut down propeller noise, and someday airplane engines may wear mufflers.

Then there is the matter of safety, not only for the flyer, but for the people below. It may sound silly, but a lunch box tossed out of a plane from a couple of thousand feet can give you quite a jolt if it hits you on the head. And when the Joneses take to the air for a family picnic or trip to Grandma's, a lunchbox will be the smallest and lightest of all objects they'd throw overboard. If you feel like pooh-poohing this as a real danger, go along any highway and see what autoists discard recklessly; ultimately it will be the same people who "motor" along the skyways.

Furthermore, there must be "signposts"—possibly directions and markers painted on house tops—and aerial traffic cops and traffic rules.

In short, learning how to fly will be the simplest part of the whole business. At least one Washington air-training official claims that *anyone* can fly. That's a rather broad statement, if taken literally, since after all not every one can drive an auto or even ride a bicycle. But certainly all the mystery about flying will evaporate with the advent of the flying tin lizzie.

One prominent flying school taught one hundred and nine nonflying employees of the school to fly. These included kitchen help, guards, stenographers and field personnel, and their ages ran all the way from twenty to sixty. Both men and women were given instruction and since they had had every degree of education, the group was a fair cross section.

Every one of them made the grade. The men required four and a half hours of instruction before they were ready to solo, the women just twenty-four minutes more.

After the war your family and my family can do just as well. ##

Weave us a mellow tweed ... but don't rush it!

Mellow tweeds, like fine brandy, can't be produced overnight. Alpagora tweeds are woven slowly, painstakingly, on old low-speed looms to achieve that costly hand-spun look. And, like hand-loomed tweeds, they're soft as heather, yet *hardy* as leather! That's why Alpagora Tweed topcoats have *double* appeal . . . they *look* so soft, they *act* so tough! That's why they're worthy companions to our famous coat with the Double-Dense* fabric.

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They also serve . . . who BUY and HOLD War Bonds

California Grape Brandy 84 proof. Cresta Blanca Wine Company, Inc., Los Angeles, Calif.

No Rules in a Dog Fight

Continued from page 29

from Kiu-kiang, Lt. Chang met the twenty Japanese and shot four of them down before he was shot down in flames. Yes, he had learned how to hate—and to die.

I'm thinking of all those things today as we move relentlessly towards the enemy base where I hope they come up to fight, and I hope I get to kill. I have the hate of the animal in me, if you want to call it that; hate for the other animal who wants to kill me. In a strange way I'm happy though, in knowing that I have a great weapon with which to fight back against this ruthless enemy. That weapon is not only the bombers and the fighters and our guns and our trained pilots, but it's hate. We expect to be tricked, so we probably will not be. In fact, as I fly along I sometimes think out ways to fool that enemy. Perhaps I will dive my fighter through their formation, making out that I am a green pilot, or perhaps I'll make them think I'm alone. But behind me all the time will be two other fighters waiting for the Zeros to follow me out; then my wingmen will move in and kill. I have developed that primitive instinct to destroy my enemy before he can destroy me. When I get my gun sights on his plane, I feel a passionate thrill and keep moving in until I can't miss—then I squeeze my trigger so hard that I nearly break the rubber grip, and I sometimes keep on firing even after he has caught on fire or exploded. I've caught myself laughing hysterically with the taste of salty blood in my mouth where I've bitten through my lips. God, but I hate them.

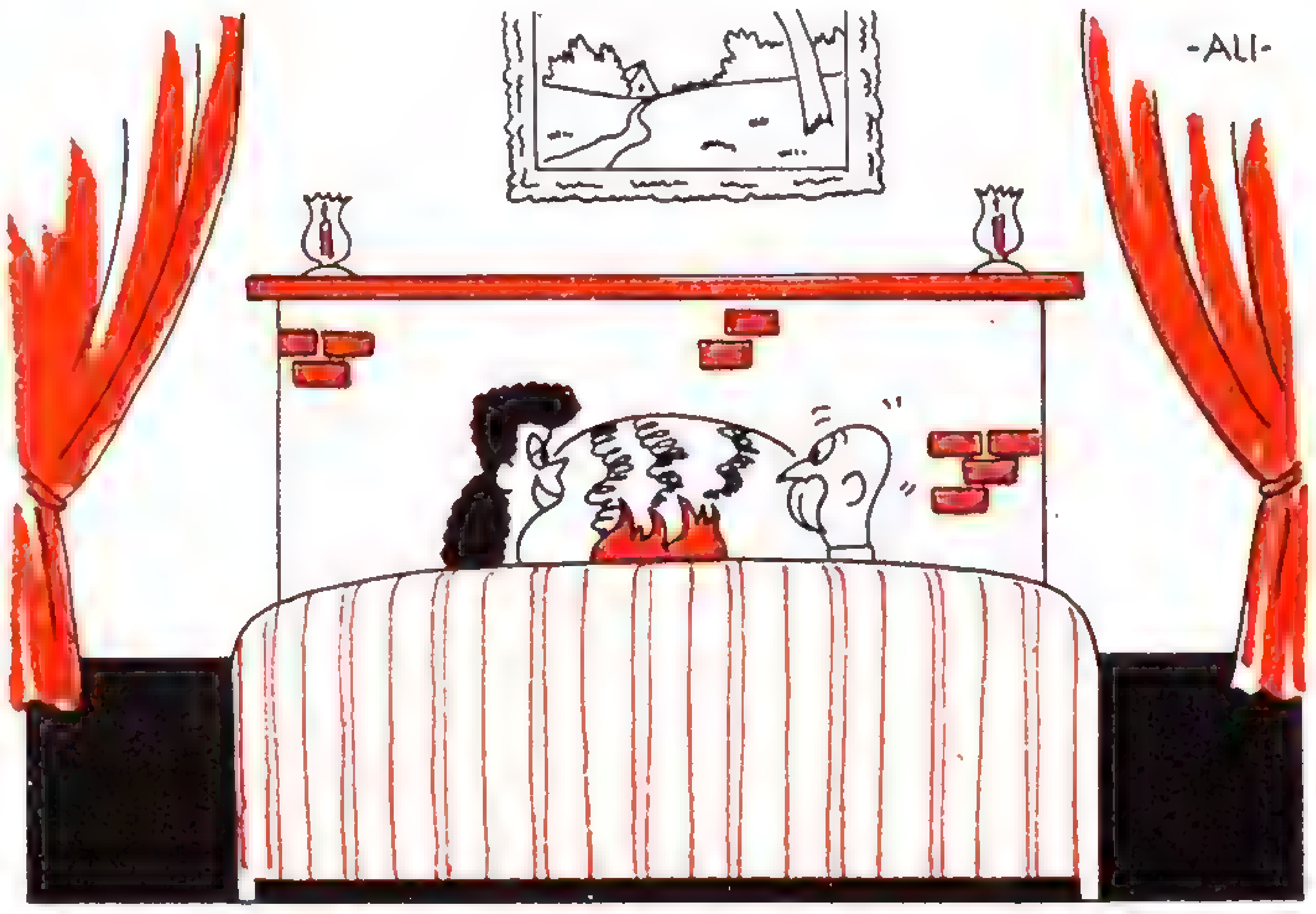
Suddenly, even my thoughts of hate are broken, for I see the enemy climbing steeply up under our bombers. At first, when I try to call over the radio, my voice sounds strange and terse. Then I hear the sidetones more clearly, "Zeros at twelve o'clock above us." I turn my gun switches off and on nervously, adjust my sight reticule and move in for the kill. I've picked my ship and others have picked theirs. I see Dallas Clinger to my right and even in the excitement think of him. He's a great pilot, but I hate to have him use my ship. He spits tobacco juice over rudder pedals and floor. There's a streamer of smoke from my target and he explodes. I watch the debris for just an instant—watch it coldly without emotion. Then I hear Clinger call. "You got the s.o.b. —I got mine, too." Of course, long ago, before he learned to hate, he would have called the Jap a "bandit" or "you just got him," something gentlemanly out over the air, but you see Clinger is no longer a "gentleman." None of us is. We've heard of Bataan and we've talked to women who escaped from Hongkong and Singapore after the Japs had captured them. We saw Elias when he was brought in, shot to pieces in his chute. We helped put his body in quicklime so it could be flown to Kunming for the funeral. We can close our eyes and see a picture of Jap soldiers bayoneting bound prisoners in the Philippines. We see a sign over the poster: "This is your enemy—learn to hate him." We've learned.

Johnny Alison calls his squadron to assemble and says, "What a hell of a way to make a living," then he closes them up and I see they're all there.

We escort the bombers back even after they've called, "California," which means in our changing code of the day, "We're all safe."

I hear Morgan call from the lead bomber, "You know what time of day it is, don't you? Well, soup's on."

We're going to circle up here until the bombers land—that's called "top cover" and it's just another way of showing we're out of the amateur class now—we're professionals. We've learned the one thing they can't teach us in schools and training centers. We've learned to hate and it's another weapon—and we keep right on expecting the worst, but with our guards up. ⌗



". . . now may I see your etchings?"

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the new wonder fabric

SOMETHING NEW HAS BEEN DEVELOPED . . . IN PAJAMAS!

THE PAJAMA OF EXTRAORDINARY "EXTRAS" . . . Don't let the fine, luxury-look of Telo-Mars fabric fool you, because you'll probably get 50% more wear from this wonder-fabric than from ordinary fabric. See the extra threads? How much more closely, more compactly, more finely woven . . . . . all to give you a pajama fabric of super-strength.

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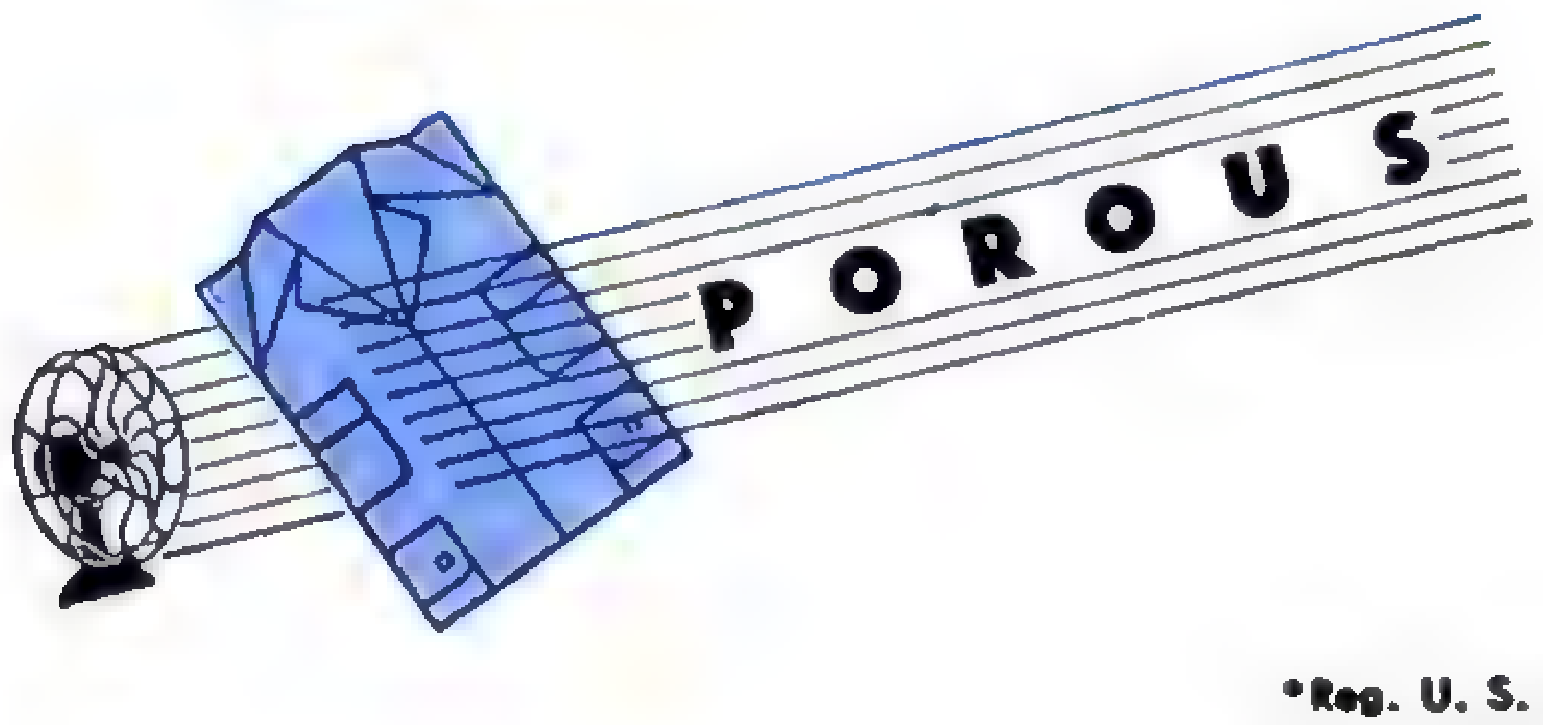

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
†Residual Shrinkage less than 1%.

The Unforgettable Richard Hillary

Continued from page 41

could hold a telephone he tried to reach her, but he tried in vain. He tried three times before he could believe it was in vain, and he made no comment on his failure. She simply could not face what she had to face. Later, when his book was a blazing success and his surgeons had done their best to restore something of his former countenance, she tried to bring on again this love affair with Richard. He was, I believe, strangely kind about it—for Richard, being oversensitive, could be cruel; but he was not cruel to this girl. He told his mother that she wanted to see him and that he thought he would be "silly" not to see her. She came. She stayed with him for two hours alone. She left. No one, not even his mother, knew what Richard had found to say to her, but his mother heard the girl say an affectionate though chastened good-bye to him in the hall. "That's that!" Richard remarked to his mother a few minutes later.

His second love was long and lasting and released the best and deepest that was in him.

He first saw her when, after unendurable agony in the hospital, the doctor believed him to be dying. Richard demanded to see the fiancée of his best friend Peter, whom he had never seen. Peter had been killed three days before his wedding was to have taken place; and Richard, in the hospital under an anesthetic, had seen the death in the air take place. He wanted to tell Denise that Peter was shot clean through the heart and had no time to know what killed him.

It seemed unlikely, since her loss was so recent, that she could bear to come; but she came. The moment Richard set eyes on Denise he loved her. Calm and quiet, infinitely gentle, strong and true, very lovely and very young, she became life itself to him. She was the essence of Peter, against whom Richard had tested himself adventure for adventure, effort for effort, quality for quality, throughout the mingled joy and trial of their deep friendship. Day after day of her "compassionate leave," for she too was in the Forces, Denise spent by Richard's bedside taking from him the consolation she herself needed and giving him in return her unfaltering fellowship.

Denise had religion; she had ideals; she was the very spirit out of which crusaders are made, and yet this tough, buccaneering, cocktail-drinking man with his eight "certain" and nine "probable" kills became a guardian angel to Peter's brokenhearted bride. Denise built up Richard's pride in himself and gave him back his manhood. Richard rebuilt for Denise the world she had lost with Peter; "And all its April to the world thou bring'st" the poet Swinburne sang, "and half my April back to me." Richard could only give back to Denise "half her April"—that was their tragedy. Her numbed and frozen senses could not wake quickly enough to meet his ardor. Yet what they could give, these two robbed and bankrupt children gave to each other lavishly.

Denise knitted a pair of "gollywog" gloves for Richard's broken hands, and she knitted herself a pair just like them, so that he need not feel they had to be made specially for him. She danced with him at his first dances so that if there were girls who could not make his altered looks easy for him, at least the prettiest girl in the room would show the world how gladly she chose him—and how often—for a partner. For weeks Richard went without his tea in the hospital for fear the nurse should come in and find Denise crying. So they vied with each other in building up their broken worlds; and there is very little doubt that this life-saving companionship would have fulfilled itself in love and marriage had not the mission to America come too soon. The Richard who came back from America was no longer the Richard Denise had saved. He was not wrecked again; but he was hardened. He had suddenly grown up and had become intellectually aware of himself and his great gifts.

He stood on the brink of another world, and he needed for this other world—or felt that he needed—a wholly different companionship. Life gave him this fresh companion; as, indeed, she gave him all he asked—or took—until the end.

One of his American friends had offered him an introduction to a friend of hers—a much older woman—who had been unhappily married, but who was now free. This woman was singularly beautiful, experienced and wise. It was not difficult to love Richard, but it was no easy matter to teach love to this new Richard, who had returned home hard and smarting from a fresh crucifixion, fathoms deep in skepticism and anger. Only a woman who had herself been crucified, whose own pride had received a mortal blow and who had risen from it, lonely, self-secure and very wise, could give this Richard what he needed.

Richard could not have borne easy or happy loving just then. He himself could only give what was sophisticated, inexpressive, passionate and insecure. Nor are there many women who know how to take such gifts and to transform them into better ones. This woman did. She gave Richard a love that became for its brief day an overwhelming joy and triumph. Every letter—and Richard's letters of this period deserve to be and may well become the greatest love letters of our age—breathes the spirit of this completion and maturity.

It was in this triumph and at the peak of his new joy that Rich-

Continued on page 124

● ●

Your Coming New Zenith will be the World's Finest Radio because

All Zenith's Engineering Power is Concentrated on

"RADIONICS EXCLUSIVELY"

THE VAST new science of RADIONICS is a jealous wife. She demands undivided devotion from him who would share her secrets and master their application. Many of these secrets are still so sensational that they cannot even be made public!

It is only natural that you can expect the world's foremost radio values in the coming new Zenith *Radionic* models. For Zenith does not divide its engineering and manufacturing power among unrelated fields like refrigerators, washing machines, electric irons, cooking ranges and vacuum cleaners. Zenith has no intention of competing with lifelong *specialists* in those fields.

RADIONICS demands a degree of imagination in engineering and precision manufacture *unknown* in other mass production fields. That's why every Zenith worker has always been, always *will* be, a highly trained specialist in "RADIONICS EXCLUSIVELY."

BEFORE the war, this policy made Zenith one of the largest radio manufacturers in the world . . . with an unrivaled record of top performance in millions of sets, at lower service expense to owners than any other make!

In the war, "RADIONICS EXCLUSIVELY" has made Zenith Radionic military equipment famous in *every* branch of our armed forces! This has meant a wider, more intensive development by Zenith in High Frequency, the basis for all FM, Television and Short Wave advancements. It is a matter of record that years ago short wave communication was introduced into the U. S. Navy by Zenith!

No wonder Zenith—and *only* Zenith—is able to launch a RADIONIC REVOLUTION!

YES, your coming new Zenith Radionic Radios, Global Portables and Radio-Phonographs will bring miraculous tone of such clarity, brilliance and beauty as you've *never* heard before! They will combine advanced engineering, precision quality and low cost as *never* combined before!

The ZENITH RADIONIC REVOLUTION is on the way! Watch for it! Don't risk your radio dollars—put them on a name you know will be a *proven* winner. *Keep your eye on Zenith for the best in radio, and see Zenith first!*

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WORLD'S LEADING MANUFACTURER

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The popularity of this self-service bar didn't last

AUTOMATIC WINE & LIQUOR DISPENSER, 1883

AUTOMATIC WINE AND LIQUOR DISPENSER

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JOHNNIE WALKER'S

popularity lives on and on

An idea that's more in favor every year... the enjoyment of good old Johnnie Walker. Velvety smooth and mellow, every sip of this choice scotch whisky is a distinctive treat.

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BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

Popular Johnnie Walker can't be everywhere all the time these days. If occasionally he is "out" when you call... call again.

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Both 86.8 proof

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BUY UNITED STATES WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

The Unforgettable Richard Hillary

Continued from pages 14-122

ard turned with determined vigor towards almost certain death. He went back into active service in the Air Force not because he wanted to die—at the moment he had the best reason for living that exists—but because he wanted to give. He was by nature a lover of life and he wanted to give life all that he had. While he felt that he had nothing to give he would not risk death—but now he knew that he had everything, so that he was well prepared, although it was agony to give it. He had no sentimental reasons for his act and no inducements from the Force he served. What Richard thought of the authority of the Air Force for not having found a better use for him was only less disparaging than what he thought of the officials of the M.O.I. It was so disparaging that it has not remained on record, which is perhaps a pity. For "truth... is truth to the end of the reckoning."

Richard forced his way back into the Air Force largely because he knew that each man who could do a flying job was still needed; and perhaps for a less fine and simple reason, but nevertheless part of the make-up of this singularly large and complex human being. Richard was very angry with official stupidity, and when he was angry he always became active. He wanted at once to defy and to punish those who had outraged his sense of human decency. "All right, then, I'll die on your doorstep!" was probably one of his conflicting impulses. But there was a deeper impulse still. Richard was tough, but he was a great deal more generous than he was tough. Most of his friends were now dead. All of those who had first formed his squadron had been killed or disabled, but younger men were taking the same chance.

In the middle of an argument with one of his friends, before he had taken his most gallant and unreasonable decision to return to the Air Force, he said casually, "Well—this new lot—they're young and raw and it isn't a bad thing for them to have a 'survivor' still going it—knocking round with them—one doesn't like *not* being with them either!"

Perhaps only the R.A.F. itself, to whom Richard gave a voice, will wholly understand the logic of his last wordless act—that act which once more brought him down in flames—onto the earth of the small island which this special group of men have earned a right to represent. ###

Everybody Reads the Comics

Continued from page 51

stetrician to both *Gasoline Alley* and *Little Orphan Annie* as well as to *The Gumps, Moon Mullins, Harold Teen*, and more recently *Terry and the Pirates*—outlined to artist Chester Gould a straight adventure strip, *Dick Tracy*.

The humorless era reached its peak—or, some would say, its nadir—with the sudden, spectacular success of *Superman* in 1939. Although not the first of the fantastic strips (*Tarzan*, for one, had preceded it), it vaulted like its hero into the select circle of the dozen most widely circulated comics. Overnight it became the kids' top favorite—with a quarter of a million youngsters, including Mickey Rooney and six Annapolis midshipmen, joining the Superman Club of America. *Superman*, characteristically singlehanded, was also responsible for the mushroom growth of comic books and magazines. Specializing in out-of-this-world adventure, these now sell over 20,000,000 copies a month, mostly to children and soldiers, but are scorned by the bulk of newspaper-reading comic fans, who would probably agree with Sterling North that they amount to "graphic insanity."

With the war, however, fantastic and imaginary melodrama in the strips began to look tame by contrast. Many comic characters followed Joe Palooka into the services, including Tillie the Toiler who joined the WAC. But many others, especially the funny ones, kept sedulously clear of the war—notably Blondie, who is not even bothered with ration stamps, and Li'l Abner, a G.I. favorite, whose creator, Al Capp, devoted a Sunday strip to telling why Abner hadn't been drafted and who has been thanked from foxholes for keeping the hillbilly home in Dogpatch. It may be significant of a trend back to humor that among America's ten top comics today are five which depend wholly or primarily on funny stuff, and are scarcely, if ever, aware that a war is going on.

Despite the fact that it has become a worldwide big business—the comic strip industry is built on a remarkably small foundation. A recent list of all syndicated comics includes less than 250 titles and of these, many are brand-new strips with small circulations. Many more are not strictly strips at all but "panels" or one-picture comics which sometimes become strips on Sunday, like J. R. Williams' *Out Our Way*, most popular of the panels. Actually there are less than 100 full-fledged syndicated comic strip artists appearing in this country today.

Some of them are handsomely paid. Ham Fisher and Young and Capp and Gray and McManus and possibly one or two others make over 100,000 dollars a year from their strips alone, and add thousands to their incomes from radio, film and other rights. Sidney Smith, who created *The Gumps*, had just signed a five-year contract for 150,000 dollars a year on the very day he was killed in

Continued on page 126

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THE LARGEST SELLING UNDER-ARM DEODORANT

Everybody Reads the Comics

Continued from pages 51-124

an automobile accident. It is the rare—and poor—comic artist who makes less than 100 dollars a week; the average is from 400 to 500 dollars.

Some artists work on a straight salary, some on a salary-plus-royalty basis, some on straight royalties which may run as high as fifty per cent of what the syndicate gets from subscribing papers. The syndicates sell the strips at prices which vary with the buyer's circulation and also with the popularity of the strip. A mediocre strip may go to a small country paper for as little as two and a half dollars a week; a top strip may command as much as three hundred dollars a week from a metropolitan daily; the average price is around thirty dollars.

With a few exceptions, the artists work hard for the money they make. Once in awhile, the creator of a well-established comic will move to Florida or California to live the life of Riley on his royalties while his assistants sweat out the strip.

Few artists work so fast and get so far ahead that they can take an occasional vacation of a month or two. Most of them barely keep up to schedule by working eight hours a day, five or six days a week, fifty-two weeks a year. The schedule is rigid. In order to reach all subscribing papers in time, daily strips must be at the syndicate office four to six weeks before publication (six is the usual requirement) and Sunday spreads, to be printed in color, must be nine or ten weeks in advance.

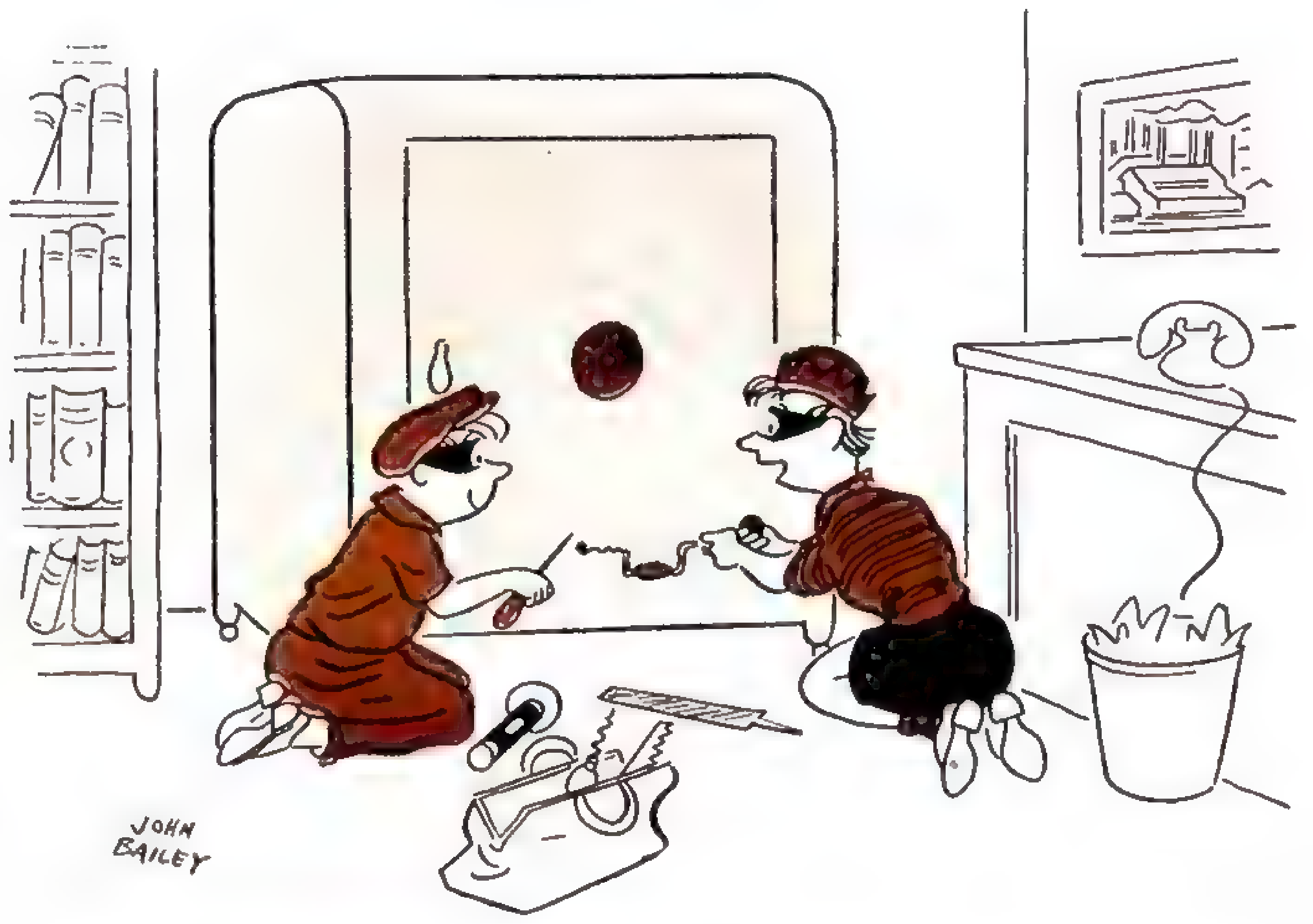
Several strips—usually adventure strips like *Superman*—are signed by two names, an artist and a writer. This sort of collaboration can be carried on long distance; *Popeye's* script-writer lives in Alabama, the artist in Ohio; *Jane Arden* is written in California, drawn in Texas. Some artists of humorous strips buy their jokes; others encourage and use suggestions from readers. But the bulk of ideas and the important drawing in a good strip are the work of the man who signs it.

The drawing consumes the longest time—particularly for a painstaking artist like Milton Caniff, some of whose works have been hung in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and who is rated the finest and most accurate draftsman in the game. But the ideas come harder—and have to come first.

All narrative strips and some humorous strips are planned in sequences, like chapters of a book, and a sequence may run for two or three months. The funny strips with no real continuity require a gag a day.

Another tough job is the creation of characters, although Bud Fisher claims to have thought up Jeff in an hour. Popular legend has it that the leading character in any strip is likely to be a caricature of the artist himself. Sometimes this is true; George McManus bears a striking resemblance to Jiggs; artist Lank Leonard is almost a dead ringer for his Mickey Finn. On the other hand, Chic Young insists that he is not, in any way, Dagwood; Al Capp looked at Henry Wallace, instead of a mirror, to draw Li'l Abner; and Ham Fisher fashioned Joe Palooka after a third-rate pug who said "youse" as instinctively as Joe has said it since.

While comic artists take pride in their craft and in their craftsmanship, their chief, and normal, concern is—how well is the strip selling? Why it sells well, why people read it, why so many millions love the comics, are questions they are likely to leave to more serious thinkers. Let psychologists wrangle over whether people read comics "to feel superior" to puny Jeff, to henpecked Jiggs, to harassed Dagwood—or "to identify themselves" with Palooka or Terry or Tracy or Superman. Let Gilbert Seldes and J. P. McEvoy maintain, as they both have, that nobody ever laughs while reading the funnies. Let others call it all a form of infantilism or lay it to habit. Who cares—so long as, to quote the ad "everybody reads the comics." Well—almost everybody.



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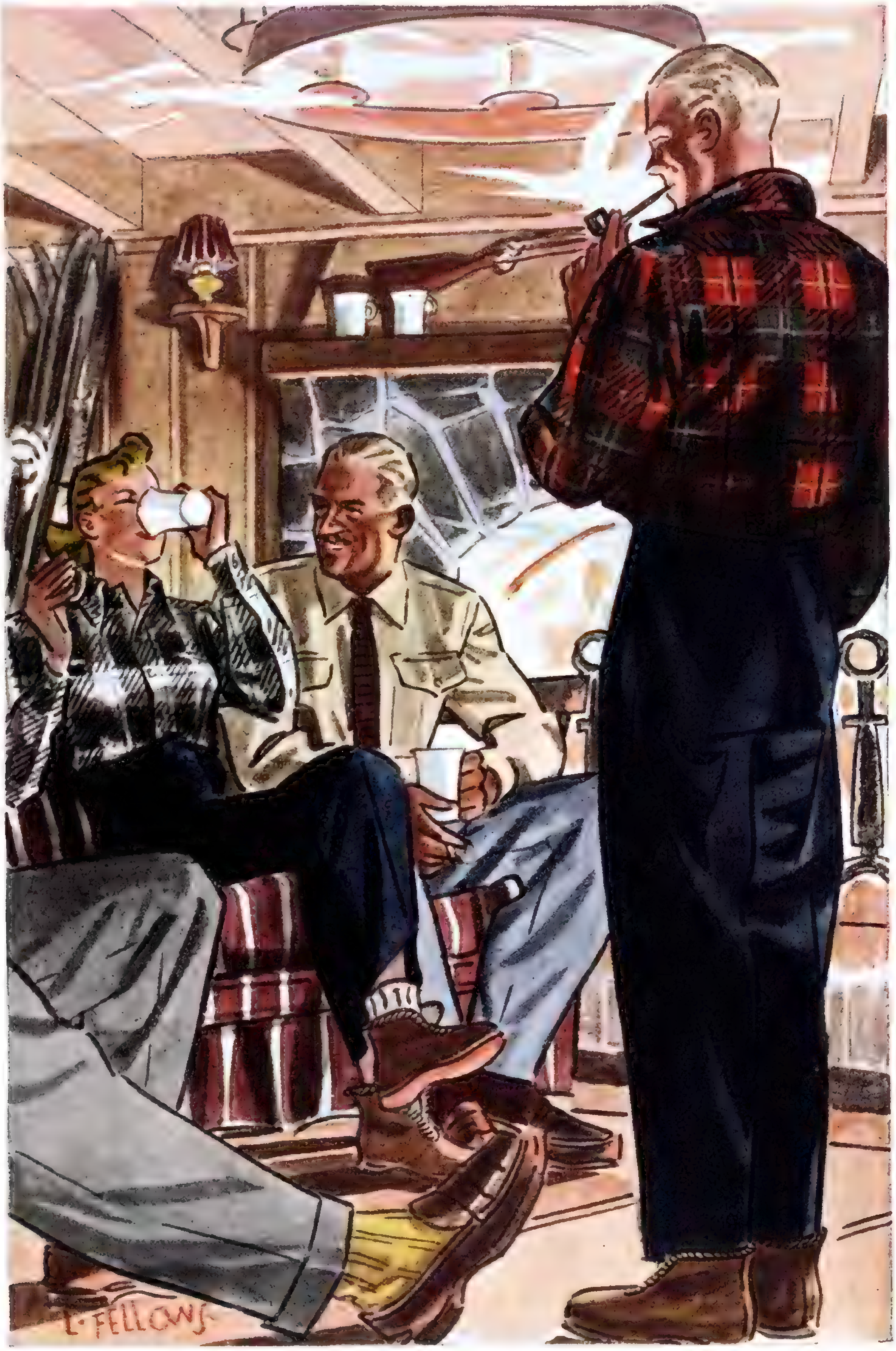

fireside slalom

Half the fun of skiing is the pleasant kind of comradeship that develops in the cheerful atmosphere of the ski lodge. The low wooden ceiling holds that delightful aroma which is a blend of burning logs in the fireplace, blue smoke from pipe tobacco, and the spicy scent of hot buttered rum. The day of slalom racing down the white slopes changes into a fireside slalom of words. The genial man holding the mug in this group is wearing a shirt of tan gabardine, a blend of worsted and casein fibers. The latter is the man-made fiber stemming from milk. Also worn are maroon knitted wool tie, wool socks, gabardine trousers and weejuns. The pipe smoker goes in for a brilliant tartan wool shirt, downhill ski trousers, fleece bootlets. The young lady sports a bold plaid wool shirt, gabardine trousers and fleece bootlets, the feminine counterpart of the man's ensemble.

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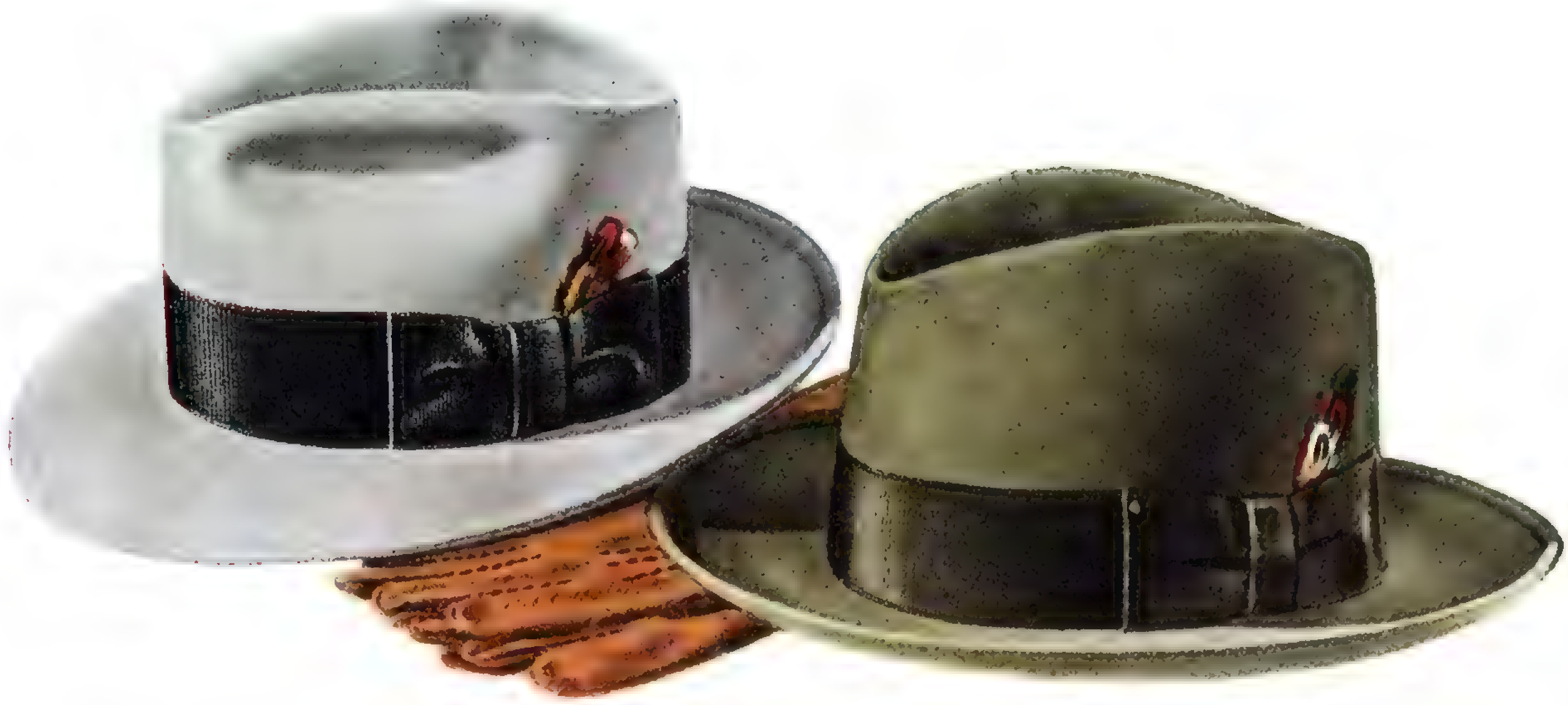

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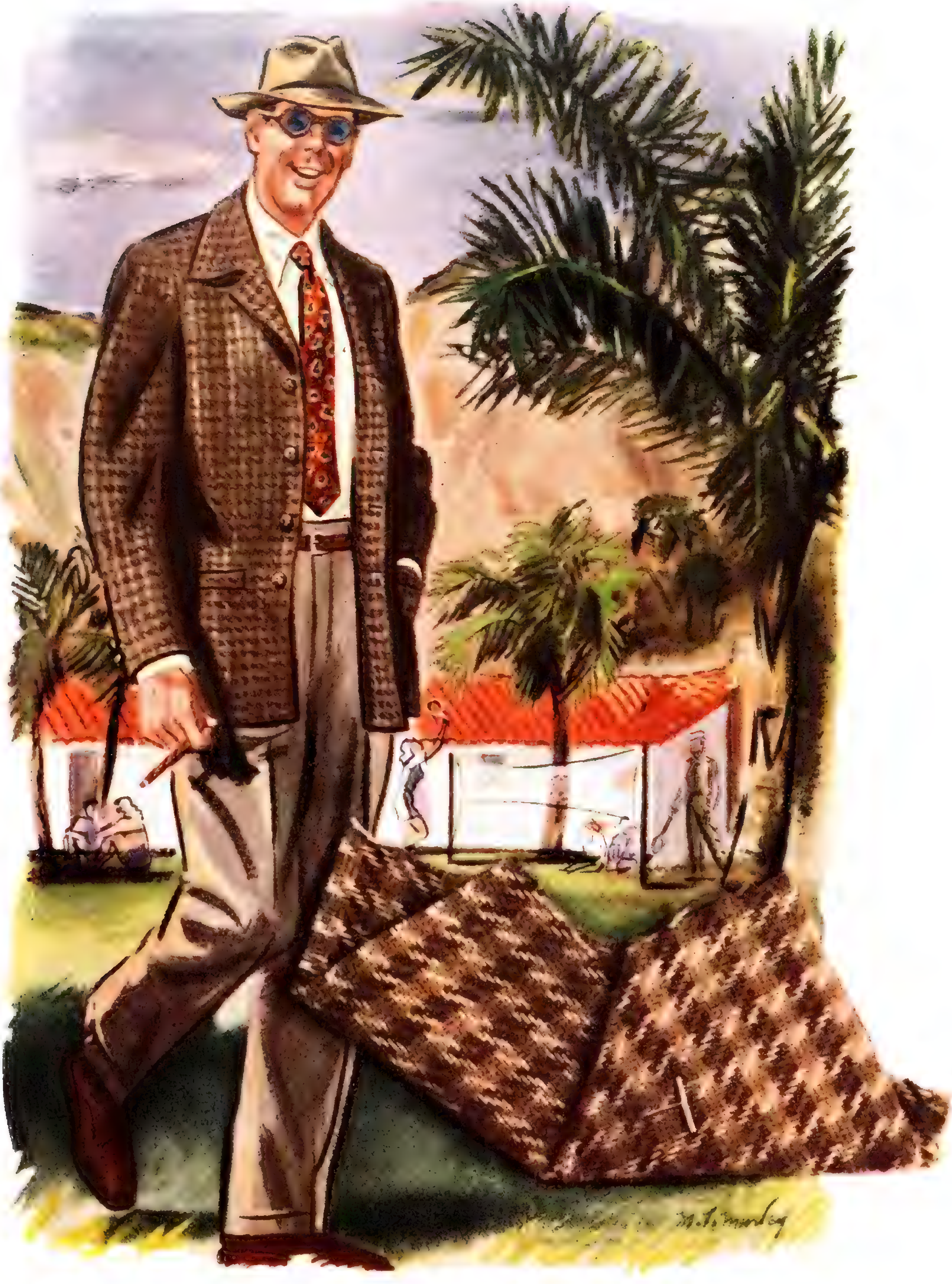


the twain meet

East is East and West is West, but the twain do meet in sportswear that was created for the climate of California only to find its way to all parts of the country. The casual jacket's fashion progression serves as supporting evidence of the fact that California is of growing importance as a fount of sportswear ideas. It started in a small way at the West Coast playgrounds and has since moved eastward like squadrons of the skyways. One reason for the endurance of this fashion has been its comfort and easy lines. Latest change in this sportswear category is the rise in prominence of the hound's tooth check tweed number, such as this stogy toter is wearing amid the Californian palms. A close-up of the fabric illustrates the formation of the pattern. Also worn are the natural shade cloth hat, ivory color shirt with long pointed collar, foulard tie, gabardine slacks, wedge-heel shoes.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.)

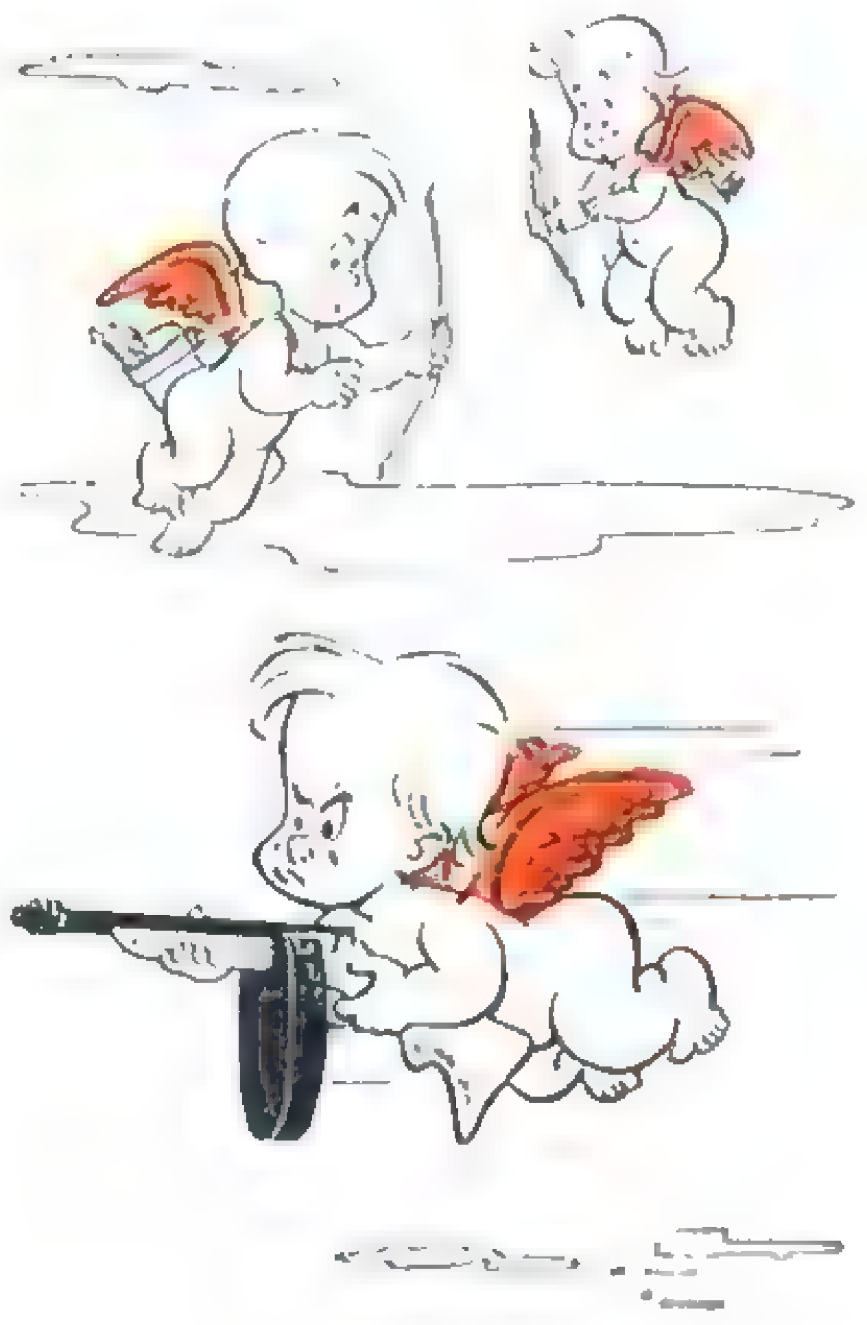
Black Sheep No. Six: Harrison Barr

Continued from page 49

two sawhorses. There were a few salvaged chairs, and a mattress on the floor, spread with army blankets. The open fireplaces were stacked high with orange crates and there were a grill and coffee pot on the hearths. On the floor was wadded copy paper, signs of literary effort.

I noticed that Steve's face was alight as he showed me about. What was this, I asked myself—this joyful bondage?

When I questioned Steve he told me the formula of being hired. Each aspirant, upon submitting samples of dialogue, signed a formal statement to the effect that Barr would never be sued for stealing it. And when the aspirant was hired as a collaborator he signed an agreement not to submit for publication any of the material he saw or wrote while with Barr. The name of the play, *The Subway*, was copyrighted. Barr himself had been incorporated, moreover.



Such legalistic red tape. And all for a play that apparently was never going to be finished. "Why is it written over and over?" I asked Steve.

He told me the way they worked. Each morning at nine the boys met at Barr's apartment on the top floor and got assignments for the day. One was to continue the scene he worked on the previous day; another was to take a new scene; another was to edit or finish what an absent member had written. On afternoons there was a story conference at which Barr read aloud some of the scenes and they were discussed. Sometimes there was a controversy over some line and Barr put it to a vote as to whether it should be kept.

Often with as many as six versions of one scene, Barr sat down and did what he called "cull" them. He would mark in red pencil phrases or sentences that met his special favor; blue for good; yellow for fair enough unless you can think of something better. He would give these coded six versions to a writer to co-ordinate into a scene.

As many as six writers would take a crack at co-ordinating the culled or salvaged material. Then started again the work of culling the cullings.

The Subway began life as a mystical drama with a kind of Superman character called the Sphinx, who had his abode in space. Gradually this life spokesman became a flesh and blood man, even taking on quite a few of the physical characteristics of Harrison Barr—and had just recently been given an apartment.

I was beginning to understand why *The Subway* never got finished.

It ended by my being invited to tea at Barr's. It was a large studio furnished in interesting contrast to the apartments below. The furniture was of good, dark, highly polished wood; the rugs were old and good; the copper kettle on the hob shone brightly. There were no orange crates here, but big, brightly burning logs.

On the walls were large framed sketches. All were of one subject: the subway under construction at the spot which I considered my stage. The characters were distributed over the stage—even the Sphinx, whom I recognized from his cape and his resemblance to Barr.

Barr greeted me graciously. He was the worldly, assured egoist, at moments petulant, at moments concerned with his weighty responsibility of directing the destinies of all these young writers.

He was so sure of himself that he told me without hesitation of a recent lawsuit against him for failure to pay for services rendered.

The boys laughed in accord. "But what," I ventured, "if the play should never be produced? You know how uncertain Broadway is."

Barr smiled. "But it will be produced," he said with perfect faith.

"Would you feel your work had been wasted if it weren't?" I asked.

I have never seen such unanimity of opinion, such amusement that I would ask such a stupid question.

"Nothing is ever wasted," the Sphinx said.

The whole thing was quite clear then. Barr actually did not want the play ever to be finished. He intended not to allow it to be finished.

And the boys, somehow aware of this intention, were still happy to be a part of this eminently non-profit writing organization. Occasionally one might come along who felt himself cheated, but the main run of them would stick as long as they could afford it.

When the subway construction finally demolished the house, they would be moving somewhere else where rent was free. As long as young men grew up wanting to write, Barr's coterie was safe from extinction.

So that was why *The Subway* was never finished. ⵌ

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Bowldom's Boy Wonder Grows Up

Continued from page 52

duced his first sanctioned 300 game and his first 200 league average—making it good at 207. He worked that year as a production clerk at the Fisher Body plant.

Bill North, the factory executive, gave Norris another healthy shove on the maple highroad to glory.

The big sidewheeler, a tough customer in his own right, talked Joe into quitting his job at Fisher and going to work for him as a stockchaser at the Briggs Manufacturing Company. Bill wanted to form a crack team of his own, sponsored by Briggs.

On the Briggs team that year, 1928, in addition to North and Norris, were Reppenhagen, Hartman and Johnny Crimmins—the latter fresh from Toledo.

Easily the classiest clique in town, they were all employed at Briggs, working under North.

Now "alley-wise" at twenty, Joe stole the show from his fast-traveling cronies, sparking predictions that here, indeed, was a rising star.

Another year and the same gang hooked up with a new backer, Palace Recreation. Ambitious, they set their sights on the world match championship held by Dominick DeVito's Duffy Floral's of Chicago. This line-up—DeVito, Eddie Krems, Frank Kartheiser, Joe Fliger and Hank Marino—bristled with power.

But the primed Detroiters shot their Windy City rivals dizzy, stripping them of their title by 999 pins.

Joe bowled an average of 215 for the eighteen games, handily topping the efforts of both teams in his first big intercity test. He so impressed Chicago scribes with his peppery delivery and potent ball that they dubbed him the "Fireball Kid."

Joe was twenty-one, and adjudged one of the ten best keglers in the world, when his mates relegated him to the captaincy in 1931. They were known that season as Chene-Trombly Recreation.

Then followed a year when they sported the Coca-Cola banner.

It was the season of 1933-34 that the Stroh Bohemian Beer people elected to sponsor Norris and his clan. With Stroh's backing, Norris grew to full stature as a national bowling figure.

Came March, 1941, and Detroit felt it just *had* to bust out and tell Joe what a swell guy and great bowler he was. A grand-scale testimonial dinner was arranged, and if all of the town wasn't there it was only because they couldn't elbow in.

Joe blushed through a recital of his triumphant pin career.

More tangible, perhaps, was the exhibition of trophies and medals—more than a hundred—won by Norris in his twenty years of big-time trundling. Since then, his collection of awards has swelled, and now they represent nearly every choice city, state, national and international bowling plum.

There is nothing haphazard about Joe's technique. His natural gifts, sharpened to razoredge by years of tenpin warfare, have evolved to where he masters the game's many vagaries, finding an alley without wasting too many balls and remaining deadly accurate even when he has to vary his speed, shift his position, or regulate the break of his hook.

Though less flashy and more direct, his approach is essentially the same as it was in his pinboy days. Like most crackshots, Norris takes five steps. A quick, propelling take-off and five fast steps. Arm straight back and then straight out in front in a perfect, pointing follow-through. Smooth and positive. He uses a two-fingered mineralite, grips it tightly, and flips it over flapjack fashion achieving a speedy, sharp-break-hook and a world of power.

The good-looking "personality kid," still with Briggs as an expediter, is, of course, in demand as an instructor.

He'll tell you concisely: "Get yourself a ball fitted right by an expert . . . don't try to be fancy—adopt a simple style that is natural, one that goes with your physical make-up . . . pitch the ball well out in front where you can see what you're doing, don't shut off your vision by dropping it at your feet . . . keep your head down, don't jerk it up—the pins are on the alley-bed, not the ceiling . . . be careful not to drop your shoulder too soon as it causes one to 'side-arm' a ball—bring it straight back and then straight out in correct pendulum fashion . . . and, of course, follow through—smack at the object you're shooting at . . . take your sweet time and concentrate; never throw a haphazard ball; one careless roll is often the difference between a good game and a bad one . . . practice uniformity—learn to do the right thing and then keep at it, remembering the score is unimportant at the start . . . shift your approach-position according to alley conditions . . . move to the left and straighten out your angle when alleys are running a lot . . . move to the right and point your ball up when alleys are slick and *not* running . . . also, keep in mind that speed cuts down the break of your hook, while a slower ball tends to 'grab' and increase the arc."

A heralded rivalry that had been smoldering for years burst into flame in May, 1943, when Norris and Crimmins met head-on in an 80-game match that had upwards of 10,000 dollars bet on the outcome.

When the pin wreckage was cleared, Joe emerged as the victor by 849 pins. Tricky alleys and heavy pins kept Detroit's favorite kegling son down to an average of 208 for the works.

The Norris-Crimmins "feud" is old stuff not only along the De-

Continued at top of page 134

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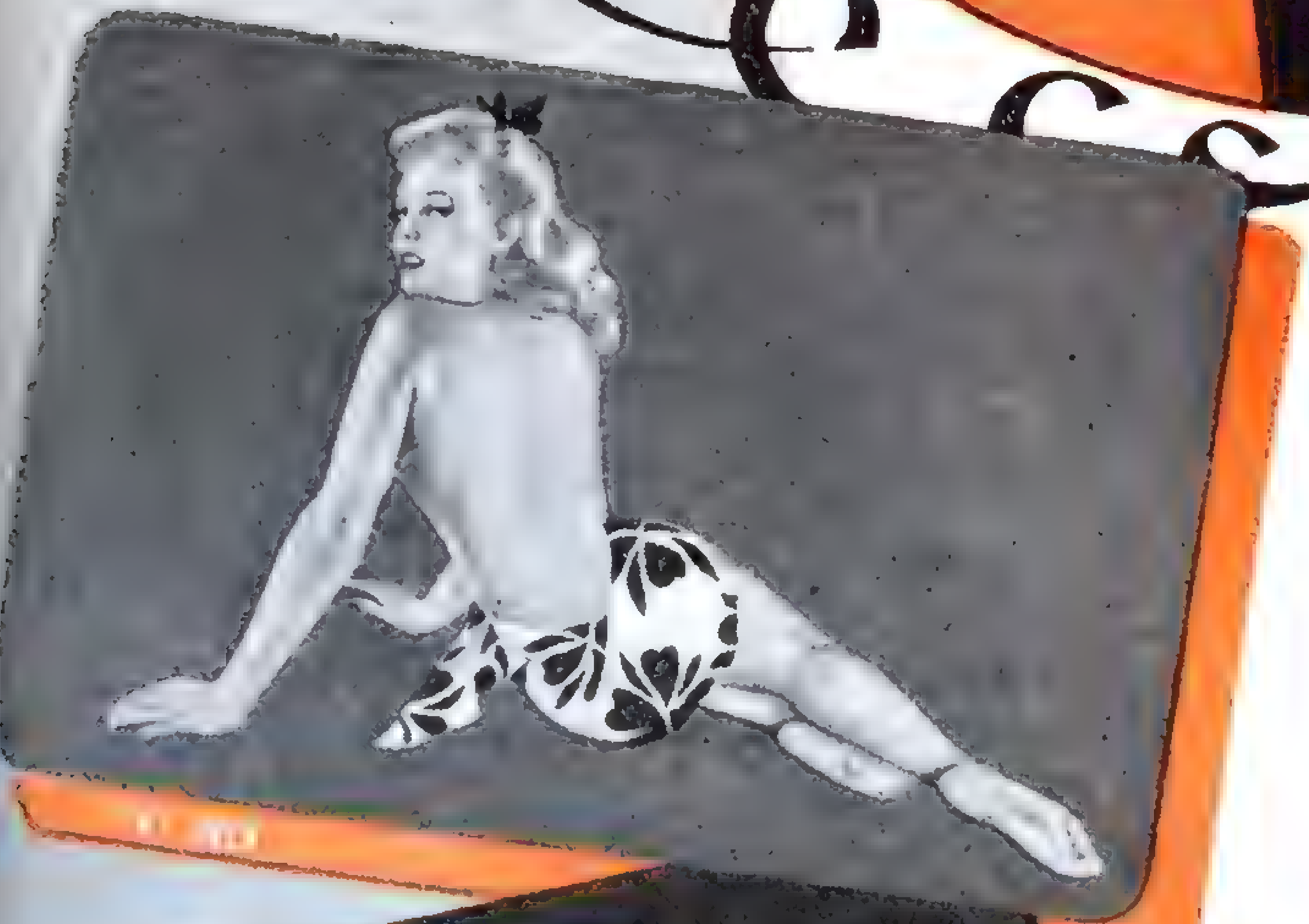

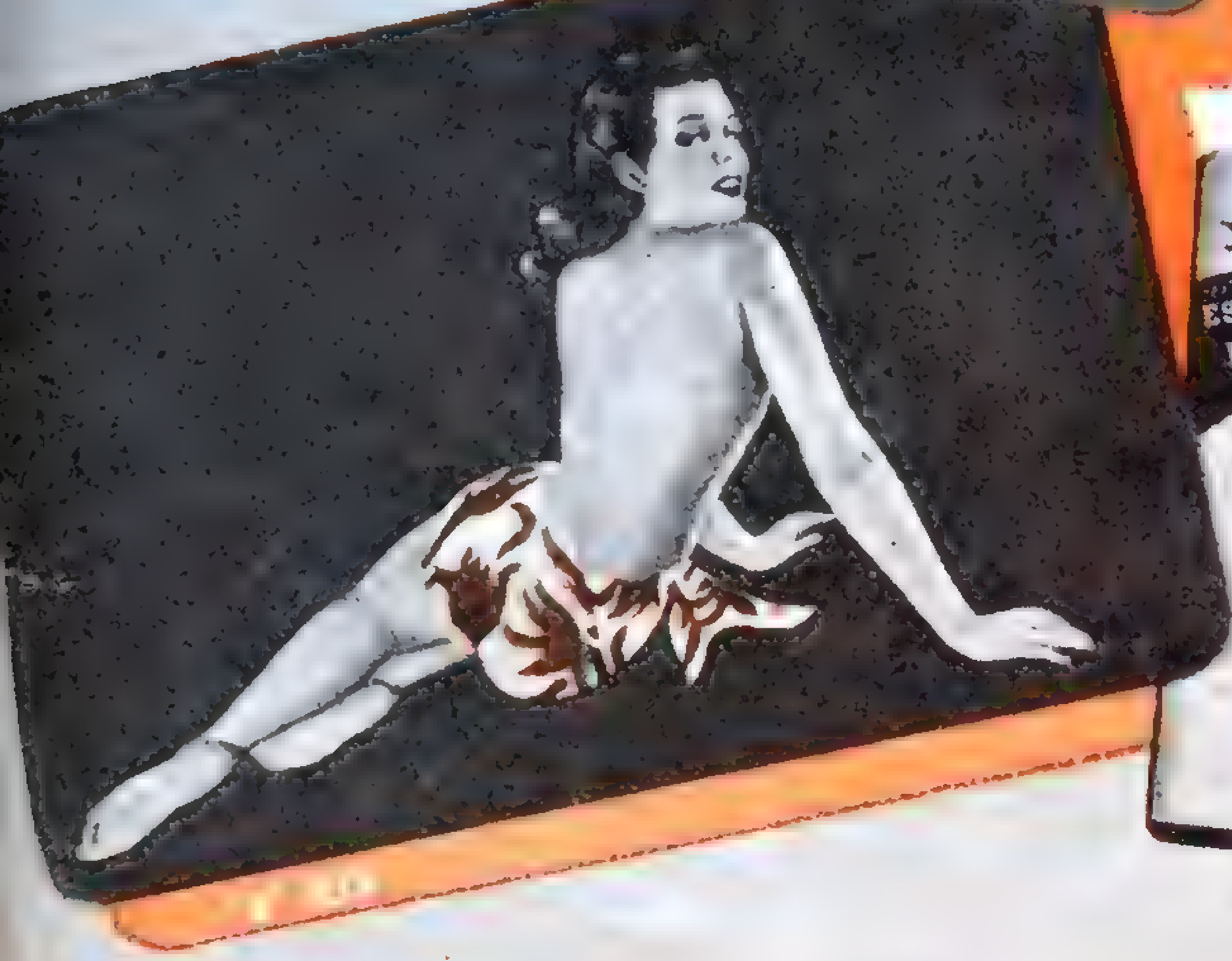

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Bowldom's Boy Wonder Grows Up

Continued from pages 52-132

troit front but throughout the nation, wherever the sound of pin-thunder is heard.

But actually Joe and Johnny, while not exactly buddies, are not enemies. Each has great respect for the other's skill.

For awhile this season it appeared that the two would again be teammates. (Crimmins has mended his ways, but at one time he proved too complex a pattern for even Joe's understanding, and was hired and fired three times.) But a last-minute switch found the grizzled "General" with another outfit.

Norris keeps rolling along year in and year out, full of fight, chalking a steady collection of brilliant scores in league, match and tournament play—coming through, especially when the chips are down.

Recently Joe returned from New York where he was featured in a Columbia short along with Ned Day, individual match champ, and Marion Ladewig, leading woman exponent from Grand Rapids, Michigan. The hecklers have already begun . . . picking up where they left off in 1942 when they tagged him "Glamor Boy" and "Collar-Ad" after he appeared in Camel ads as the "Fireball Kid."

What rare quality sets Norris apart from more than 10,000,000 other trundlers?

Well, it could be the element that wouldn't let him quit when his leg was all but lifeless. It could be the force that keeps his ambition burning and ever-young. Whatever it is, bowlers everywhere are unanimous in their acknowledgment that it'll be a long, long time before the game sees another Joe Norris . . . #

For the Sake of a Plane

Continued from page 90

now must be. Of home, a boy and a woman he thought and wrote, and the night hours passed quickly.

The darkness was fading beyond the window, and he was almost done.

"I think these tabs we've placed on the wings might be the answer, and this morning we shall see. I should dislike to have you think I do this through any flair for heroics. You have always called me stubborn, and I guess this is further proof.

"I long to return to you more than anything I could dream of wishing for, save one, and this one must be fulfilled first for there could be no happiness for any of us without it. Has this been said so many times before that it sounds trite and awkward upon the paper? Perhaps, but I must say it because I believe it. What I do may accomplish nothing, but I think otherwise, and as you know, I am a stubborn man.

"It's almost time. I will leave this letter, and if it is unfinished, Captain Lester Shire will bring it to you. That lucky dog is getting a healthy furlough in a month . . ."

He stood as Les Shire came into the office. The captain silently opened the medical kit on the desk, took out the broad adhesive roll. Aaron slipped off his shirt, his flesh burning slightly in the morning's chill, and Shire ran the tape securely around his waist, built it up in firm layers to his chest. Aaron climbed into his fleece-lined leather suit. Les helped him into his chute, and the two men went outside.

The air was clear with a few tufts of ice-crystaled cirrus high and sparkling in the early sunlight. The plane squatted by the hangar, props beating as the sergeant listened to the steady rhythm. The pilots of the 9th Pursuit were quiet as Aaron passed them. He smiled, but there was no response on the grim faces of the men who had flown and fought with him.

He put one foot on the wing tread and looked back at the waiting group.

"Now, this is one hell of a cheerful outfit!" he commented, and this time Les grinned.

Aaron quickly swung himself down into the cockpit. Les reached up and patted the top of his helmet. "Luck, Aaron, luck!" the captain shouted over the blast of the engines.

Aaron clicked his earphones into place, spun his radio dial.

"Tower, from Peter Two, going up for trial spin. Over."

"Peter Two, from the tower," the control operator's voice came smartly through the phones. "You are cleared to taxi, use runway three-four. Acknowledge."

"Wilco." Aaron waved a gloved hand, and two mechanics ran the blocks away from his wheels. He released one brake, moved his throttle, and the plane swung, facing the taxiing line. Then he loosened the other brake and the fighter rolled slowly down the pavement.

His eyes flickered accurately over the face of his meters. He checked off his switches. There was a shining new handle screwed to the instrument board. He looked at that a fraction longer than the others, then kept his eyes on the road ahead of him.

"Tower, from Peter Two, ready to go," he called.

"You are cleared to take off," the tower responded.

The runway was slipping beneath him. Nose down a little—he looked at his air-speed indicator, pulled easily back on the wheel, and the ship lifted, motors driving away from the flowing earth . . .

He climbed, and the needle of the altimeter crawled steadily around the dial face. It slipped past 2,000, and Aaron threw the carburetor de-icer to full heat.

At 6,000, the field was a small, clean-cut rectangle laced with ribbons of runways far beneath him. At 9,000, he lost sight of ground lines, and at 12,000, the earth slipped from him completely, and it seemed as if there were nothing to the world but the freezing air and the cloud wisps still far above him and the thundering pulse of the pounding motors.

Up through the monotonous heights he climbed, and stray thoughts popped up sudden heads—a man will become unconscious at 24,000 feet . . . he didn't sign the letter, silly thing to overlook . . . last resort, the tabs—might tear the wings off . . . strange he should have forgotten to sign the letter . . .

The air was bitter at 15,000 and his breath blew frost within the cockpit. He leveled at 17,000. Plenty of room, he thought, plenty for our baby's last chance . . .

Here it is, brother, he told himself, go on down! He pushed the wheel forward gently, felt his weight shift. You couldn't even tell you were going down, except, perhaps, for the slight lift in the pace of your breath—and the needles, the altimeter swinging in a futile race to keep pace with the pressure change, the air-speed indicator spinning madly over the 300 marker, 350, 400 miles to the hour downward.

Should have signed the letter, he was thinking—and the earth was ahead of him now. He had the familiar illusion of level flight with the distant pattern of the earth ahead of him. The altimeter read off altitude in hundreds of feet—14,000, 13,500, 13,000. He held the wheel forward, his hand rigid, and he watched the air-speed, 470, 500, the needle spun past 550.

Time to take her out, he thought, and his hand tightened on the wheel. It would not move.

For a fraction of a second, he had a queer impression that there were men riding down the sky with him, ghosts of men sharing the tight cockpit—Lou Bennett and Danny Leonard, Joe Mitchell and Sam Blake—three dead men and one dying, four who found a frozen wheel, and now there were five . . .

The airspeed read 610, and the sky was running out below him. He grasped the wheel with both hands, pulled with the strength of both shoulders. The wheel sat solid, locked with the pressure of air jamming control surfaces. He reached for the wing tabs' release—no, not yet, he thought. That was his last chance. He didn't need his last chance yet—

Pressure pain hit him suddenly and hard, stabbed brutally through his forehead, ran pins behind his eyes. He yelled soundlessly in the roar of the engines and the pain lessened.

The dial read 9,000 feet, and it was down to 8,500 as he watched it.

You won't get out, you can't get out—the words sang inside his head, and for a moment he wrenched vainly at the stricken wheel with the fury of fear in his hands.

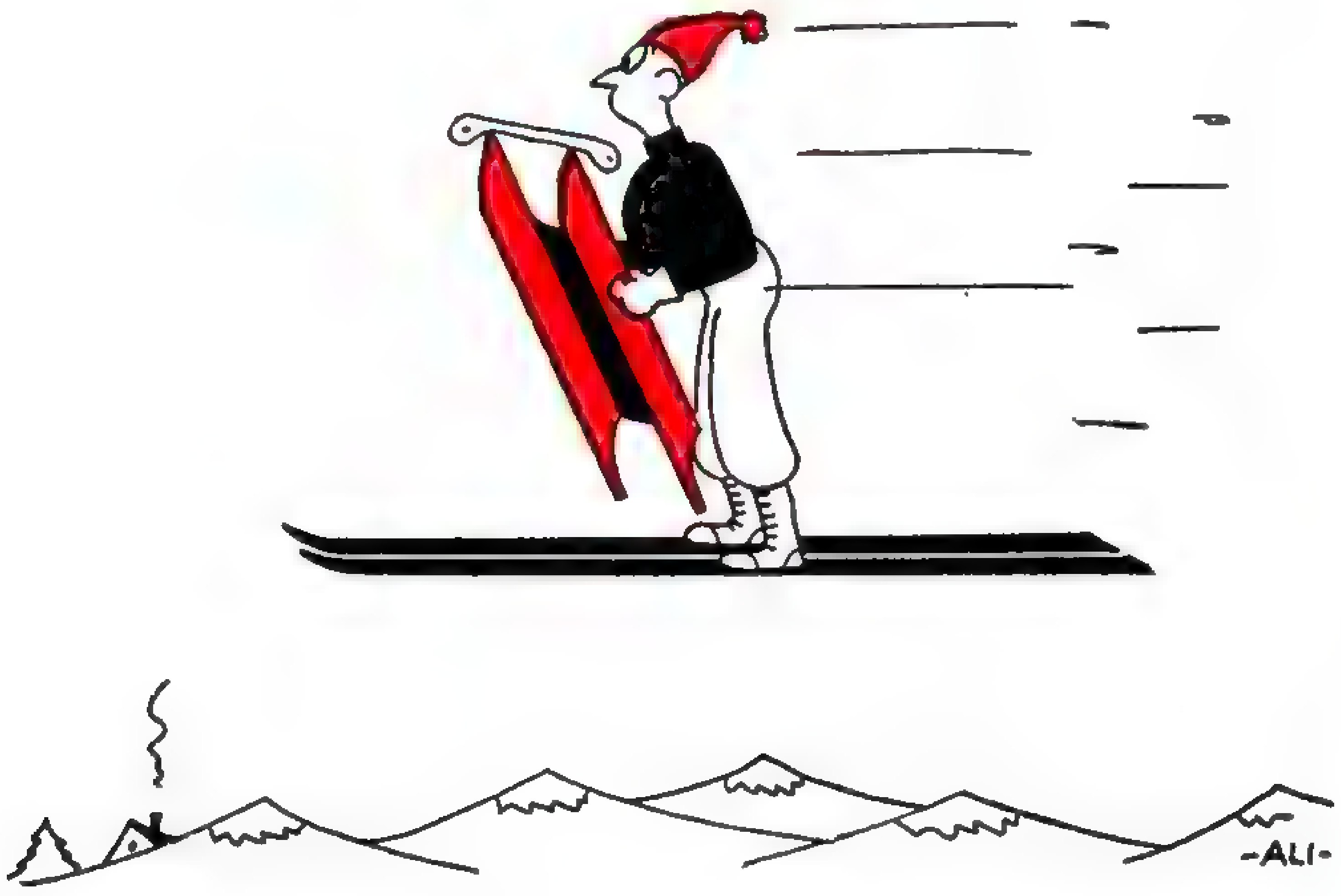
The earth spread up to him, filled the horizon of his glass. His eyes flashed across the panel, altitude 4,000, airspeed 720—his brain clicked in unconscious calculation and came up with the answer—he had four seconds to live.

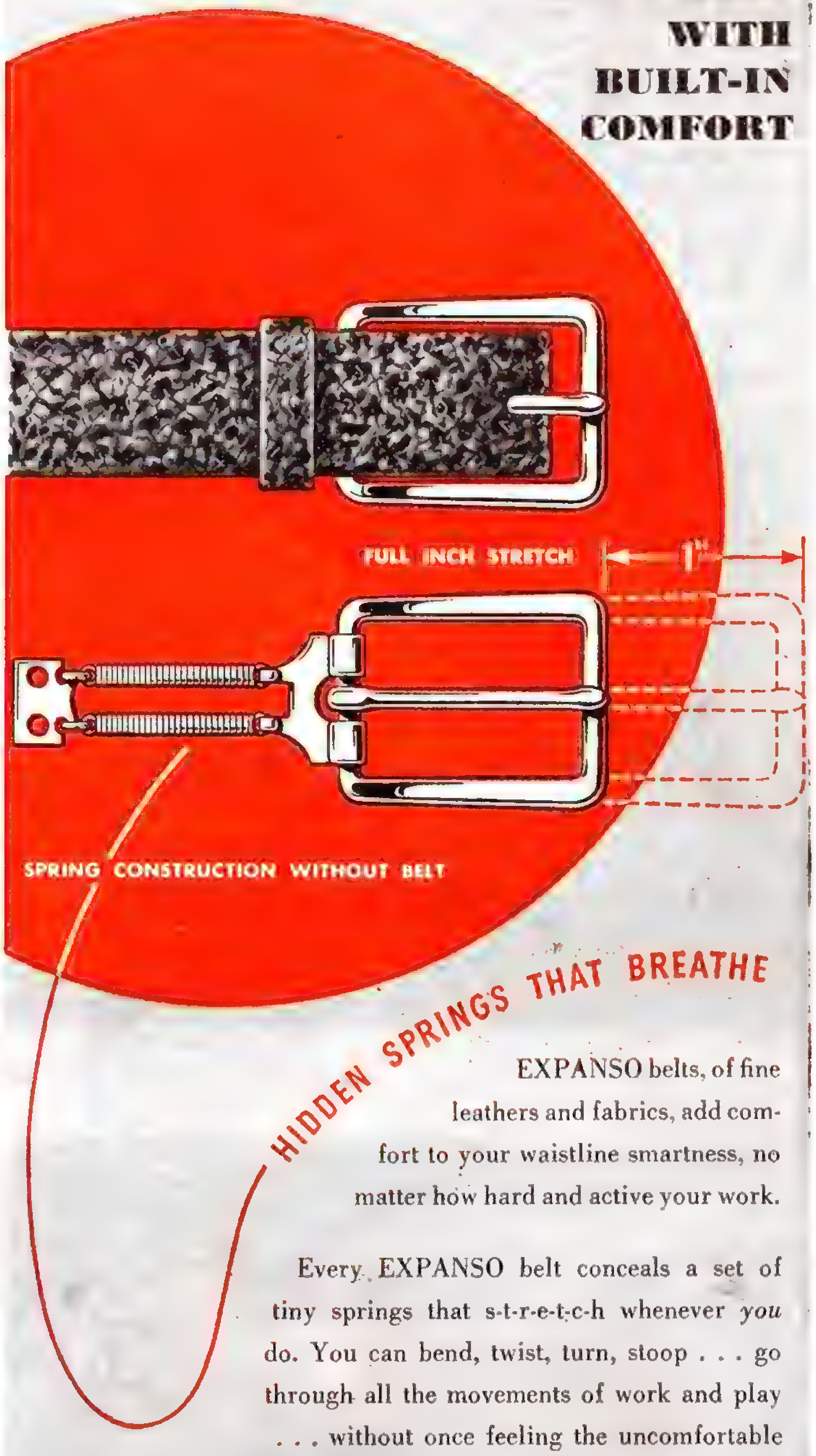
He pulled the tab release with one hand, the other hard on the wheel—and the wheel came back. Pressure slammed him down into his seat, screwed against his stomach like a titan vise until he screamed with the agony, and over the pain he prayed no blackout, not at this altitude—

He never did black out, and the pain went quickly as he climbed with powerful engines into the clear autumn air.

There might have come to him a presentiment of many things, the hurtling shadows of his fighter over Rabaul and Guadalcanal, the gun-spitting air curtain covering the bombers over Burma and Berlin, over the China jungles and the French Coast pillboxes, over reclaimed Wake and doomed Formosa . . .

But he thought of none of these things as he swung the easy wheel and leveled wings with impatient hands. Down fast now, he was thinking. There was a letter he had to finish. ⌗





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This Man's World

Continued from page 89

didn't get any better looking, except that her fur softened. But that only made it more apparent what a tramp and nondescript she was; and after she had cleaned out her dish and stolen half the rations from the boys, she looked like one of those blown-up things they used to carry in the Macy's Christmas Parade. She developed a fantastic knack for getting inside the house through holes we never even suspected. Tossing Limpy out into the night became a dreaded daily chore. She was driving us nuts.

She developed all of the attributes of a house cat, a throaty purr, the rubbing up against the leg, the avid washing, the snooze in the best chair. Sure, we could have let her play house cat while we were down there, but we didn't want to break her heart by letting her think she had achieved her ambition and then giving her the heave-o when we closed the house up for the winter. I don't know what your philosophy is, but we figure it is worse *almost* to achieve heart's desire, to taste luxury and then find it denied forever after, than never to have known it at all.

The impending closing of the farm for the winter forced a decision. Limpy could not be ignored. She had accomplished that. She and her damnable ambition and Herculean appetite existed, and something had to be done.

Finding a home for her was out of the question. All of our friends had cats. And if they didn't, they took one look at Limpy and invented cats. She was so fearfully ugly and misbegotten.

But we did manage a kind of break for Limpy. On a week end with the J. P. McEvoys up the Hudson we visited Irene Hayes, the fashionable Park Avenue florist, at her farm. In an unguarded moment Irene admitted they were in the market for a barn cat, a good mouser.

How we sang the praises of Limpy. A good mouser? Why Limpy had to have special storage space to pile up the mice she caught in twenty-four hours. We sold it. But it was understood Limpy was to be strictly barn cat. The Hayes house was full of dogs, all of them cat destroyers. She would live in the barn . . .

Well, it was better than nothing, wasn't it? At least she'd be warm and fed during the winter, even if it wasn't what she so desired. Thus does fate seek to enmesh us in compromises.

We transported Limpy from our farm to our flat overnight before delivering her to the Hayes shop the next day. Poor Limpy was in seventh heaven. Now she was convinced that she had become a house cat for good. She had been brought to New York in the car with the boys. She was in an apartment. She had made it.

That night she caught a mouse. Now, I am telling you that there hasn't been a mouse in our joint for three years. But Limpy, in her ecstasy of joy and pressing desire to repay us, dug one up and laid it at our feet, while the other three cats looked at her and it with complete astonishment. Our boys, having been reared in luxury, wouldn't know a mouse if they saw one.

So you can imagine what kind of swine we felt like the next day. The vision of Limpy when she arrived up Hudson and found that she was still only a barn cat was haunting us.

We did the best we could for her. We got a fine, broad, blue satin ribbon and tied it around her neck, which gave her the appearance of the town hag who on her Saturday night drunk has found a lady's discarded hat in an ash can and is all dressed up. We deposited Limpy in Irene's shop amongst the roses and chrysanthemums, gardenias and bouvardia, and ran, because we feared that when Miss Hayes got a look at that specimen she wouldn't even have her as a barn cat. We figured as it was we would probably have to buy our flowers somewhere else hereafter, but then you can't have everything in life.

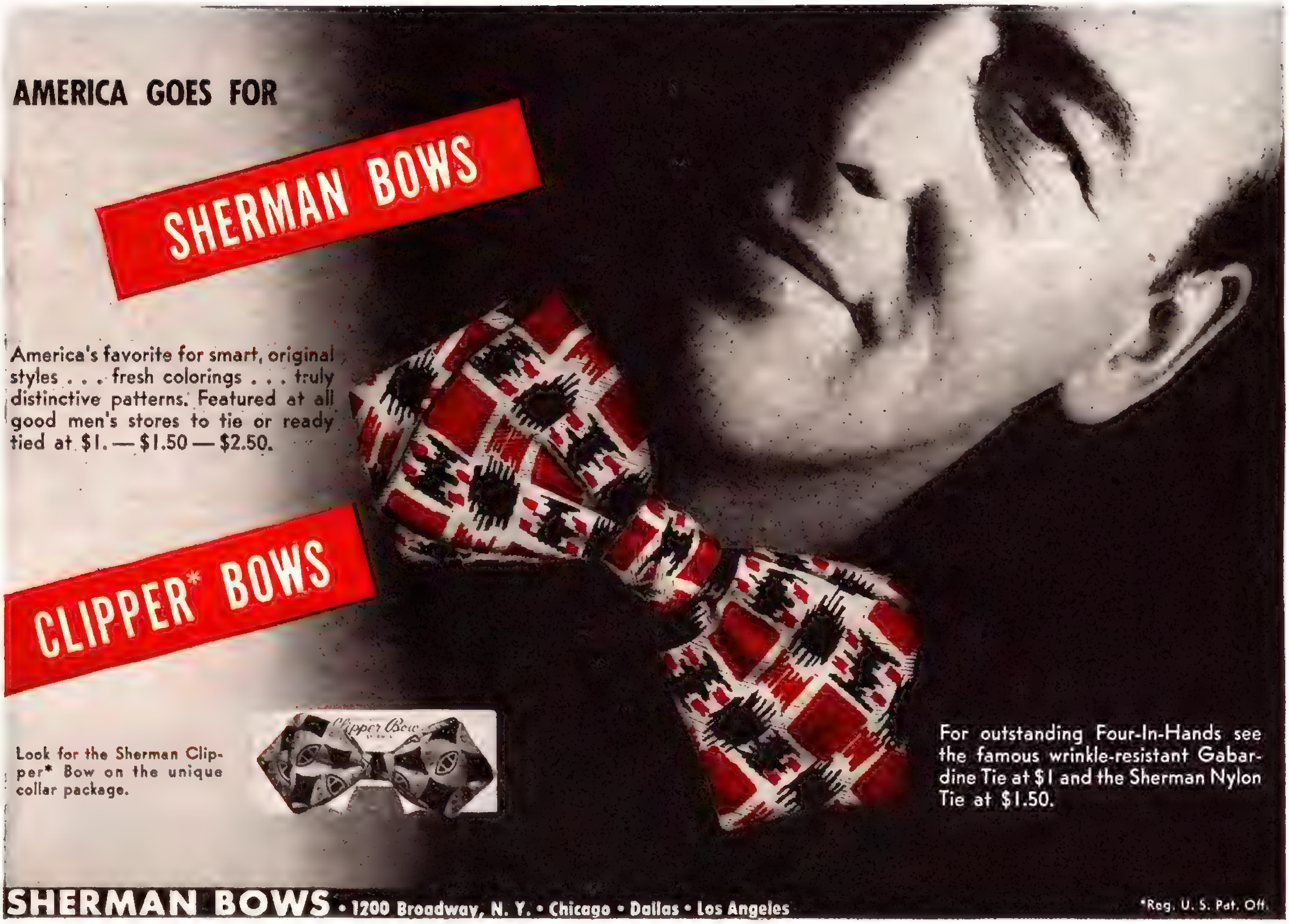
A week passed, while we speculated on the tragedy in Limpy's life. Then we called La Hayes to find out what had happened.

She said, "Oh yes, Limpy. I meant to tell you. She was so sweet and looked so pretty, we didn't have the heart to make a barn cat out of her. We couldn't take her home, so we brought her to Gallagher's. She'll be living there from now on."

Yop! Limpy made it! Not only house cat, but *restaurant cat.* That's Gallagher's Steak House on Broadway. Her husband, I mean Irene's husband, owns the joint. Our Career Woman had hit the Jackpot. A Paradise of smells, a Utopia of inexhaustible food, a lifelong job and a home.

Don't ask me how Limpy managed to look pretty when Irene hauled her out of the box. Maybe it was the ribbon, or maybe it was that manifestation of inner beauty that can make a looker out of the ugliest woman when her heart is set on something, when she craves something with her soul. But she did it.

So the next time you come to our town and happen to drop into Gallagher's for a side of beef or a



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sizzling chop, and you see the gahdamndest mess of fur on legs, her sides swelled out like a college football, staggering down the aisles between the tables, or washing herself in the window looking from the inside on Broadway's passing throng, that will be Limpy, the walking success story.

Memory Lane

WRITING the commentary for Steve Dohanos' brilliant painting celebrating Gertrude Ederle's conquest of the English Channel, August 6th, 1926, brought back the darndest flood of memories. Great guns! That was more than eighteen years ago. Man had not yet spanned the ocean by air in solo flight. Charles Lindbergh was one year away from his trail-blazing feat. How we could have used an ocean flyer in those days.

But we got our picture scoop anyway. Those were the days when newspapers had money to burn. Our sheet, *The News*, had sponsored Trudy's cross-channel swim. We simply had to get those pictures into our paper before anyone else, otherwise we would be tied on our own story. All the big picture news services as well as other papers had made pictures of the swim. Prints were placed on three liners heading for the United States. They would all arrive at the same time. Two of them were six-day boats arriving in New York simultaneously. The third was the *Empress of Britain* six days to Quebec.

Twelve hours were all we wanted. Twelve hours were what we had to have. We concentrated on the *Empress*. Hey hey! Six days to Quebec, but *five* days to the mouth of the St. Lawrence River. She was due there the morning of the fifth day.

We opened our coffers and began to spend money like soused tars. Intrepid airmen were engaged right and left. Minions were dispatched to the far north to set up the show. Would it work?

On the morning of the fifth day, the *Empress of Britain* steamed into the mouth of the St. Lawrence while a seaplane circled her three times. The old girl slowed down for a moment. A packet, wrapped in waterproof oilskins and attached to a float, splashed overboard. The seaplane landed and picked it up, took off, flew under the fog, thirty feet over the St. Lawrence to Montreal.

In Montreal, the package was rushed by car to the primitive airport where a fast landplane, piloted by a hot-shot daredevil, waited. He took off, was forced down at Plattsburg by weather, took off again and made Albany, changed to another waiting plane and came clattering down the Hudson and over to Roosevelt Field. At six o'clock the evening of the fifth day, little Joe Wurzel, our courier, now manager of Associated Press's picture bureau in London, staggered into the office and laid the precious pictures on my desk. We had them on the street in the Pink edition at eight o'clock that night. The opposition's pictures on the other two liners were still two hundred miles off Sandy Hook.

Yes, my sirs, that was a notable scoop. At least it was for one edition, the length of time it took the opposition to steal our picture. They calmly photographed the one we smacked all over page one, and ran it in *their* next edition. So what were we going to do, sue them?

But I still hope some day to encounter that editor who stole my great picture scoop. And if he is in my estimation sufficiently old, decrepit and enfeebled by that time, I shall most certainly permit myself the pleasure of punching him right in the nose.

Other days, other times. There was the welcoming tug of the City of New York, the *Macom* which went down the bay to greet incoming celebrities, and Grover Whalen in cutaway, spats, top hat and gardenia to head the welcoming committee. How I hated him for horning in on our show and pushing us newspaper guys around. Did I blister him in my column later on!

What a shoving around we got from Whalen and Dudley Field Malone, Trudy's attorney, that day. The paper had bought a red Buick roadster for Gertrude, her heart's desire, as a reward for her achievement. Whalen and Malone wouldn't let us get near enough to present it to her when she came ashore at the Battery. I finally managed to give it to her in front of her father's butcher shop on Amsterdam Avenue at the end of the day. How I hated Dudley Field Malone in those days. And how I blistered *him* in my column. And how it all doesn't matter the least today when I hate neither Mr. Whalen nor Mr. Malone, with whom I have had an occasional drink when I encounter him in a refined bistro, and wonder what the hell I was so sore about.

Gee, that Golden Era when things like swimming the English Channel seemed important, and Trudy Ederle rode up Broadway under a shower of paper snow and ticker tape like a conquering queen. Will we ever see the like of it again? #

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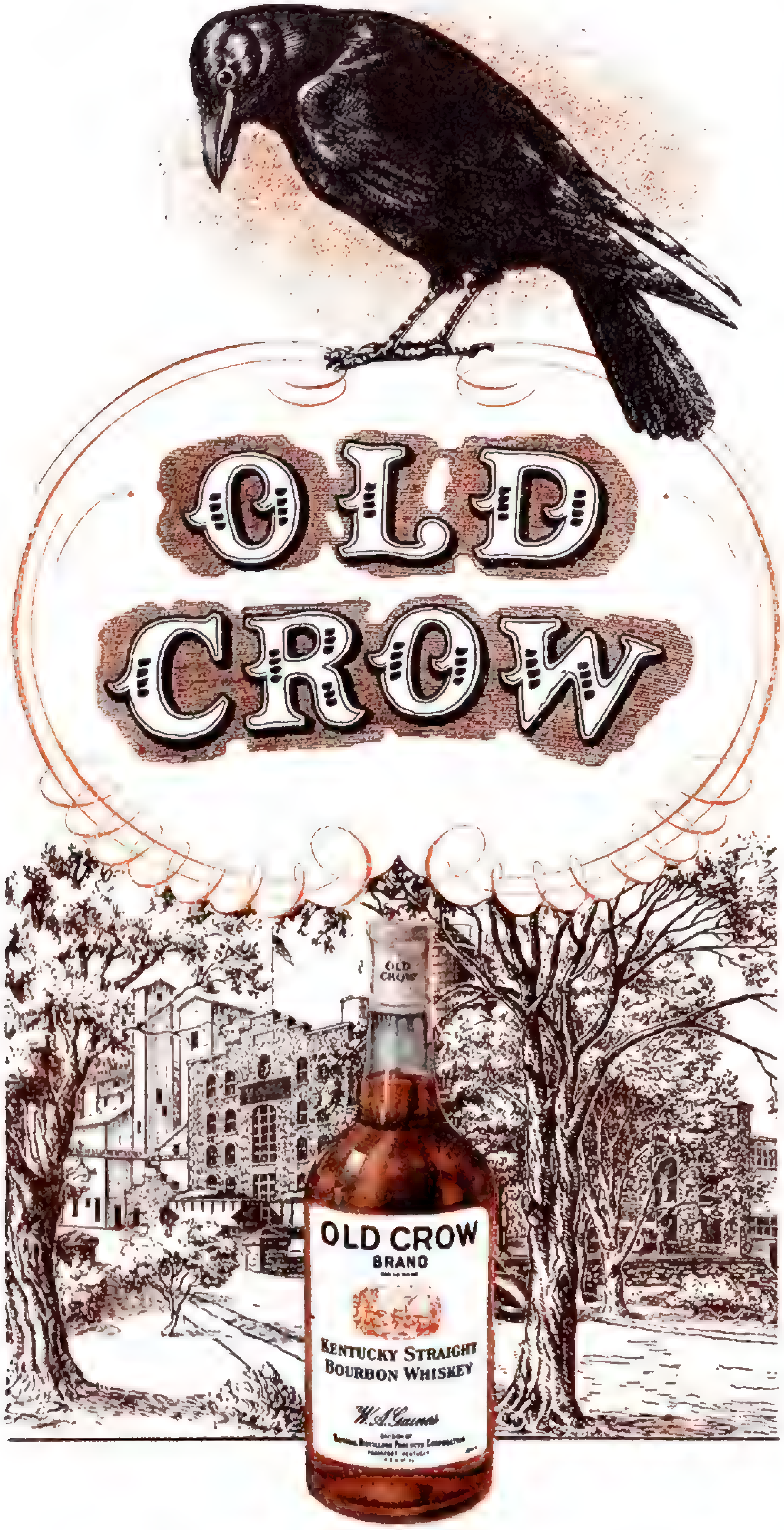

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My Regards to Morpheus

Continued from page 71

carried a pellet in his palate from the Marne engagement. Tough as nails outside, but a heart of gold underneath. 'Gentle,' he said, 'this is it. Fall out tomorrow morning at 0600 with all your—' "

"Oh, darling," cried Nebbice, "don't try to tell it. Don't pour salt into your soulwounds. Come, you'll want to see the house. And I'll tell you all about my plans for refurnishing."

She dragged me to my feet. "I have *so* many plans. I've been reading all the homemakers' magazines, and I've picked up a million ideas. Of course, some of the things you read about are ridiculous—like the rubber radio shaped like a woman, that plays music and dances with you at the same time. I saw that in the *Heap O' Livin' Quarterly*. Ridiculous. But most of the things are not only practical, but they make you wonder how you ever got along without them. Like the 'dynamic' furniture they told about in the *Houses, Just Houses Weekly*. The dynamic chairs vibrate all the time so dust can never settle on them.

"Now, let's get down to cases. All this junk—" she indicated our unclaimed freight—"must go. We'll have everything new. A utilitarian sofa that comes apart into a home freezer and a baccarat table. A fireplace on a track that revolves around you while you sit; your back never gets cold. Chemical wallpaper that turns yellow and brown in the fall, and a beautiful green in the spring. A chromium Venus with electronic eyes that regulates room temperature.

"And the kitchen." She led me to a nondescript room containing a stove with four burners of which two worked, a sink with a leisurely drain, a refrigerator that would accommodate two quarts of milk if one were poured into saucers, a table that favored one leg, four chairs with built-in discomfort features—all these things bedizened with decals of Mother Goose characters.

"We're going to have a one-unit kitchen. Stove, refrigerator, sink, cupboard, table and chairs all contained in one unit. Then we'll only need half this space for the kitchen, and we can use the rest of it for the grease pit."

"The grease pit?" I said. "Whatever for?"

"The helicopter, of course. Now the bathroom. Come." She led me into a dank tile cubicle. "We'll have a Murphy bathtub that folds into the wall so you can stand in it and take a shower or pull it down and take a bath. We'll install a warm floor. It will

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have electric coils under it like a toaster. The same principle also will be applied to the sanitary seat.

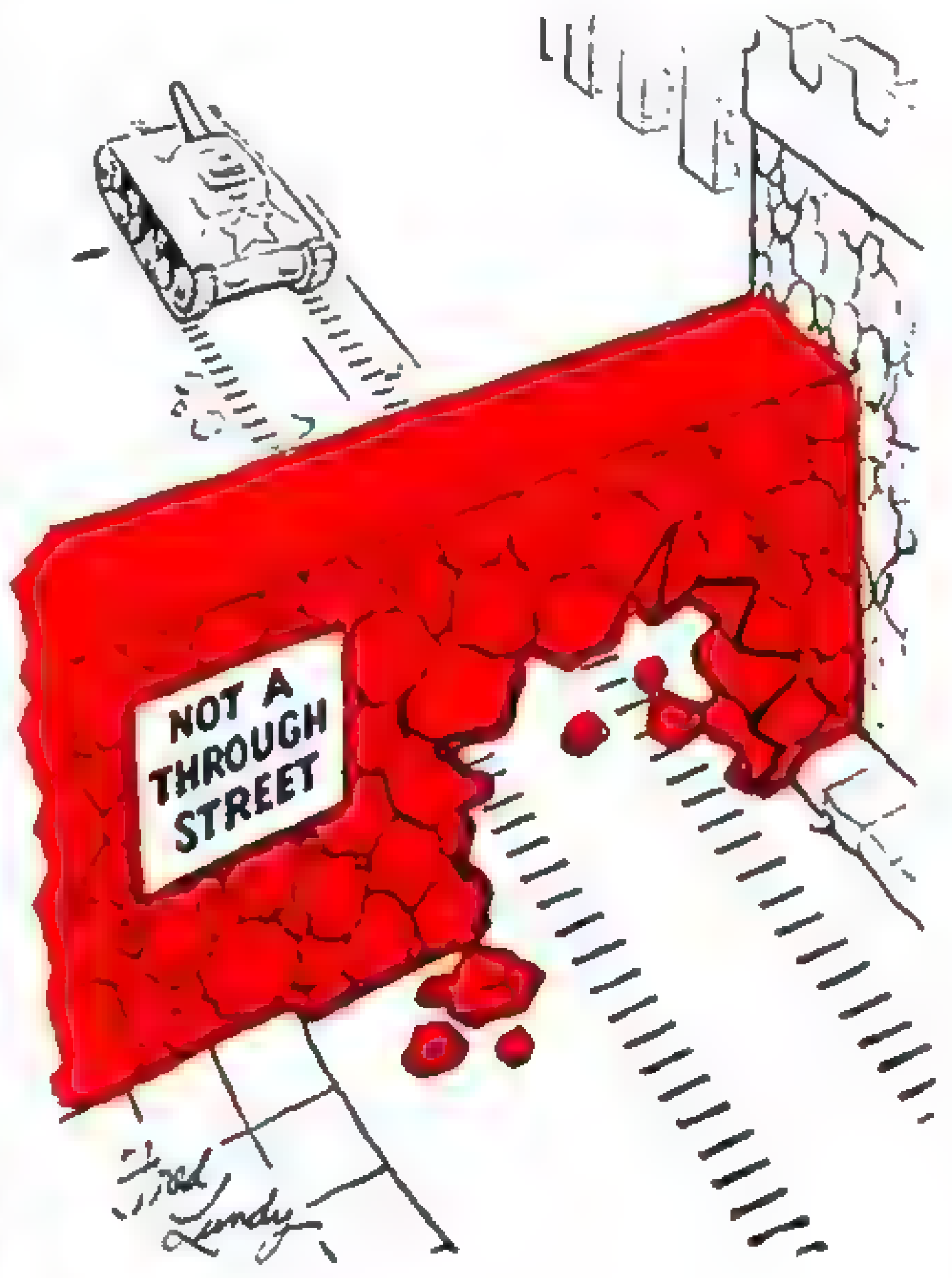
"That has long been needed," I remarked truly.

Next she led me to the bedroom, a room that had been often in my thoughts while I was gone. "Nebbice, let's not change anything here," I said at once, remembering sweet murmurs and languid repose.

"But, dear, I was planning to get an Alarm-O-Mattress that shakes you awake in the morning, an electric closet that gives moths trauma, a plastic—"

"No, Nebbice, let's leave this one alone," I said firmly.

"All right, darling. We'll talk about it when you're well." She bounced down on the bed and beckoned me to her side. "Oh, my own," she breathed, "I have waited so long for you to return, for the war to end so that we might begin the new age together. And now here you are, here am I, and the millenium is upon us."



"A time of social ameliorization," I said, "of a single world community, of new horizons, of disappearing borders, of understanding and freedom and happiness calling."

She took it from there. "Of unprecedented prosperity, of technological miracles, of light, of knowledge freely taught and eagerly learned, of dynamic furniture, of speed, of straight men upon a green earth."

"Destiny," I said, "we have rendezvoused."

"Alaric," said Nebbice, and then she paused.

"Nebbice," said I.

I took her hands in mine and looked into her beautiful, glowing eyes. Her soft lips approached mine. Then from far off came a blast of music, a long, loud chord.

"What is that, my darling?" I asked.

"That," she said, "is the trumpet of the new era."

Like hell it was.

It was the bugler blowing reveille. #

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DUTCH MASTERS

The Night Bus to Atlanta

Continued from page 32

girl were sitting there was only the faint glow, reflected from the ceiling, of the two small lights on the instrument panel. The darkness and cold had drawn Harry and the girl together in their seats, so close, in fact, that their arms and knees were joined, and when the girl shifted her legs Harry changed position to accommodate them. The girl had not spoken for nearly an hour, and for all Harry knew she might have been asleep, but now and then as he turned to study her face she would open her eyes and stare ahead of her into the darkness.

The old man, who had fallen asleep on entering the bus at the depot, continued to snore and cough among the shadows, while the nursing infant, instead of crying, made a continuous, dissatisfied, sucking sound with its pursed lips. A couple who had boarded the bus at a previous rest stop were wrapped in each other's arms in the seats behind Harry and the girl. Every few minutes one of them would murmur a word or two drowsily, and the words would be stopped by a kiss; but Harry could not tell whether the girl beside him was aware of the old man, or the infant, or even of the couple. As the bus lumbered on through the night, its headlights devouring the level miles which were Mississippi and Alabama and would soon be Georgia, the cold deepened and Harry slipped lower and lower in the seat. He kept his body turned from the window, his face to the girl, and she, either in sleep or only half waking, had turned to face him as well. Once her jacket fell from her shoulders and Harry reached over and drew it up around her chin and the soft line of her hair against her cheeks. She whispered something to him, but he could not hear what it was; and he guessed that she was dreaming.

He had just fallen asleep when the sound of the bus stopping, or the absence of sound after the bus came to a stop, woke him. He saw that they were at another rest stop, a small lean-to station with a diner attached. Piny woods stretched away on both sides of the road, and the sky overhead was empty of stars. Harry felt stiff, and suddenly and disagreeably restless, as if he needed a ten- or twelve-mile march to take the kinks out of his legs. He saw by the winking light of the sign above the diner that the girl was awake. He said, "Want to get out and grab a cup of coffee?"

To his surprise, the girl said, "All right."

As they stood up, the woman

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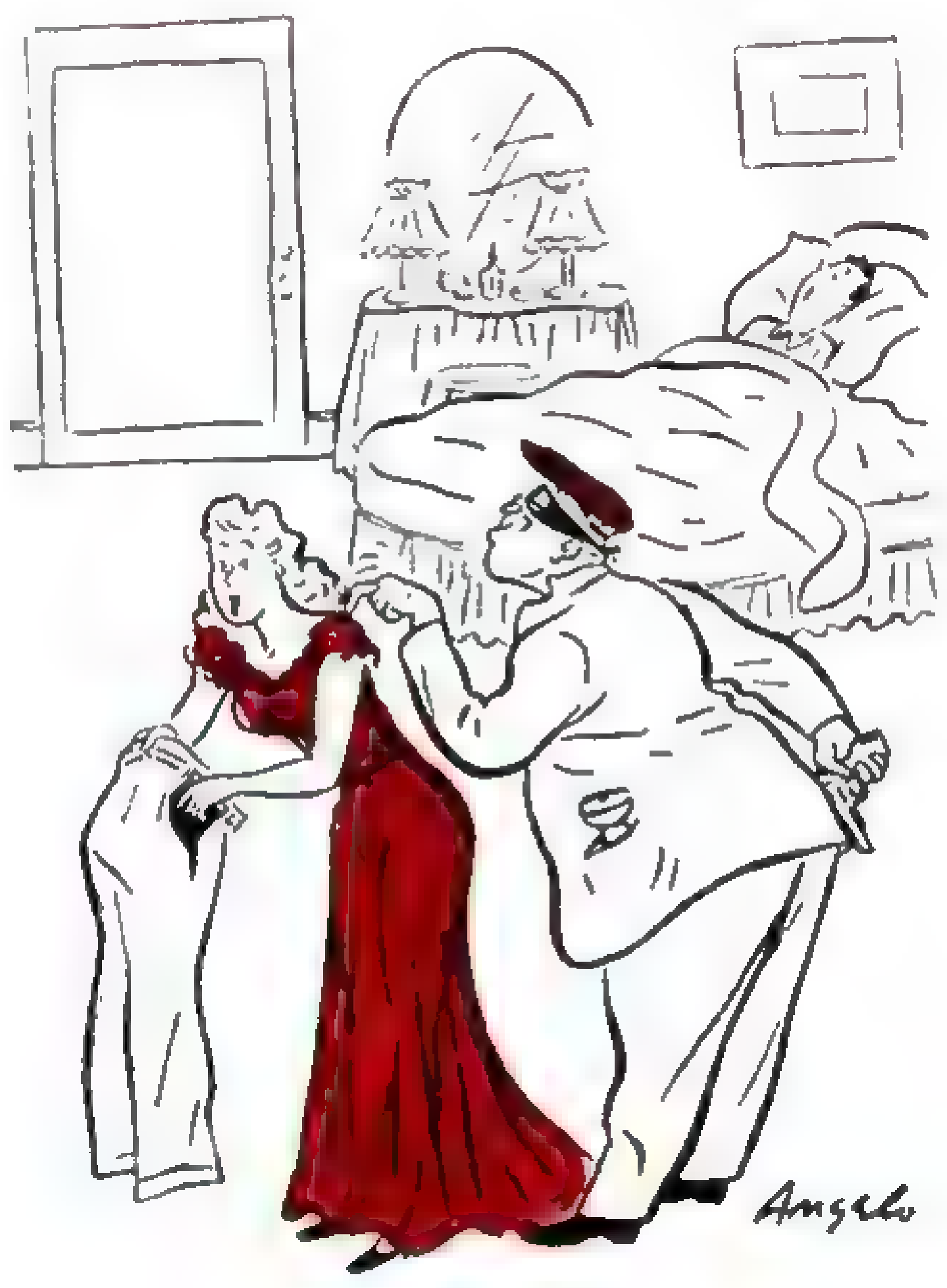

in the seat behind them said, "Eddie, for goodness' sake! Those people can *see* us." The man swore sharply in return, and the woman giggled. Harry felt himself blushing as he walked down the aisle to the door. He followed the girl across the rough clay of the roadside and into the diner. No other passengers had bothered to get out of the bus, and the diner was empty except for the attendant, a toothless old man, and the bus driver. The driver was drinking a cup of coffee. When Harry and the girl came in, he grinned at them in the mirror back of the counter, not lifting his mouth from the rim of the cup. "How you doin', kids?" he asked them

Harry had said, "All right," before he guessed what the fat young driver had in mind. Then he said quickly to the attendant, "A couple of cups of coffee, please, and some of those doughnuts."

"Yesshur," said the old man, showing his gums.

The girl said, "I don't need to have the doughnuts, thank you."

Harry saw that she was pleased by his having ordered them for her. "Sure, you do," he said, "a couple of those nice big sugar ones." The girl smiled for the first time, and Harry ducked his head foolishly and happily by way of reply. He had never, he thought, seen such a pretty smile. Her teeth were small and even and with the smile lifting the corners of her mouth her cheeks looked rounder and pinker than they really were.

"There you are," the old man said. "Doughnush and coffee."

As they ate their doughnuts, which were stale, and drank their coffee which was hot but bitter, Harry studied the girl's face in the mirror back of the stacked-up cereals and bottles of Dr. Pepper. He was troubled by a thought which seemed all but impossible to fit into words, but he knew that if he waited too long the driver would call them to the bus. He wanted to say, "It's funny us being here like this. It's just like we were husband and wife. And

Continued on page 142

OK? *And How!*

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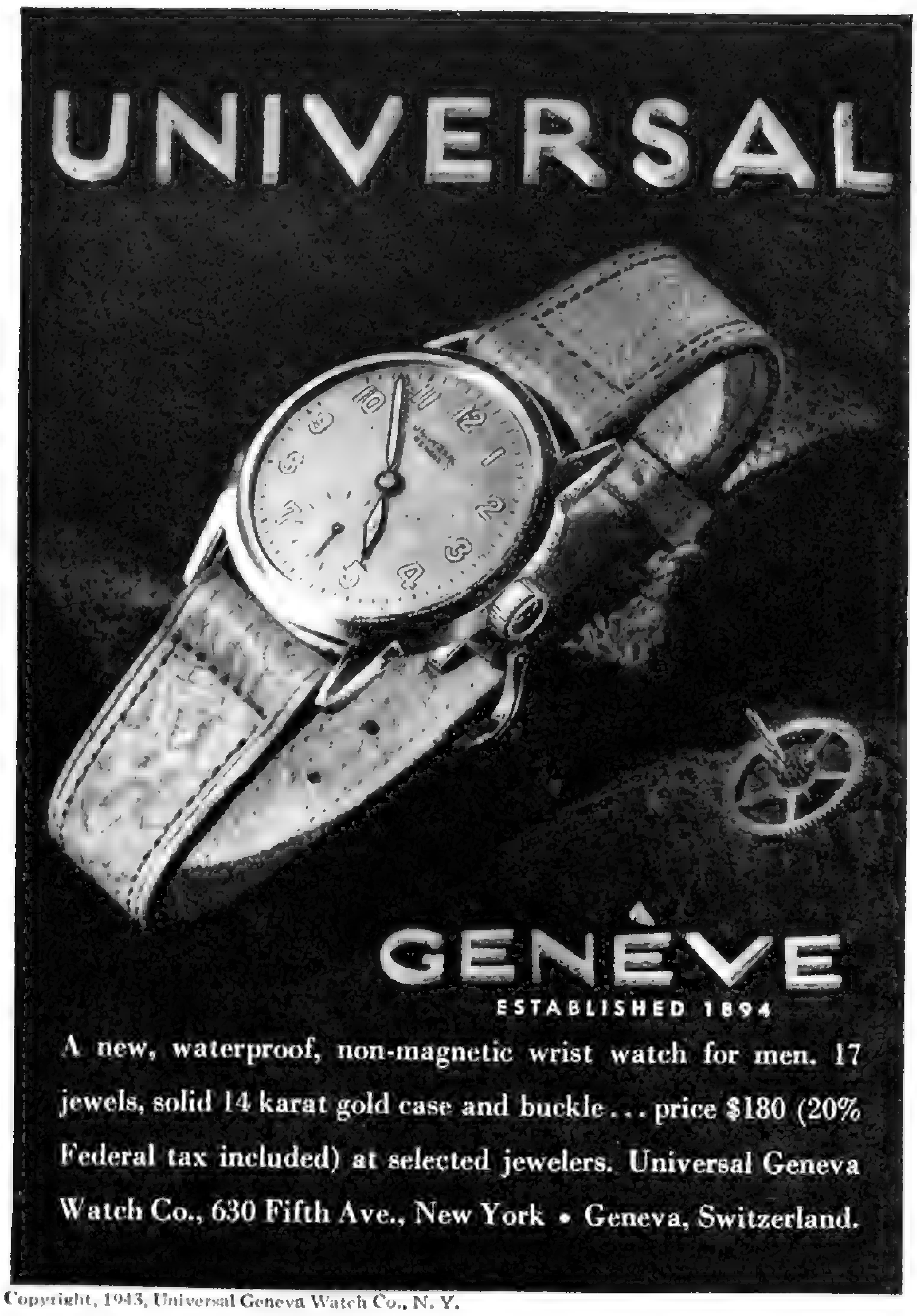

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The Night Bus to Atlanta

Continued from pages 32-141

we never even saw each other before!" Probably he decided, the girl would stop smiling if he said that. She would be afraid again that he was nothing but a wolf. At last, risking a part of what he thought, Harry said, "It's funny, us being here like this."

To Harry's delight, the girl said, "It's like—it's like we'd known each other an awful long time."

"And we never even saw each other before."

The girl nodded. "And I guess we'll never see each other again."

Harry said, "No, but we will. We got to. You got to write me when I reach camp; and when I get leave again, maybe—"

The girl interrupted him. "You wouldn't. And we can't write. You don't know where you'll be. You don't know what may happen. We don't even know each other's names."

"That's easy to fix."

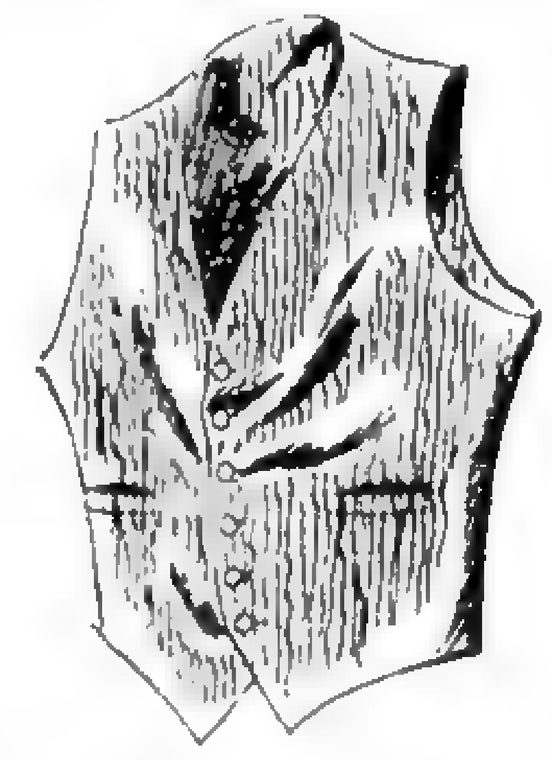
The girl's voice sank to a whisper. "We oughtn't to know them. We're not *meant* to like each other that much, meeting like this."

Harry began to stammer, as he always did when he grew excited. "I don't get it," he said. "What do you think I am, a w-wolf? Is that what all the shooting's for? Are you sore at me because you think I'm trying to pick you up?"

The girl said, "Oh, no, of course not. Oh, no, it's not like that." She looked frightened and bewildered by the reaction she had aroused in Harry, and the small gold cross rose and burned in the light. She put out her hand to touch his sleeve, but at that moment the fat young driver swung off his stool and walked down the length of the diner to speak to them. "Hey, you young lovebirds!" he said. "We got to get that old pile of junk into Atlanta some time this week, you know! Of course, if you'd rather stay on here in this cozy little nest I guess Pop could find you a place to sleep, couldn't you, Pop?"

The old man's face froze. "Thish is a respectable diner," he said. "No place to sleep."

The fat young driver laughed



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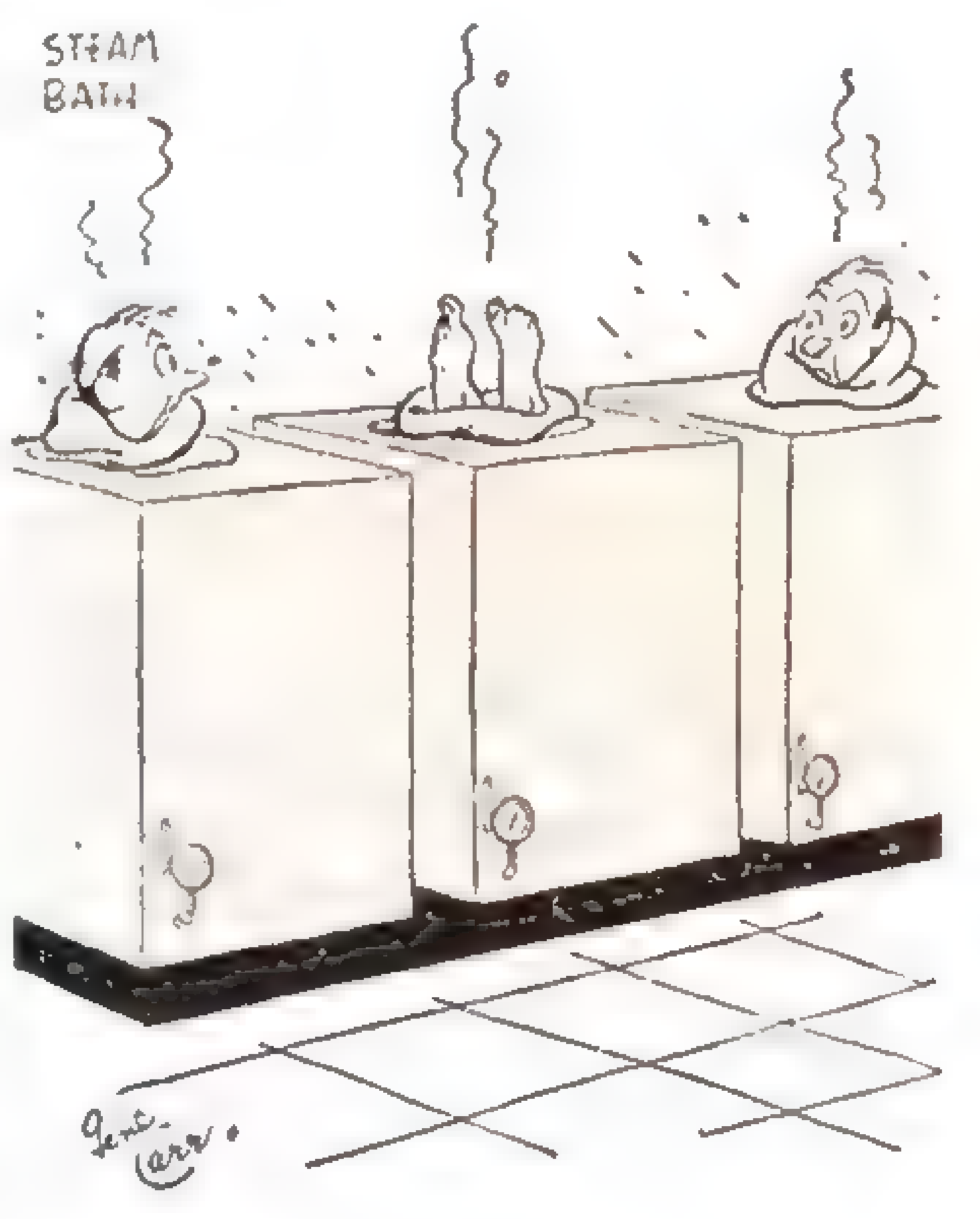
and slapped his palm on the counter. "Good for you, Pop, that's telling 'em. Well, come along, lovebirds. You ain't the first that ever had to make do with a bus."

Harry felt like ramming his fist into the driver's soft pink face; but it was already too late. It was nearly always too late to make a guy shut up by clipping him, because by then the damage had been done. The girl whispered, "Never mind, please never mind." She followed the driver out of the diner and up the two high steps into the bus. Harry took his time about paying the old man for the coffee and doughnuts. When the driver slammed the bus door hard behind Harry and muttered something to him, Harry did not bother to ask him what he had said, or even to tell him to go to hell. He wanted only to talk to the girl.



Because the girl was lying curled on the inside seat, Harry had to clamber over her to reach the seat by the window. He touched one of her hands as he did so, and it felt cold. He fitted himself to her position—like two spoons, he thought, recalling a phrase which he and his brother had used as kids—and drew his heavy Army coat over both of them. They lay face to face in the darkness, silent while the bus gathered speed. Once a car passed the bus and in the glare of its headlights Harry saw that the girl was staring at him. He said, "I wasn't sure you were awake."

"I can't go to sleep."

Harry wondered if this was meant to be a reproach. He said, "I'm sorry I got excited."

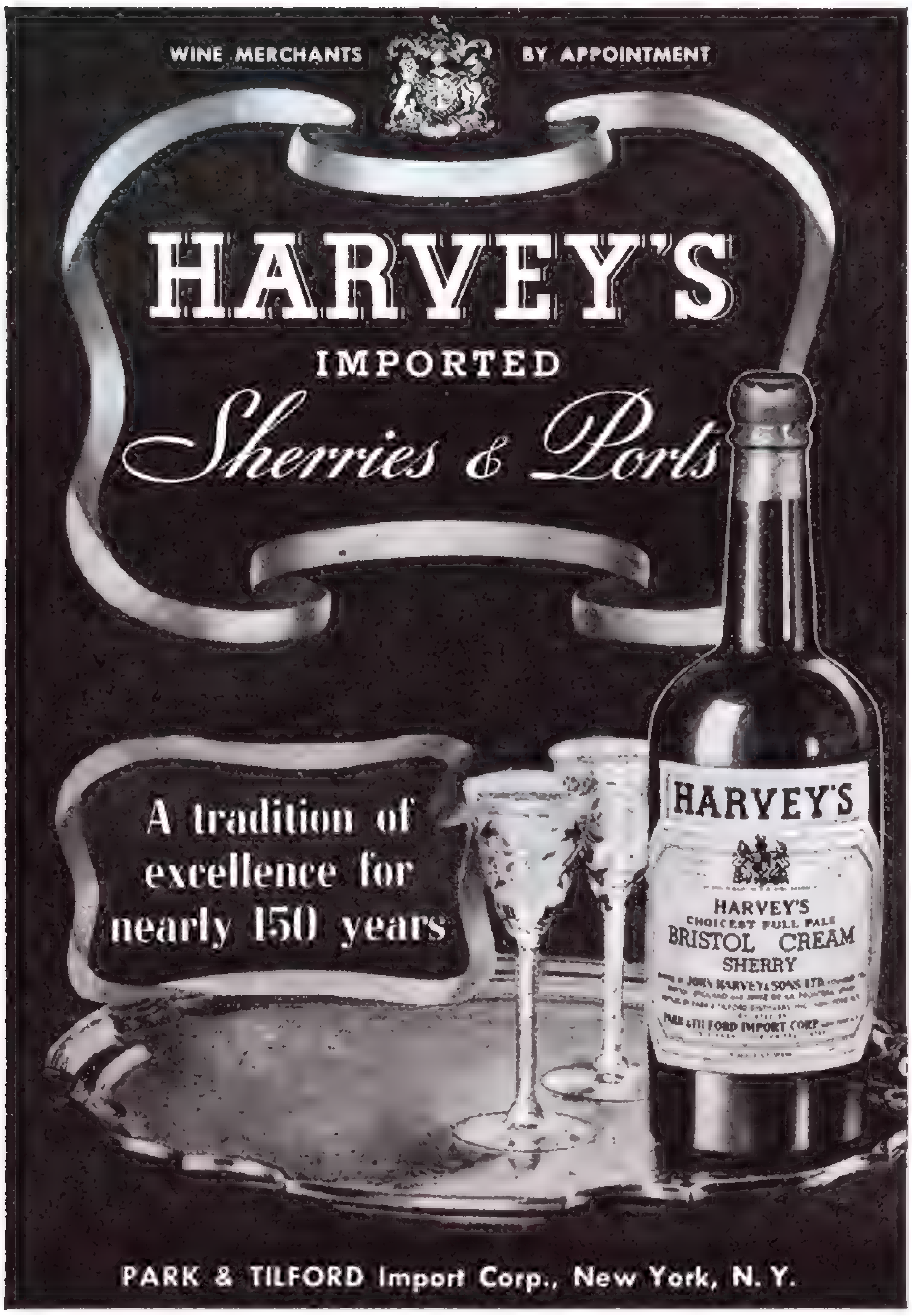
"That was my fault."

"No, it was my fault," Harry felt half sick with pleasure at their warmth and nearness to one another; he wanted everything to be his fault. "You certainly look pretty," he said.

The girl laughed softly, "You can't even see me."

"Yes, I can, I can sort of see you." Harry reached out and touched the tip of her nose with

Continued on page 144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The Night Bus to Atlanta

Continued from pages 32-141-143

his finger. "I can see your nose and your cheeks and your chin." He tapped her cheeks and chin and the gold cross in the faint white line of her throat. "I'm glad you're not asleep or angry or anything like that," Harry said, wondering what made him speak such nonsense.

"I can't go to sleep," the girl said. "I'm supposed to get off pretty soon."

Harry felt the pulse in his wrists hammering in protest. "No," he said. "No, you got to stay on the bus till we get to Atlanta."

She shook her head. "It's like about writing," she said. "We got to act like we never met at all." Then she lifted her hand and touched his forehead and nose and chin. "I can sort of see you, too," she said. "You're nice. Only I have to get off soon. Real soon."

The driver called to them through the darkness, "Hey, you two lovebirds, rise and shine!" Harry was afraid that the driver would wake everyone in the bus, but the old man went on snoring and the infant kept up its steady sucking sound. Even the couple behind him did not stir. "Do you want me to stop at the gate, or do you want to go on into town?"

"I'd like you to stop at the gate," the girl said composedly. "There's always someone up."

Harry said, "You can't go."

"I have to."

"You can't go."

"I *want* to."

"Tell me your name."

The girl did not answer. Slipping out from under his coat, she stood up in the aisle. Harry tried to get up, too, but she pushed him gently back into his seat. "Stay there," she whispered. "Please stay there." To his astonishment, he sensed, through the shadows, the approach of her face, the warmth and smell of her skin and hair. She kissed his cheek, then, after a moment, his mouth, and pressed something into his hand; and the next moment she was walking down the aisle to the door. Harry could hear the fat young driver say, "Well, I guess your boy friend can't follow you in *there*," and afterwards, as the bus slowed down and ran over gravel to the side of the road, "Okay, sister, out you go."

Harry pressed his face against the window as the bus door opened and shut. In the moon-like wash of the headlights, he saw two high stone pillars with an ornamental iron bracket between them. Worked in iron curlicues inside the bracket were the words, "Saint Anne's Hospital," and a date, "1896." At least, Harry thought, I know the address, I

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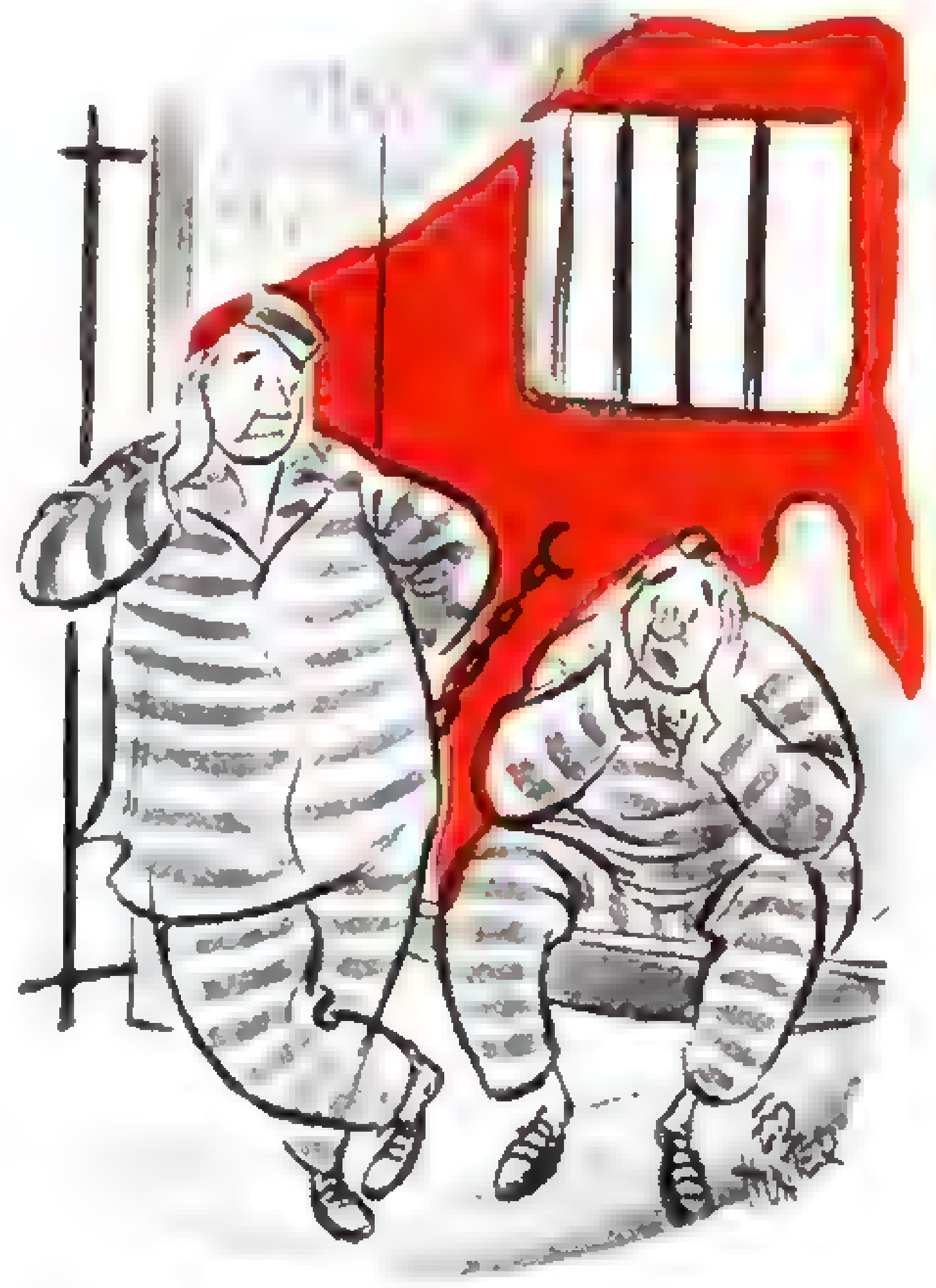
know where she is. As the bus swung back into the middle of the road, Harry caught sight of the girl walking towards the gate. He rapped with his knuckles against the window, feeling the skin of his fingers tighten, then break and bleed, but the girl did not turn. She had just reached the driveway inside the gate when darkness swallowed her up.



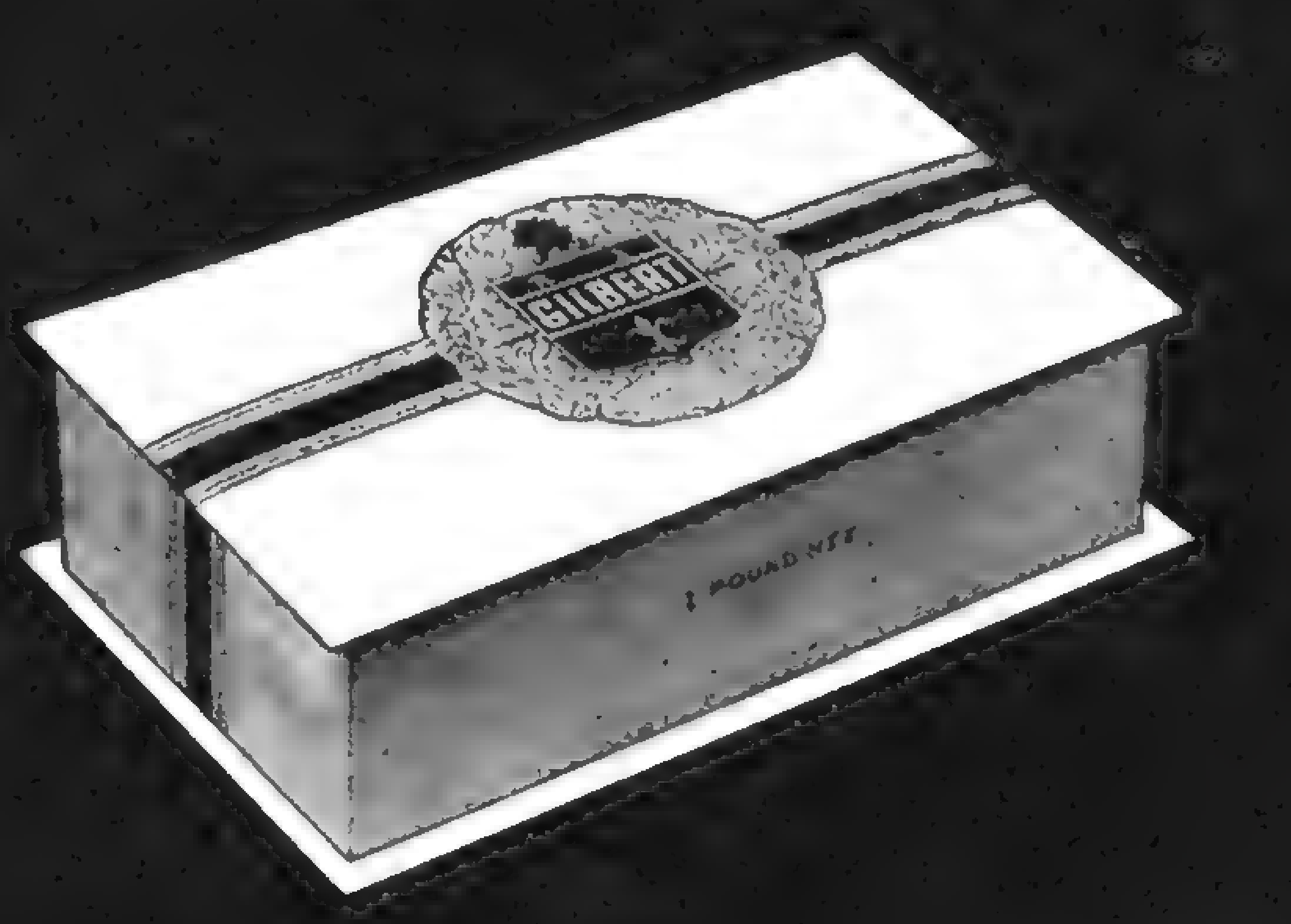
"And then I found out the government was making the same kind of money"

Harry fumbled with the object the girl had dropped in his left hand. Though he could not see it, he guessed that it was the cross she had worn around her neck. He turned it over and over in his fingers, touched it to his mouth, and was about to button it into the pocket of his blouse when he was struck by a faint, desperate hope. He got up and walked unsteadily forward. The driver said, "Keep your shirt on, kid, we won't hit Atlanta for hours. In fact, in this tin can it may take years."

Harry said, "I want to look at something." Turning his back on the driver, he held the cross up to one of the lights on the instrument panel. After a moment, he made out, in fine script on the back of the cross, a girl's name. He felt his eyes blinking with pleasure. She had given him her name, after all. She had pretended that they were not to think of each other again, but she had given him her name; she must have wanted him to write. "Listen," he said to the driver, "have you got a pencil?"

"Sure." The driver pulled a yellow stub from over his ear. "But you can't write in this barge."

Harry said, "I can try." He crouched on the top step of the bus, his shoulders against the door, and took from one of his pockets a soiled envelope. He smoothed it on his knee and, with the blunt pencil jumping unpredictably under his fingers, set down the girl's name, the name of the hospital, and the name of the town they were approaching. Then, jaggedly, childishly, but with infinite care, he wrote, "Darling . . ." #



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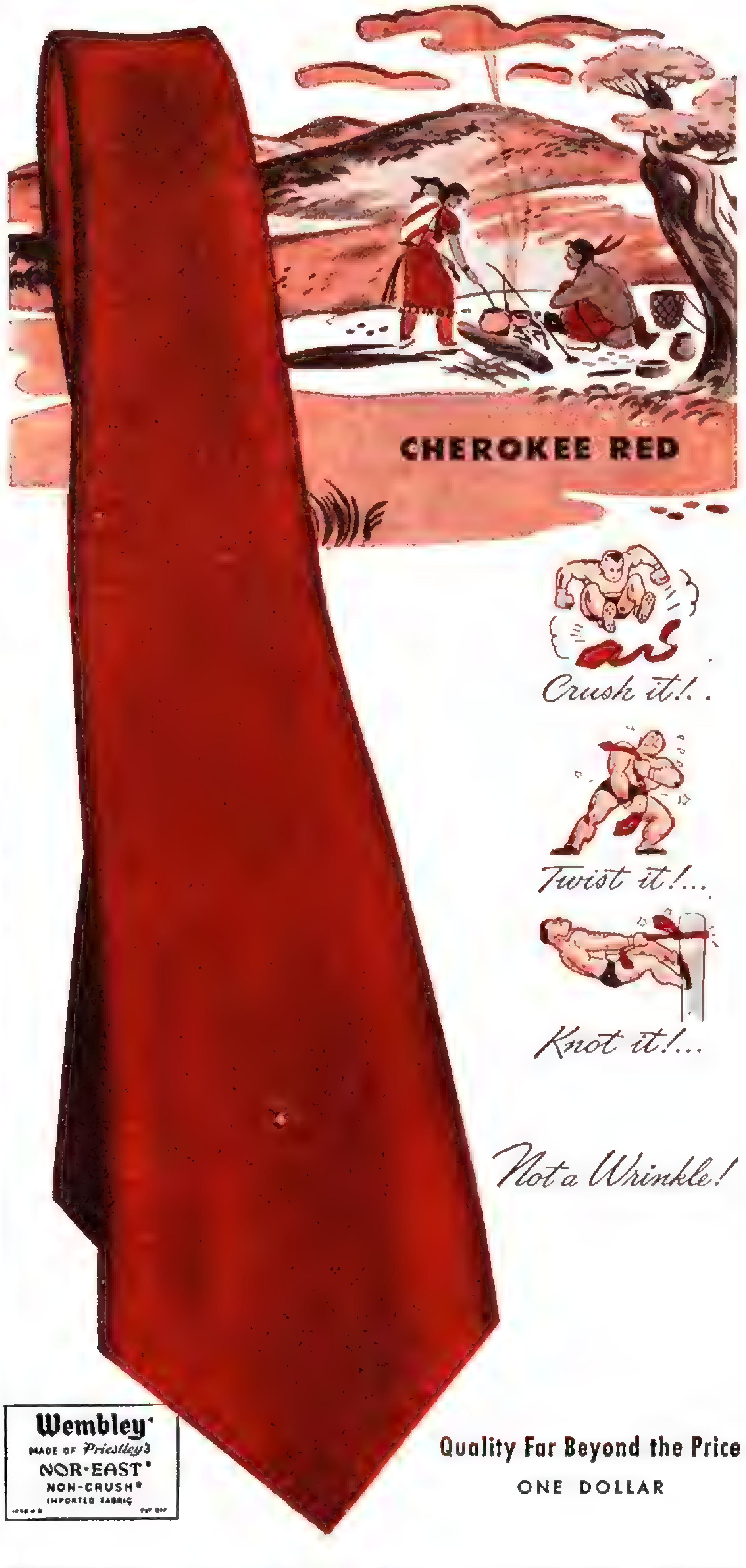

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A Human Sort of Artist

Continued from page 83

also from the time when he could say, as he did around 1935: "So far as creating a personal style is concerned, artists can do that when they are old. I'd like to leave a record of the things I've seen and felt in Pittsburgh." Perhaps the time has come when Samuel Rosenberg wants to leave a record of the emotions he has felt and is feeling (and perhaps has had to suppress or to attenuate) about the universe. After all, blood is thicker than water, and Hitler's mad jungle cries have demanded from Rosenberg a more concentratedly emotional reply than he has felt it fitting heretofore to give. From the point of his Spring, 1944, exhibition, Sam Rosenberg ascends to a luminosity toward which perhaps Abe Rattner has shown the way, or he declines toward the fog which mars the worst of his latest statements. It was the artist's wife, Mrs. Libbie Rosenberg, variously credited with being the manager, the organizer, the dominant influence of his career, who, when she saw the first of her husband's new-style paintings some time during 1943, said to him, in effect: "I like this; you must do more; I think this is your forte." And he did, and he will.

Long before he had, in the words of a local journalist, started flattening his nose "against the window of Carnegie Tech's dingy little art school," and had thawed out of the late Arthur W. Sparks an invitation to come in, Sam Rosenberg had given clear indication that he was going to become an artist, or nothing. Even then he was too young to register, and since he was still attending grammar school, he could be present only at the night classes, in which he drew from the cast, mainly in Sculpture Hall, where he also modeled in clay. In fact, the plaster cast drawings Rosenberg then made, Wolfson tells me, are so beautiful that they are still regarded as examples for successive generations of drawing students at Carnegie Tech. Joe Williams, a neighbor, was his chum in most of his pre-official art life. It was with Joe that Sam drew and modeled; with Joe that he sketched at the zoo and made a co-operative painting of the Battle of Hastings, Sam painting the men and horses, Joe painting the dead figures; and with Joe it was that he played hooky from school to visit the Carnegie International. Scholastically, the tail of drawing was wagging the dog so energetically that when Sam was fourteen, his eighth grade teacher, a Miss Ragan, faced him with an ultimatum. She sent him out into the

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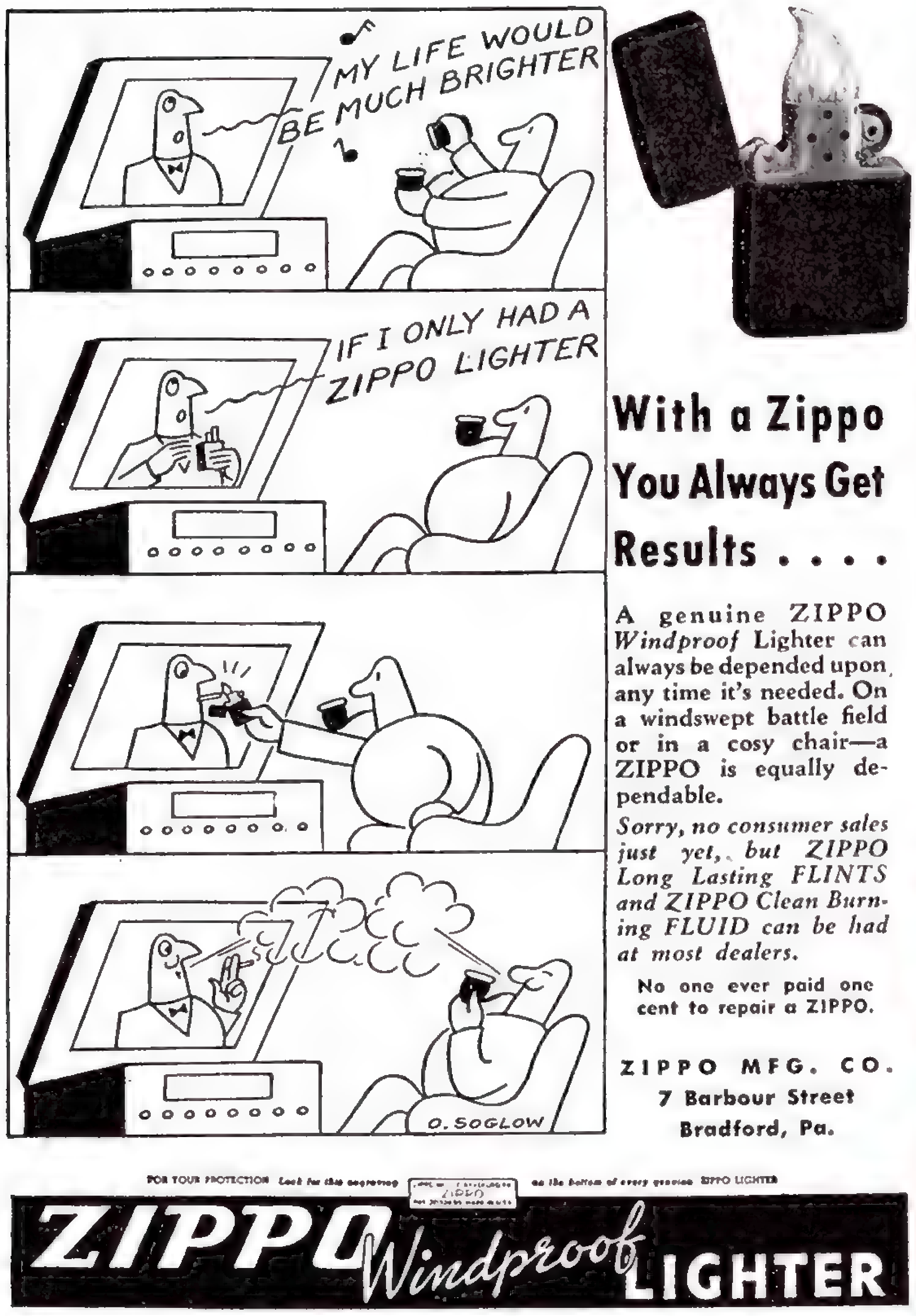
hallway to meditate for an hour on the proposition: either come to school, or draw. Many years later Miss Ragan called at the Rosenberg home to make certain that *Man-Made Desert*, the painting she and others had admired at the Golden Gate Exposition at San Francisco, had been painted by this Samuel Rosenberg.

The weathervane had given earlier indications of the direction from which the wind was blowing—the way he worked to soften up the tough water colors his sister Lena once gave him for Christmas, and the winning of his very first prize, a box of oil paints and a scholarship to study with a Mr. Collens, from whom he learned that there were old masters, not to mention the fascination with which he once studied a picture of cowboys and Indians—especially the Indians. After meeting Miss Ragan's ultimatum, he worked at various odd jobs during the day while continuing to attend the Carnegie night classes. He was a painter's helper on billboard jobs and on posters, and decorated churches and a Terrible Turk sideshow for a carnival. He became friends with Patty Byrne, the father of twelve children—of every one of whom Rosenberg did a portrait—who had vitality sufficient to become the patron saint of art in Pittsburgh. Between Sam and "P.J.," there developed a beautiful friendship which did not end until P.J.'s death.

When Sam had reached the legal age, he was enrolled at Carnegie Tech on a scholarship, but because Prof. Sparks overestimated Sam's need of classical discipline, he kept him in the cast room for a year and a half, until Henry Keller, a visiting instructor, remarking this student's excellent work, wrote the magic phrase, "Advance to life class," on the right piece of paper.

In the meantime, Bill Wolfson had left for New York and was studying at the National Academy, about which he wrote enthusiastic letters to his old friend.

Continued on page 148



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A Human Sort of Artist

Continued from pages 83-147

Sam's brother Harry staked him, Sam, for a year of study at the Academy. They were in the class of Douglas Volk who, during that entire year, looked at Sam's work exactly once. One day Sam and Bill went to hear George Bellows, at the Art Student's League. It was about the need of cultivating the visual memory that Bellows was talking, and by this lecture Rosenberg's whole future was influenced, although the seed probably did not start germinating until some time afterwards. Thereafter he spent most of his time at the Metropolitan, studying the masters, although he never went in for copying.

Rosenberg returned to Pittsburgh in 1917 and submitted a portrait of a fellow student in the group exhibition of the Associated Artists of Pittsburgh, to whose annuals he had been submitting entries since he was seventeen. This portrait won Second Honor, and since then he has picked off every important award offered by the Association, including its Carnegie Institute Prize in 1935 and, in the following year, the First Honor and Prize, and as early as 1920 was an exhibitor in the Carnegie International. The 1917 award led, through the process of newspaper reproduction, to an invitation from Sidney A. Teller, resident director of the Irene Kaufman Settlement, to start the art classes at the settlement with which he has since been identified, and through which has been made known generally the artist's pronounced gift for leading, teaching and inspiring. Subsequently, the Carnegie Institute itself made use of his teaching capacities.

There was a brief military interlude in 1917 when he trained with a camouflage unit of the Engineers. Upon demobilization, he returned to the Irene Kaufman Settlement in which he set up living quarters and studio, concentrating in portrait commissions, in which he was reasonably successful, and in portraits, just for the love of portraiture. Followed marriage, paternity, experimentation, discovery and realization of the innumerable and almost inexhaustible facets of Pittsburgh humanity and streetscape, particularly its Negro quarter, Wylie Avenue, out of which he quarried so many canvases that for a time he became known as a specialist in that theme.

"Like Daumier and Goya," wrote Barry Farnol, an old friend who has remarked the artist's progress for many years, "Rosenberg seeks direct contact with life, haunting slums, market places, factories, Negro shacks, circuses

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and lonely street corners. No other Pittsburgh artist knows its alleys and hills as he does. Walk along the Hill District markets where chicken coops, vegetables and fat watermelons line the sidewalk; where the smell of fish and freshly baked bread mingle in the air; where shivering men hover over gutter fires and old Italians with bristling black mustaches peddle garlic in open palms—and here you will find Rosenberg leaning against a building or sitting in his car, observing, listening, and carefully selecting before drawing in his sketch book. In the final painting, he has caught not only the smell, dirt and confusion, but also the spirit and essence of all market places."

"Gosh, Betty, I'm glad you still love me—I was so afraid our censor over there would alienate your affections!"

Since then, of course, Sam Rosenberg has adjusted his vision to wider horizons which have included, not denied, the specific images by which he has become known. He began spending the summer months outside of Pittsburgh—Woodstock, New York; Cape Ann, Massachusetts; and Mexico—which gave him a wider perspective on his home country. His protests against living conditions in Pittsburgh became more pronounced. Mrs. Rosenberg tells me that he was intensely agitated over the things that were happening abroad and at the approaching shadow of war, and that this agitation was reflected in a struggle toward reorientation of his painting. For example, he painted the head of a terrified scholar clutching a book, a sort of statement against Hitler's burning of the books. When Mrs. Rosenberg first saw the painting, *Fear*, she said: "this is your direction!" and there followed *Conflict*, *Discussion*, *Youth and Age*. The artist was a little timid about showing his new things: "These are for us," he would say, while for the public he painted along the old, tried lines. But friends in New York and elsewhere gave him courage in his new vision and the exhibition followed which introduced Sam Rosenberg to the wider audience he deserved to win. ⧺

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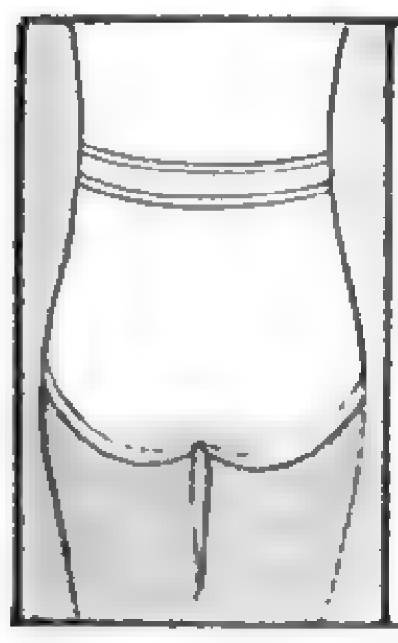

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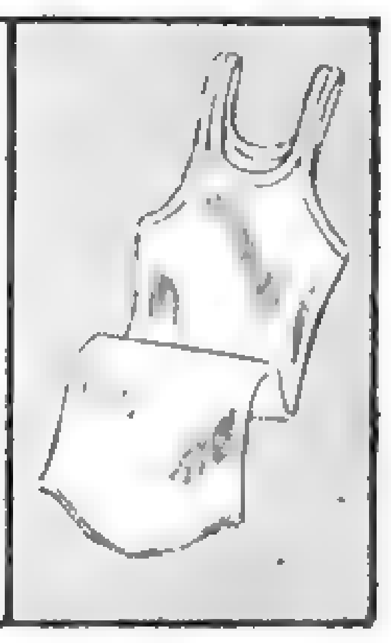

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Personal Fitting Service in the privacy of your home or office, given without charge by your Mason Man, gives you an utterly new idea of shoe comfort.

He's the direct-to-you Factory Representative of the leading manufacturer of its kind in the world.

He'll be glad to call and give you a Demonstration of 250 styles of dress, work, or sport shoes, including the amazing Velvet-Eez Air-Cushion Insole Shoe, which cradles your foot on 10,000 tiny Air Bubbles.

Drop a card and we'll have him call. No charge—no obligation to buy.

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Dept. M-133 · CHIPPEWA FALLS, WISCONSIN
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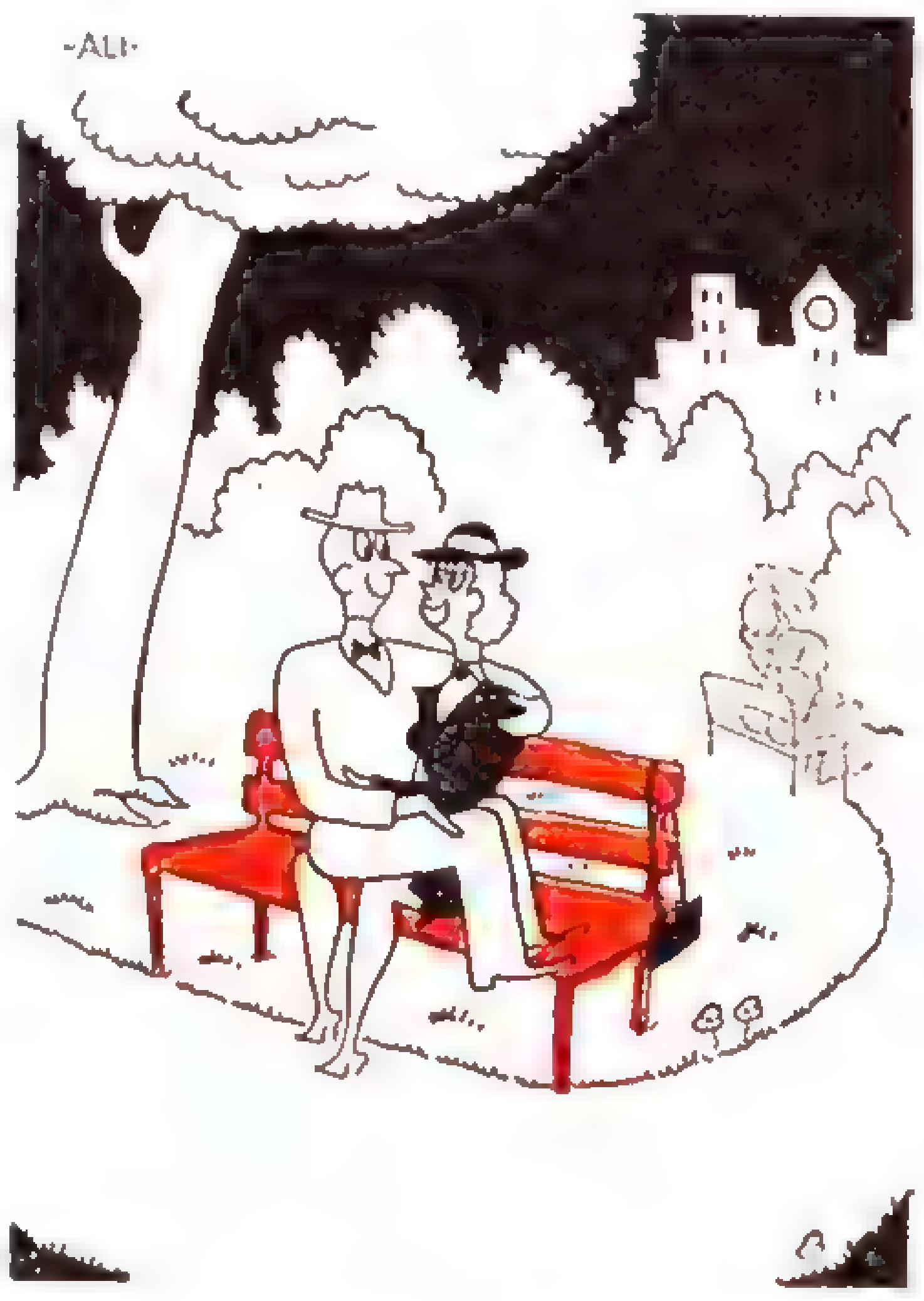
After the Shooting Comes Sport

Continued from pages 44-151

post. Putting into the same class as Capt. Britt the headlined boxer who came to the European Theater of Operations for exhibitions which consisted principally of getting drunk, disorderly and thoroughly offensive, makes the combat soldier want to vomit.



Yet that has been an unfortunate outcome of overemphasis of the athlete in Army service. Religion has the same trouble when a clergyman is caught fooling around source material for a sermon on how come Adam got in such a hell of a jam.

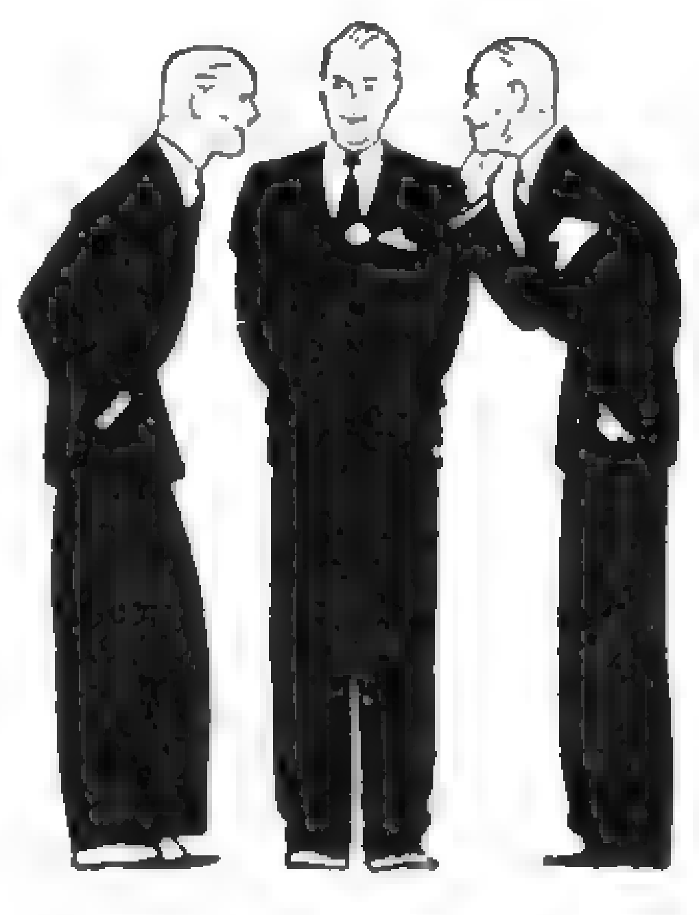
All these angles are being put together in the Army's endeavor to supply a safety valve that will keep the soldier from blowing his top thinking about how he has to hang around a place where he has been worked, scared and bored to what he believes is the limit of mortal forebearance.

The Army is considering a program of a minimum of two hours a day, six days a week, for the soldier between the time that the hostilities end and he's shipped home.

The soldier may, according to the present outline, elect to devote this time to study or sports. With the exception of those who will take refresher courses of study, soldiers will go heavily for sports. That's for sure. In embarkation areas where the boys will be on short notice for being loaded for home delivery, the probability is is that sport will account for almost all off-duty activity.

Baseball ivory hunters, football talent scouts either with pro contracts or scholarships and room, board, clothing and books in payment for winding the campus electric clocks, or fight managers in search of a meal ticket should meet the homecoming transports if this Army sports program succeeds as well as Colonels Clark and McCormick are confident that it will. #

TARS
This luxurious soothing lotion helps to complete a perfect shave. Apply Tars to wet face after rinsing off lather. Following Tars' bracing, pleasantly tingling sensation, your face will acquire a refreshed new feeling of pliancy and smoothness.
SCHERK-NEW YORK



GENTLEMEN! Here's To You!!

TARS

After-Shaving Lotion

Old friends who know Tars—new friends who are to join the family of "happy shavers" will welcome this world-famous lotion. No longer need your shaving chore end with shaving complaint. Tars is a blessing to the man who beefs—and a delight to its devotee. Buy Tars today for its tingling magic. Look forward to tomorrow's singing face. $1.10 (plus tax) at all good stores—or direct from

SCHERK
26 Waverly Place • New York 3, N.Y.

HAPPY SHAVERS

How to Read a Mind

Continued from page 55

room, and would I kindly go elsewhere to make experiments.

To get back to Dunninger. What puzzles the telepathists about him is that he performs his uncanny feats so regularly, and receives messages from total strangers. Dunninger's competitors say their powers are quite sporadic, and they can only work with persons with whom they have an intellectual and emotional intimacy.

Various theories, which imply that Dunninger is hocusing the American public, have been advanced. It is said that he employs confederates to stand up and say their minds have been read, that he hypnotizes his audience into thinking their thoughts have been read, that he wears telescopic eyeglasses, that he is a lip reader, that he is a pencil reader and has trained himself to decipher a written message by the movements of the top of a pencil. The fact that Dunninger's subjects must first write down the information which Dunninger telepathizes, naturally bothers all good friends of parapsychology.

I discovered an interesting quotation from an article about spirit mediums and fortune-telling mind readers in a back number of *True Detective Magazine*.

"When questions have to be written, look for trickery. There are many subtle and deceptive methods used (to read the question) . . . Carbon paper can be concealed in many unsuspected places . . . (answering a question about a medium's collecting initialed envelopes) . . . If the medium's spirits were the real McCoy, you wouldn't have to write your questions at all."

The author of these cynical words is—Joseph Dunninger.

"I collect nothing, absolutely nothing," Dunninger cries, wrinkling up his forehead, and staring balefully about. "Fifty per cent of the information I give has not been written down on paper."

Dunninger is a gentleman of better than average height and weight. He strides about with a pompous manner and completely dominates his audience, squelching any person who ventures an objection. He has warm, black eyes, a swarthy complexion, bags under his eyes, and looks rather like a successful dealer in Oriental rugs. He is a very nervous person and he continually wipes his face with a large white handkerchief as he works. His audiences are serious, attentive, tense, frightened. Many of them believe in the mysteries of the occult. Some of them wonder if Dunninger will be exposed, and if somebody will collect the 10,000 dollars he has offered if it can be

Continued on page 154

A SWELL ADVERTISING BUY!

Esquire CALENDARS

SPECIALLY IMPRINTED
FOR YOUR BUSINESS...

1946 LINE *now ready*

Ever hear of Esquire's Varga Calendars? Sure - - - who hasn't? These gorgeous creatures from the brush of Master Glamorist VARGA are now available to add zest and pull to your 1946 advertising program.

Whether you select the popular 12-page wall calendar, the handsome desk leatherette, or one of the seven other exclusive Esquire creations you'll get a year's worth of great advertising value . . . . . . the kind of value that has made Esquire Calendars *the fastest growing commercial calendars on the market!*

OTHER PICTURES TOO—

Should you prefer scenic, juvenile or "human interest" pictures the Esquire line offers them. Included are prize winning photographs (in full color) from Coronet magazine and other "greats" from the pages of Esquire.

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We are interested in the finest kind of calendar advertising at ordinary calendar prices. Send your representative with samples of the Esquire line for 1946.

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YOUR NAME ____________
TITLE ____________
ADDRESS ____________
CITY ____________ STATE ________
Samples Cannot be Mailed Please do not Request Them)

It solves the cocktail puzzle!

In two shakes of a Lamb's tail
HEUBLEIN'S
THE CLUB
DRY MARTINI
COCKTAILS

Here's the easy way to put your cocktails together. *Let us do it for you!*

Heublein's Club Cocktails come to you perfectly mixed. You just add ice and serve. Ask for them at your local liquor store.

There are no finer cocktails.

HEUBLEIN'S
Club
COCKTAILS

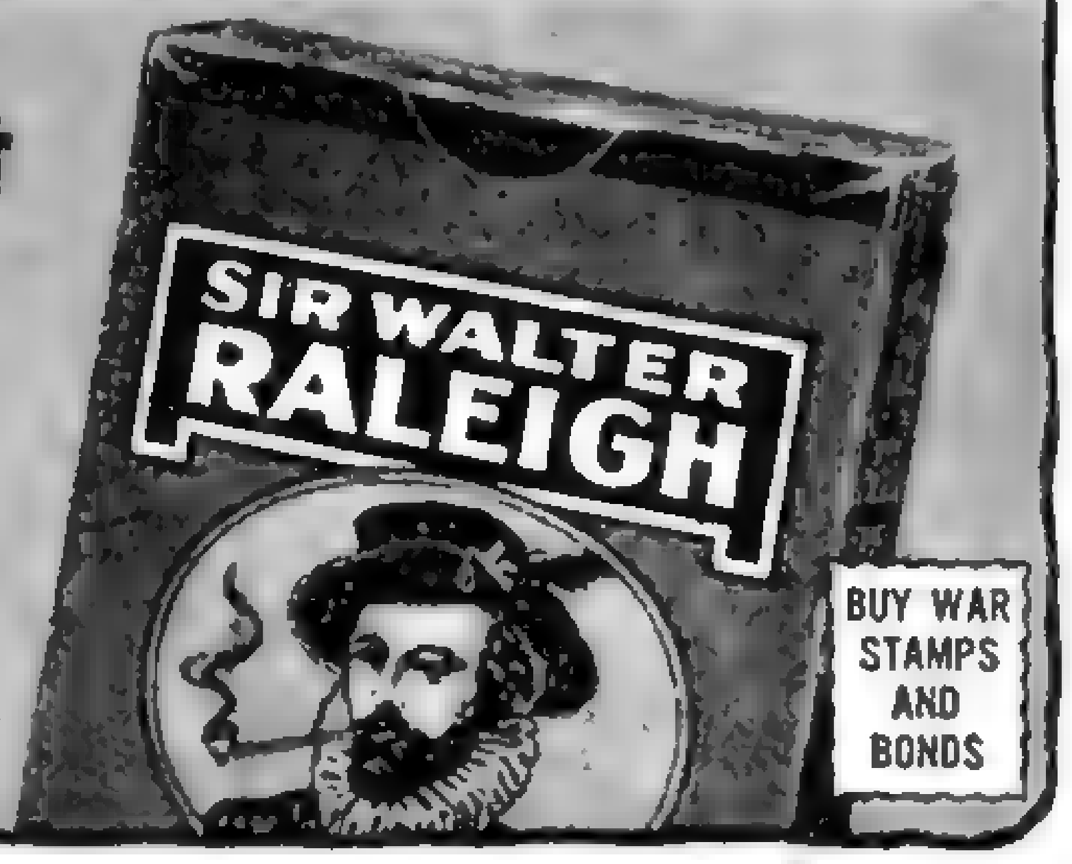
THE FAMOUS FIVE: Dry Martini, *71 proof* • Manhattan, *65 proof*
Old Fashioned, *80 proof* • Side Car, *60 proof* • Daiquiri, *70 proof*

G. F. Heublein & Bro., Inc., Hartford 1, Conn.

"Oh, boy! Imagine having that full of fragrant Sir Walter Raleigh!"

Smokes as sweet as it smells

"... the quality pipe tobacco of America"



FREE! 24-page illustrated booklet tells how to select and break in a new pipe; rules for pipe cleaning, etc. Write today. Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville 1, Kentucky.

How to Read a Mind

Continued from pages 55-153

proved that he uses "any paid employees, stooges or confederates."

Recently I watched his broadcast. Dunninger walked out and stared at his audience. He gave them his ingratiating, boyish smile. Then he spoke:

"Yes, I am a magician, a conjuror. But conjuring has nothing to do with the experiments you will witness tonight. These are manifestations of thought reading, of genuine mental telepathy. I need your co-operation for this, so please try to con-cen-trate. In a few moments, I will step down among you and distribute these slips of paper. On them you will please write anything you wish, the harder the better, or write it it in a foreign language, but try to make it unusual. Write names, addresses, telephone numbers, serial numbers, license numbers, but do not put the OPA number down when you have a serial number, this is against government regulations to give out the OPA number."

At this point, a chap with a stop watch, rushed over and whispered in Dunninger's ear.

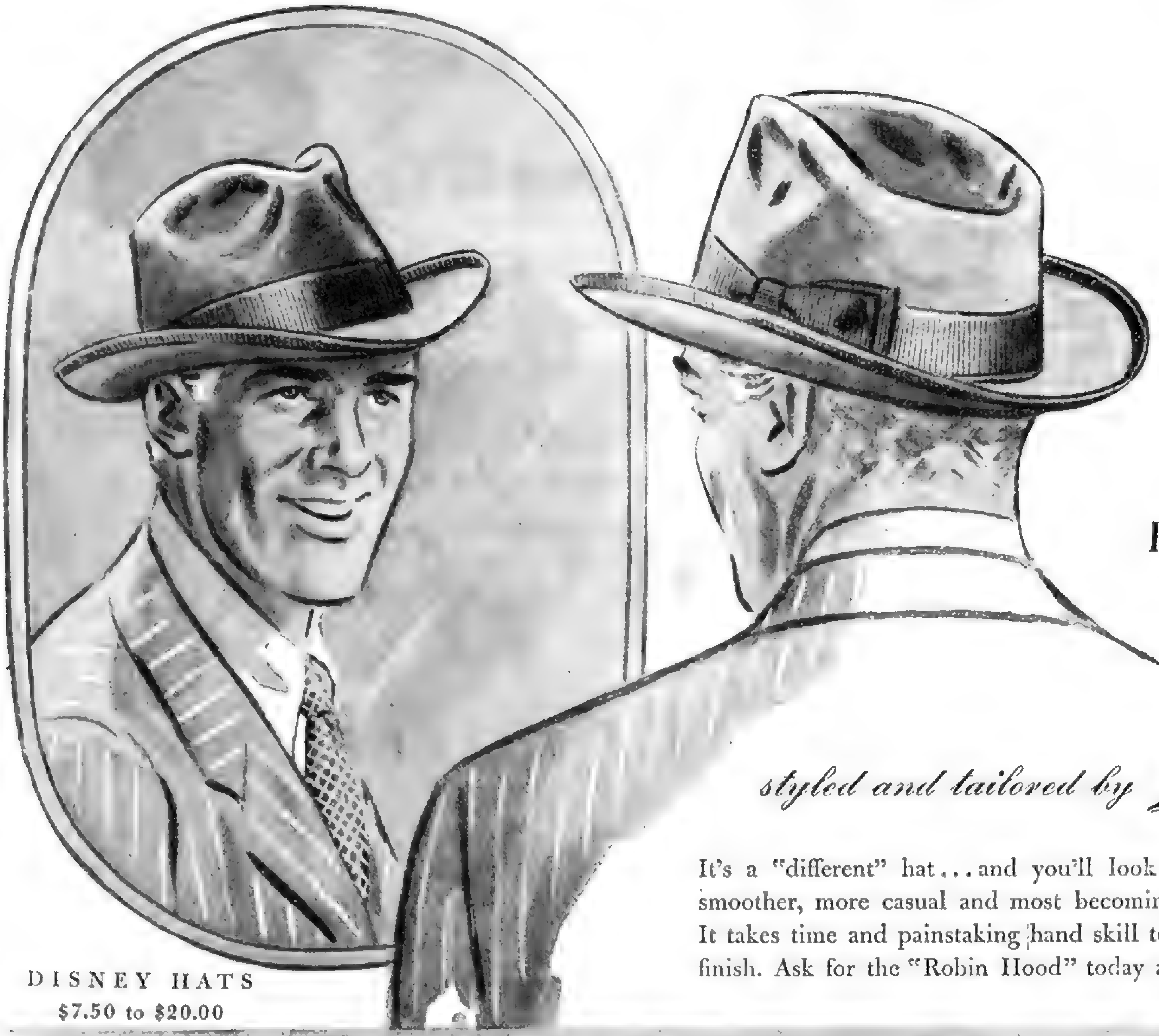
"I beg your pardon, ladies and gentlemen—I mean, APO number, not OPA number," he said, chuckling heartily.

He then descended and bustled through the aisles, scattering blank slips at each row. Then he retraced his steps, this time giving out long white envelopes, in which he requested people to place their slips. He showed some of them how to do this by placing their slips in the envelope and sealing the envelope.

"You see," he kept shouting, "nothing is collected—absolutely nothing is collected."

He returned to the stage, and a portable microphone was strapped around his chest. He now sat at a table, so raised that nobody in front could see what he was writing or doing. A three-paneled screen, tucked around the table, effectively protected him from the rear. After his return from the audience, Dunninger ensconced himself in his cozy corner and made some notations. I attempted to follow the top of his pencil but, not being a very polished pencil reader, I failed to interpret his words. The committee of judges, consisting of Broadway columnist Danton Walker, actress Jean Muir and singer Jerry Wayne, looked slightly sheepish. The announcer introduced Dunninger as "the man who strolls into your brain and steals your thoughts."

Dunninger now fixed his sinister gaze on the audience and intoned,



THE ROBIN HOOD

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It's a "different" hat... and you'll look different in it. It's softer, smoother, more casual and most becoming. We know you'll like it. It takes time and painstaking hand skill to achieve its supple, velvety finish. Ask for the "Robin Hood" today at your local Disney dealer.

DISNEY HATS
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slowly, "I receive an impression from someone concentrating on another person not here. Whose thought is that please? Where does that come from please? I must have your co-operation. The name with it is—Martha. The message is—yours forever. Please raise your hand. Is anyone thinking of a name beginning with J? Jules, Julius, Julian?"

A man in the thirty-second row finally shuffled his feet and stood up. The man looked befuddled.

"Is that you, sir? Is that your message?" Dunninger roared.

The man reflected a moment and replied, "No."

Dunninger's face purpled. "Then it isn't your thought? It doesn't come from you?"

The man scratched his ear. He said, "No."

"Then why did you acknowledge it?" Dunninger asked. "Why did you stand up?"

The man said, "I don't know."

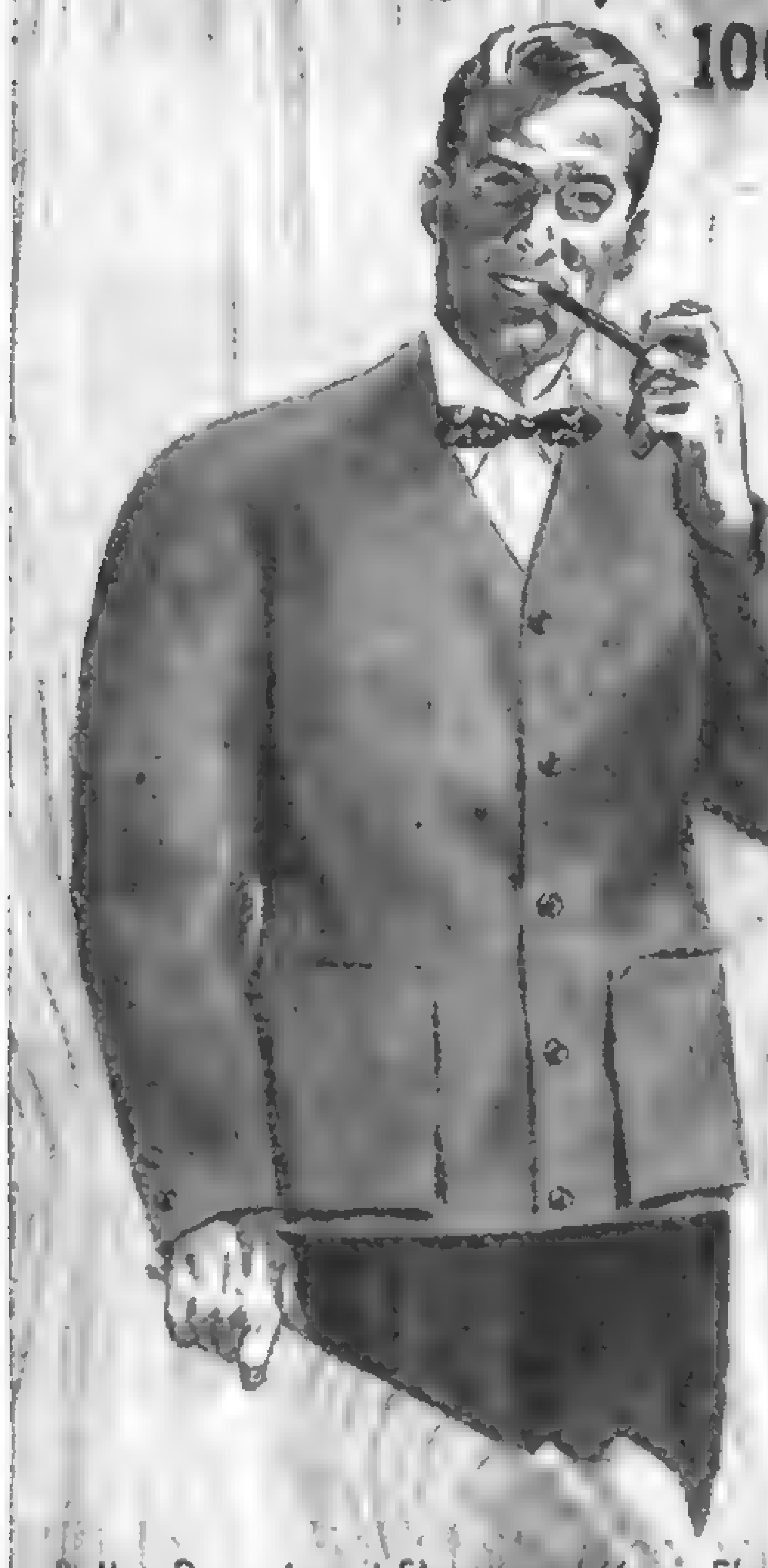
A lady, two rows behind the mysterious individual, now raised her hand, said she was Martha.

"Where have you been all evening?" said Dunninger. He sounded annoyed. "Julian, yours forever—that was your thought?" The girl said it was. Dunninger now scowled: "Did you write that question down?" She said, no, she did not write any questions. This was a logical reply, in view of the fact that Dunninger had not asked anybody to write *questions* down but had requested bits of information which would serve as answers.

"So," continued Dunninger, "I am cor-r-rect, absolutely co-r-r-rect." The audience applauded and gasped. Dunninger looked over at the judges' table with an air of triumph. Then he placed his glasses on and again looked at the table. "I have another impression . . ." he went on. He proceeded to call out telephone numbers, the address of an Ohio man, the number of a left wing fitting in an airplane, a Wisconsin address, a social security num-

Continued on page 156

"You say the neighbors smelled smoke?"



All-star for your Sports Wardrobe

100% WOOL COAT SWEATER

by Revere

All-wool and all-smart, in the weight that's right for all-seasons and all-weather, the Revere coat sweater is basic for your sports wardrobe. The suede cloth front is luxuriously soft, but count on it to stand up under rough and rugged wear. You'll cheer the bellows pockets, roomy enough to hold your pouch and pipes! Back and sleeves knitted in the interlocked stitch are finely tailored. Tailored cuffs and smoked-pearl buttons top it off. Available in Blue, Brown or Camel.

Coat Sweater—Sizes 36 to 46—about $9.00

Better Department Stores and Men's Shops everywhere feature these two famous labels

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REVERE KNITTING MILLS, INC.
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You can stack your chips on PHOENIX

they're a sure thing in any man's language

PHOENIX Socks

FAMOUS HOSIERY AT ITS BEST

PHOENIX
HOSIERY COMPANY
Milwaukee 1
Wisconsin

How to Read a Mind

Continued from pages 55-153-155

ber, and several serial numbers.

He then asked Jean Muir to project the names of four songs. She projected *Long Ago and Far Away*, *I Love You*, *San Fernando Valley* and *Star Dust*. Dunninger correctly named *San Fernando Valley*, and Jerry Wayne came to the microphone and sang *San Fernando Valley*. On the final test, Miss Muir and Mr. Wayne took a large slate and left the studio. They wrote a number of six digits and remained about fifty feet from the stage. Mr. Walker selected a lady from the audience. She stood beside Dunninger and he gave her one end of a rope. He held the other end, and it hung loosely between them. "I will call numbers from 1 through 10 and when you feel a vibration you call the number." The lady slowly named 5, 2, 3, 9, 7, 1. Her name was Miss Alvera Lampe, of Flushing, Long Island, and I later asked her what had impelled her to name these particular numbers—all of which were those written by the committee. She said she had felt a peculiar pressure in the palm of the hand holding the rope at each of the correct numbers. I wondered whether the rope contained a hollow tube, attached to tiny rubber bulbs at both ends, by means of which Dunninger could signal a vibration at the proper number. This device is described in a book called *Inside the Medium's Cabinet*, published in 1935. It was written by Dunninger. How Dunninger learned the numbers was a mystery, as Mr. Walker assured me he was not even in the room when the committee selected them. "Nobody has to convince me of the existence of mental telepathy," said Walker. "I see instances of it every day. Dunninger has merely developed these powers, which are latent in everybody."

Number one on Dunninger's Hate Parade is a thirty-six-year-old skeptic named Richard Himber. Himber is a chunky, cheerful chap with bright red hair and a disarming air of naïveté. Himber conducts a dance orchestra and is a well-known magician and he has invented many tricks, including the Throw Out Rope Trick and the Disappearing Milk Pitcher. Since February, 1944, he has carried on a one-man vendetta against Dunninger.

"Dunninger is strictly a trickster," he says. "He does his so-called telepathy with sleight of hand and psychological misdirection. He cannot do a show unless he first goes down into the audience."

Himber recently invaded studio 6B just before the broadcast. "Why," shouted Himber, "do *you*

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CUBAN RUM

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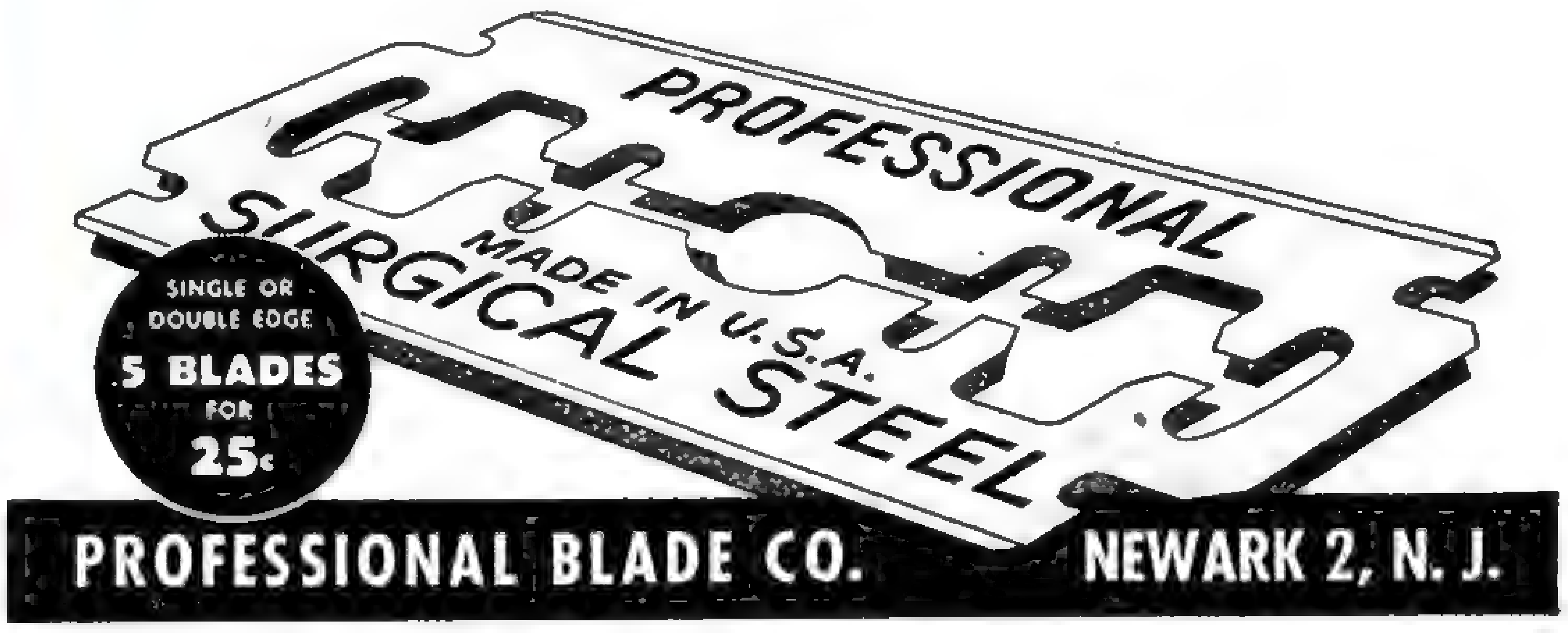
..for Real TOUCH and GO Shaving!

Did you ever see an actor's mirror? It's framed with bright electric light bulbs, as critical of his face as the audience at curtain time. Only PROFESSIONAL Blades give him a shave that will keep his face as smooth-looking at sunset as it was at dawn. Only blades processed from the finest surgical steel, precision-honed and micro-tested will produce a shave that can stand the "actor's mirror test."

That's real TOUCH and GO shaving—all that the words imply—*a whisk and you're whiskerless.* Try a PROFESSIONAL Blade today!



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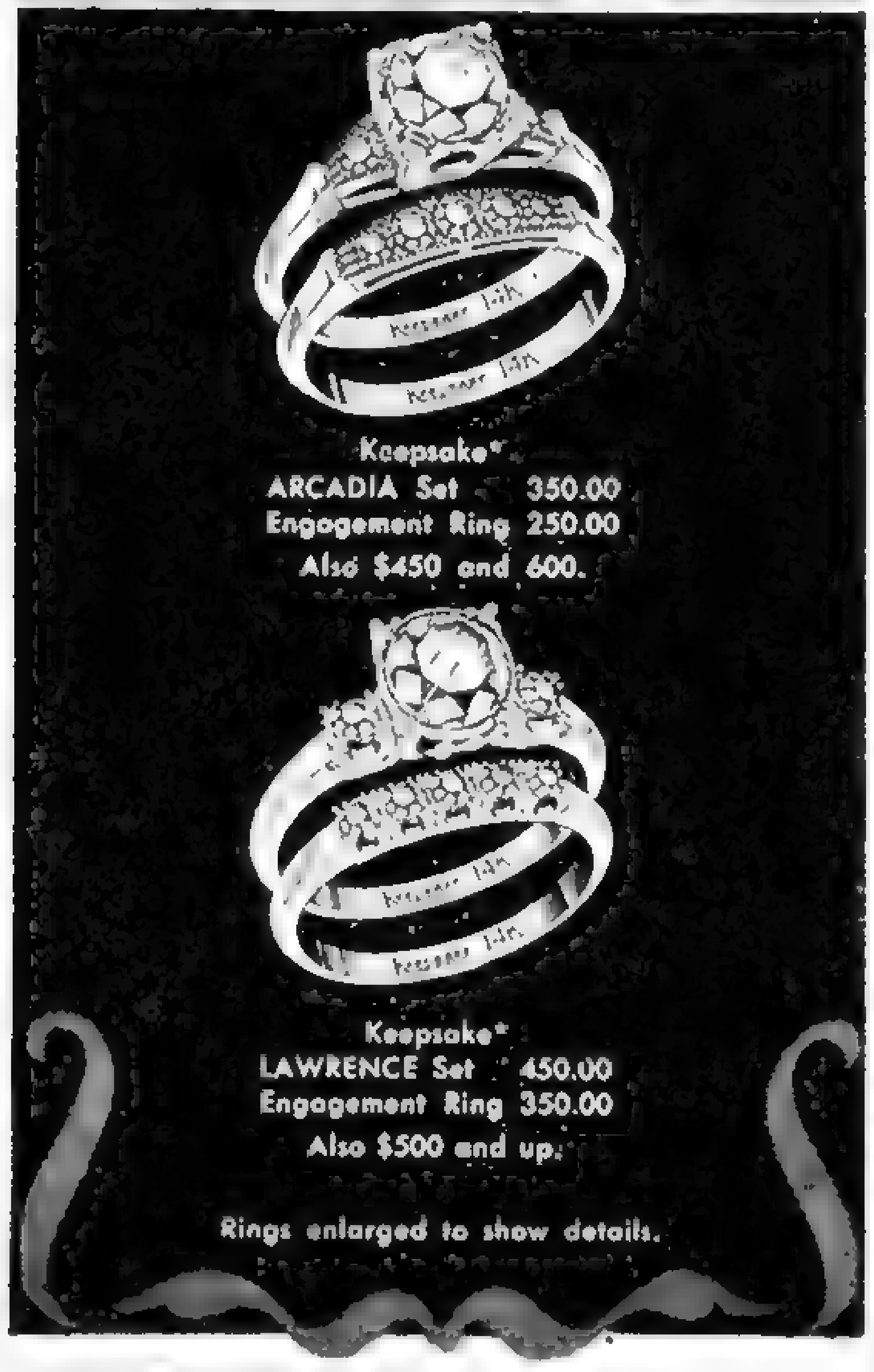

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Also $450 and 600.

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Also $500 and up.

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Her Treasure
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GENUINE REGISTERED
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Make her supremely happy with a genuine registered Keepsake Diamond Engagement Ring . . . to be treasured pridefully through the years. Keepsake is the most famous name in diamonds and through six decades has been the traditional symbol of the engagement. The Keepsake Certificate of Registration and Guarantee is your assurance of true quality and value. See the new matched sets at your Keepsake Jeweler . . . $100 to $3500.

If it is a "Keepsake" the name is in the ring.

Prices include federal tax.

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Guaranteed by
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Keepsake Diamond Rings, A. H. Pond Co., Inc.
214 S. Warren St., Syracuse 2, N. Y.

Please send the book, "The Etiquette of the Engagement and Wedding," with supplement on "Wartime Engagements and Weddings," illustrations of Keepsake Rings and the name of the nearest Keepsake Jeweler. I enclose 10c to cover mailing.

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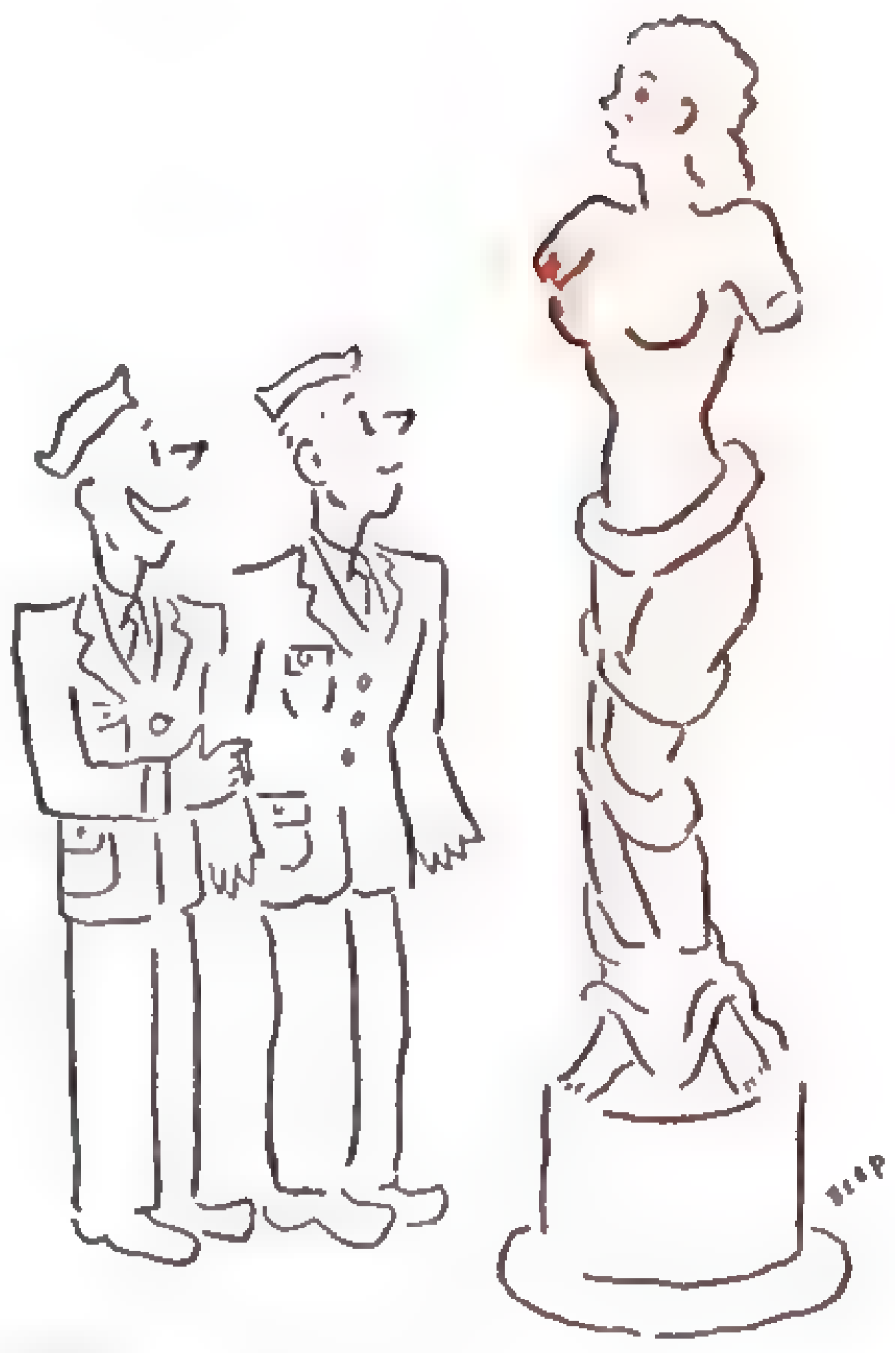

"Well, what do you know—a marble pin-up girl!"

distribute the slips of paper? Why don't you let the ushers do it?"

"I don't conduct your orchestra, why don't you leave my program alone," said Dunninger.

"I'll give you 1,000 dollars if you can read my mind," said Himber.

"I'll give you 10,000 dollars if you can prove you *have* a mind," replied Dunninger.

"You're no mind reader," said Himber.

"And you, sir," answered Dunninger, "are neither a magician—nor a musician."

"Heh-heh, still using that old envelope gag!" was Himber's riposte.

According to Himber, Dunninger does not need confederates. As he strolls through the audience, distributing envelopes he "gloms a peek" at messages being held by people. "That Dunninger is far-sighted," Himber says. "He only wears glasses for close-up reading." He also, alleges Himber, uses the *top change* and switches questions. He is a pencil reader and also uses the "sealed envelope" gimmick and the "clip board," says Himber. The clip board is used in enticing information from judges. The judges are asked to make a notation of the test for their own use and to tear off the paper and keep it. The sheets of note paper have been clipped to an apparently innocent board. This might be the Miracle Clip Board, which costs fifteen dollars at magical shops, and is advertised thus:

"Use this board for private readings, theatre work, out of doors, anywhere. Secure all the questions you want, unbeknown to the writers, and without fear of detection. It will withstand rigid examination and come through with flying colors. It so naturally resembles a real clip board that it allays suspicion rather than creates it. Natural wood finish, made by a secret process, that gives perfect appearance."

For one dollar, at any magic store, you may learn how to do "The Great Sealed Letter Reading Test." In this, according to the catalogue, "Persons write questions on unprepared slips of paper which they themselves fold and seal in an envelope and retain in their possession. Notwith-

Continued on page 158

Balanced Tailoring* makes
TIMELY CLOTHES
look better . . . longer

Balanced Tailoring* is the exclusive needlework technique that *insures* the good looks of your Timely Clothes 'til the last day you wear them. Here's how: costly hand tailoring and sturdy machine stitching are scientifically combined for maximum "give" and maximum strength. As a result, Timely Clothes take your daily gymnastics with a smile—they not only start out looking well, but *stay* that way.

Timely Clothes are about $35 to $75 at good men's stores everywhere, or write
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I'LL SAY IT DOES!

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have a pipeful of fresh tobacco

Model No. 213—$3.00.
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ROGERS AIR-TITE tobacco pouch

"seals as it closes"

You can enjoy the last pipeful as much as the first with a Rogers Air-Tite Pouch. The secret is in the construction. When you close the zipper the lips of the inner pouch automatically shut tightly. Thus you seal in the freshness and the rich aroma. Rogers Air-Tite Pouches are beautifully made in the finest leathers by expert craftsmen. Models for tobacco only; combination models for pipe and tobacco. At better shops everywhere.

The cross section shows how the lips of the patented inner pouch seal in the tobacco as the outer pouch is zipped shut.

The largest selling tobacco pouch in the U. S. A.

ROGERS "DELUXE LEATHER" ROLLUP

Custom made rollup tobacco pouch. Genuine soft, pliable, crushed kidskin. Genuine vinylite lining, gusseted sides, turned edge seams, leather reinforced pocket binding, deluxe leather lined flap.

Model No. 610 6
Retail Price—$5.00

Rogers Imports, Inc., Mfrs. & Importers, 419 4th Ave., N. Y. C.
U. S. Agents for Peterson's Pipes, Dublin

How to Read a Mind

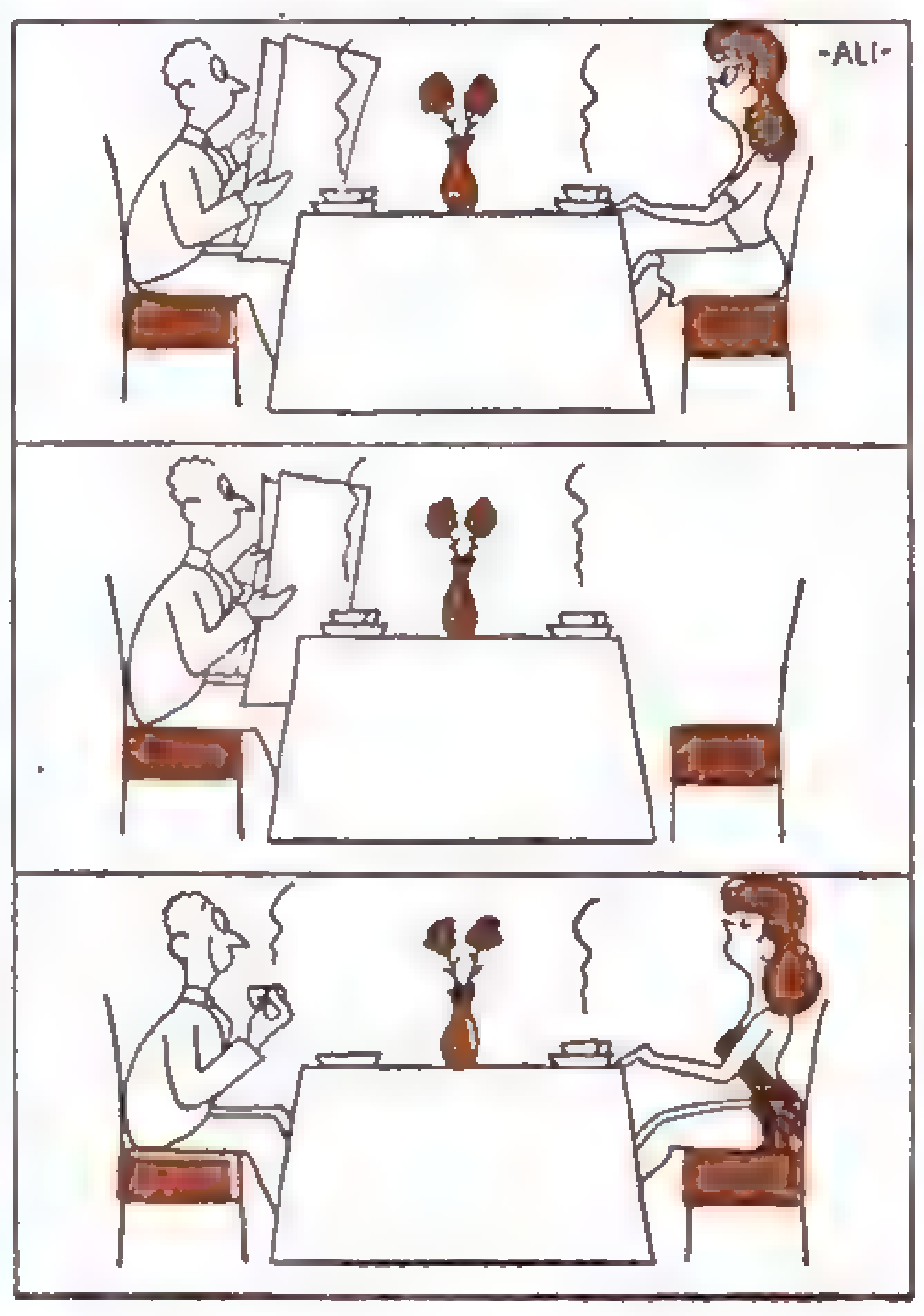
Continued from pages 55-153-155-157

standing all these precautions, the performer is able to answer the questions in any manner desired. Suitable for either ladies or gentlemen; it is independent of time or place. Requires no assistant, no confederates or special skill."

The best buy is a small brochure called *Radio Mind Reading*, by Larsen and McGill, which is sold for two dollars by the Thayer Magic Studio in Los Angeles. "This," says an ad, "tells everything there is to know about radio mind reading. Apparently read the minds of spectators in the studio audience. Project thoughts to millions of people over the air waves. Perform special tests which have been decided upon by a committee of judges who are not confederates and whom the performer need not even know." It tells how to reveal names, street numbers, license numbers.

If Dunninger is really playing a part he is one of the greatest actors alive. Even to his closest friends, he insists he is a telepathist. Walter Gibson, who writes the Shadow stories and who is Boswell to all the great magicians, has known Dunninger since 1913. Gibson has been an associate and biographer of Houdini. "I know every deceptive and magical gimmick in the book," Gibson says. "But I've seen Dunninger do telepathic experiments which cannot be explained by sleight of hand. Thurston was convinced Dunninger had genuine extra-sensory powers. Houdini called it a trick but admitted he didn't know how it was done."

Joseph Dunninger was born in New York City in 1896, and his father was in textiles. He has two brothers. He has been able to do telepathy since he was five and would tell his parents who was calling before they opened the door. Later, in school, he passed his examinations by reading the minds of his teachers. Between 1910 and 1925 he was a professional magician, doing large illusions and prestidigitation. Then he dropped tricks and specialized in telepathy. Before Dunninger, most mentalists worked with con-



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federates and employed ingenious verbal codes. Dunninger worked alone. He has read the minds of Presidents Taft, Coolidge, Harding, Hoover and F.D.R. He read the mind of Thomas A. Edison. "You are thinking of a hole you burned in a tablecloth this morning," he told Edison. "You are worried what Mrs. Edison will say when she finds out." Barbara Hutton's thought was, "If you have two loaves of bread, sell one and buy a lily."

After his broadcast, I went to a bar with Dunninger. He does not touch alcohol. He had coffee. I had lemonade. I asked Dunninger to kindly read my mind. I said I would concentrate very hard and breathe rhythmically or *rub my pineal gland.* I began to concentrate on the following:

'Twas brillig and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe.

He looked at me dubiously. He said he did not get any vibrations at all. Besides, he said, it always worked better in a large group.

"I believe," Dunninger says, quite seriously, "that telepathy will ultimately develop into man's sixth sense, and it will be as common as a person's ability to walk. Remember you cannot receive a thought unless a person is willingly sending it to you. So we need not be afraid that strangers will discover our secrets. That is why I am doing my projections—to develop the sensitivity of my lisening audience."

To this Himber retorts with a resounding snort. "These projections are just psychology," he says. "Dunninger knows in advance what he wants to project. He throws out five names. Well, he makes the right one the name with the fewest letters, the easiest to pronounce, and he slips it in the middle position. You ask the average person to take a number from 1 to 5 and they will usually say 3. You ask them to pick a flower and they will say rose. A wild animal and they will say lion."

That night, I asked my wife, "Name a flower."

She said, "Nasturtium."

I glared at her and asked, "Pick a wild animal."

She said, "Bear."

In desperation I said, "Take a number from one to five." She said, "Four."

Mental Telepathy is a very confusing subject. #

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Now B. V. D.
helps you dress on the sunny side
with Sturdi-Flan *Ruggers Shirt

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The Preacher and the Farmer

Continued from page 63

that one race a day was plenty. While other prep runners doubled up in both the half mile and mile the same afternoon, Gil was limited to one race. Throughout his junior year in high school he ran only the half mile, though Hahn realized he was going to be better at longer distances. In his senior year he was lengthened to a mile, but wasn't permitted to compete in the 880. He climaxed his prep career by establishing a state record of 4:28.1 despite unfavorable weather conditions. That mark, incidentally, still stands.

At this point Dodds' father moved to Ohio and for a time Gil was puzzled about what to do. He loved to run and he wanted to stay where Hahn could help him. But he also had formed a definite ambition to become a pastor like his father. So he went along to Ohio to take preliminary theology study at Ashland College. Although separated, Dodds and Hahn actually never seemed apart. The old runner became a correspondence-school coach of the young one. While at Ashland Dodds continued his deliberate, take-it-easy training, never running too often, never getting out of condition, always planning for the future. Under Hahn's urging, he concentrated on longer races and before leaving Ashland became national collegiate champion both in the cross-country and four-mile runs.

Then Dodds came to the crossroads. He was ready to enter a theological school, but he still wanted to run. Lloyd Hahn solved the problem. He sent Dodds to Boston, where he could attend Gordon Seminary and run under the expert, careful eye of Jack Ryder, who had coached Hahn during his brilliant career. So the famous coach of the Boston A.A. had his second potential mile champion from the small, faraway town of Falls City. From that moment to this, Dodds has successfully combined his divinity studies with running, under the combined coaching of Jack Ryder and Lloyd Hahn. To show how much he thinks of his tutors, Dodds' year-old son is named Jack Lloyd.

Though their running careers have been alike in many ways, there is one striking difference in Hahn and Dodds. Lloyd was a sprinter in high school—a ten-second dash man who was lengthened out gradually until he hit his peak as a miler when he was twenty-six and twenty-seven. Dodds, on the other hand, was naturally a long-distance runner from the start, who worked down to a mile and hit his peak at this favorite American distance last winter, when he was twenty-six.

"The Lord blessed me with endurance, but not speed" is the way this young athlete puts it. He has toiled and toiled to im-

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prove his sprinting, but can't for the life of him run 100 yards any faster than 11.3 seconds. That's why he runs differently from Glenn Cunningham and other great milers who more or less loafed for three quarters, then put on a terrific finish.

"The way Dodds might run a four-minute mile some day," Hahn laughs, "is for him to put together four straight quarters of 60 seconds each. And torturous as this sounds, he might be able to do it! He has tremendous stamina."

There's a scientific explanation for Dodds' endurance, too. During the course of some experiments to determine how much energy various people burn up in a variety of endeavors, Dodds was submitted to a test to see how much energy he consumed during a mile run. Imagine the jolt the experts received when they found that Dodds' body actually had more dextrose after he had run a mile than before! He actually seemed to manufacture body fuel by running!

Neither Dodds nor the scientists can explain why he's so different in this energy matter, but it's one reason he ran 60-second quarters one after the other.

One thing Hahn and Dodds have in common is their preference for running on boards rather than cinders. Lloyd did his best mile-pounding indoors, winning most of the same winter features that Dodds captured last season. Three times Hahn won the Bankers' mile, the same event in which Dodds set the world record last March.

"The main point about this board vs. cinders question is uniformity," Dodds explains, with a nod of approval from Hahn. "You're always up against the uncertainty of weather in outdoor meets. Planning can be thrown completely off by wind or rain or heat or cold. But conditions remain the same indoors. The boards at New York, Boston and Chicago are almost identical. You have no problem of wind, air currents or wet track. That's why I like indoor competition best. It presents a much fairer chance for records and truly-run races."

Gil took no part in outdoor meets the past summer, but ran exhibitions at a number of Army camps. He started serious training for this indoor season by running cross-country races during the fall. He thinks (again with a second-the-motion from Hahn) that this winter will see him at his peak, at the age of twenty-six. And he admits this might be his final serious round of competition, since he'll become a full-time preacher after finishing at Gordon in the spring.

Dodds has been accused of being an athlete without color, which probably is correct. He doesn't resort to any dramatics or screw ball tactics on or off the track. He doesn't boast about winning or squawk about losing. He merely goes about his run-

Continued on page 162

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Footsaver Shoes
BOSTONIANS AT THEIR FINEST

The Preacher and the Farmer

Continued from pages 63-161

ning when he finds it doesn't interfere with his study, training faithfully the year around, modestly accepting victory or defeat, always placing religious pursuits ahead of track competition.

It would be hard to find a more genuinely amateur athlete. Dan Ferris, the A.A.U.'s Mr. Track, voiced this feeling at the time Dodds was declared winner of the Sullivan Memorial Award for 1943 by an overwhelming vote of the nation's sports leaders. He was acclaimed the outstanding amateur athlete of that year, not because of any streak of winning races, but because of a splendid display of sportsmanship.

"Gilbert Dodds exemplifies all the characteristics required for a perfect gentleman and sportsman," Ferris said. "He is modest in victory and gracious in defeat. By precept and example, he is a splendid influence on all with whom he comes in contact. His co-operation in connection with the Gunder Haegg tour was responsible for its ultimate success. Although mile champion, he cheerfully agreed to race Haegg at other distances, knowing he had little chance to win. Without his willingness to run at any distance the committee wanted, it would not have been possible for the A.A.U. to turn over more than 135 thousand dollars to the Army Air Forces Aid Society as a result of the tour."

Ferris has run into many an athlete who became a hard-to-handle prima donna when asked to run against some strong opponent under conditions which didn't exactly suit his taste. So it was refreshing to have Dodds reply: "I'll be delighted to run against Haegg at any distance, wherever and whenever you want."

And it must have been quite a novelty to hear nothing but praise for his opponent from Dodds after he was beaten race after race by the marvelous Swede. As a result of that tour, Dodds holds nothing but admiration for Haegg. When announcement was made last fall that the Swedish marvel might return, instead of saying he'd like to get a chance for revenge against Haegg, Gil said sincerely: "I certainly hope he can come over again. It would be great fun to run with him again."

This greatest of all American indoor milers is like a symbol which hitherto existed only in the minds of teachers, coaches and youth leaders. Few athletes in any sport ever have measured up to such lofty heights as a model for young men. Dodds doesn't smoke, drink or swear. He never speaks a harsh word about anyone or anything. He's intently interested in helping youths lead a clean, wholesome life.

"I have been running since 1933," he told a meeting of Allied

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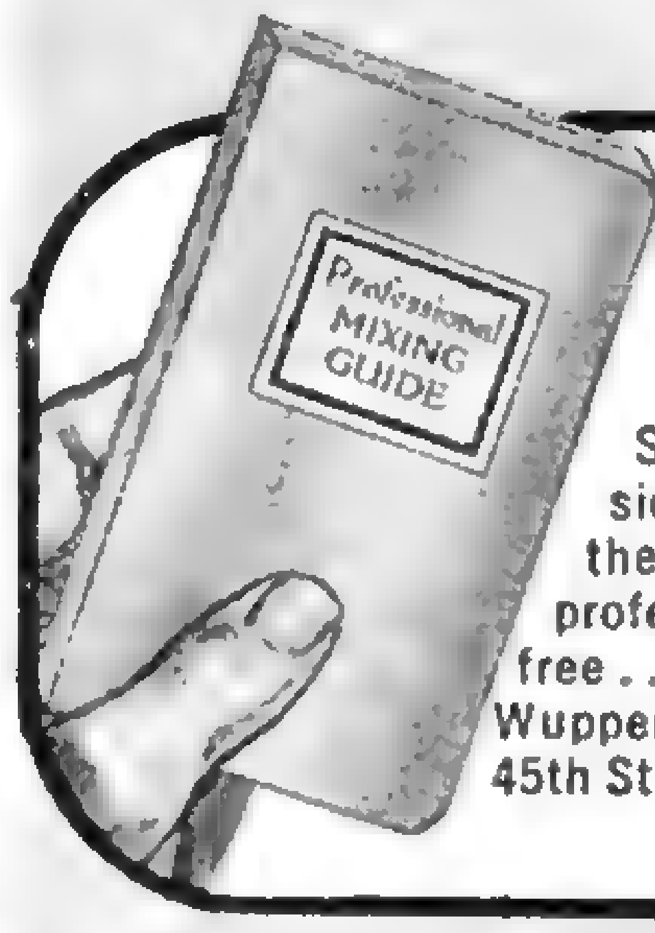
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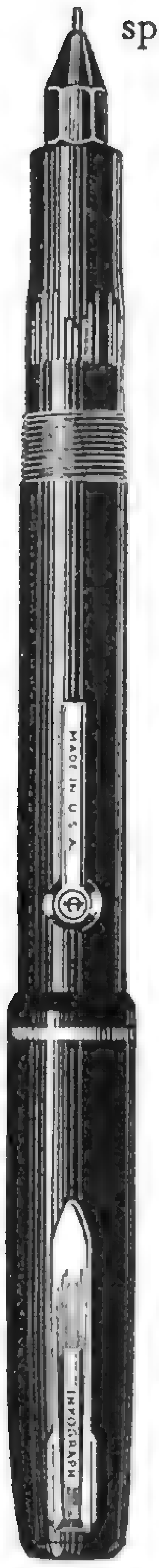

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"Part of the price that must be paid for athletic success is in the physical realm—hours of practice and conditioning, an unbroken plan or routine of food, rest and appropriate types of relaxation. But more important are the mental and spiritual prices that must be paid. All great athletes know that loose living and success do not go hand in hand. Athletes whom I have seen drinking soon disappeared from the scene, or ceased to be factors while they remained. There are qualities in character which add wings to a runner's heels, because he knows that he deserves success and will rightly use it when it comes.

"I am sure it is only through God's help and His leadership in my life that I have been able to achieve some success. There is nothing I have done that other athletes cannot match and surpass, if they are willing to be at their own best physically, mentally and spiritually."

No, you probably can't find any incidents which would stamp Gil Dodds as what sports writers and fans like to call a "colorful" athlete. But no champion at the business of "color" ever touched a crowd as deeply as Dodds did that night he set his world record at the Chicago Stadium.

Here was a young fellow who had brought 11,000 fans to their feet as he ran that last lap. He had made them forget their war worries, had caused them to scream and whistle and wave their arms. What he did on those boards overshadowed everything else other great athletes accomplished in the meet. And then, half an hour after his race, he stepped out into the center of the building to receive his trophy. He was a frail-looking little fellow, standing out there in his street clothes. He didn't look like an athlete. He had no color, in the usual sense of the word. But when he spoke, a hush fell over the mighty crowd.

"I enjoyed winning this race and setting a record tonight," he said softly, "but running always has been and always will be just a hobby with me. My service to the Lord comes first. So I'll get just as much enjoyment out of the services I'm going to conduct at Goshen, Indiana, tomorrow. Thank you all."

As he walked away there was only mild clapping and a few soft cheers. But those fans were touched in a way no other athlete ever affected any crowd. And the happiest fellow there was the preacher boy's best friend—the farmer from back home. #

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Friend of the Obergruppenfuehrer

Continued from page 35

Obergruppenfuehrer Werner was to take certain measures. Undoubtedly you know about that?"

Stampfer seemed to feel uncomfortable. "Well, no . . . I just came here. But undoubtedly my colleagues . . ."

"No, they don't know anything. It was between me and the Obergruppenfuehrer."

"And how, may I ask, do I know that you are telling me the truth? How do I know that you are the man you pretend to be?"

Avocat took a piece of paper from his wallet—a statement written on official Gestapo letter paper and signed by Werner. The bearer, Lucien Avocat, it said, should be given the fullest cooperation by all German authorities and he, Werner, held himself personally responsible for Avocat.

Stampfer looked up after he had read it. "Those measures . . . ?"

"I have compiled lists and files of people in this district who work with the underground and who are suspected of collaborating with the Allies," Avocat answered. "They were to be arrested immediately after the invasion started, and shot."

"I see. Well, I'll get those lists out and we'll take proper steps."

"The lists are not in the main safe. They are in a particular safe known only to Werner and me."

Stampfer looked surprised. "Are you sure?"

"You see, Obergruppenfuehrer Werner did not trust everybody around here." The face of the speaker twitched again. "But I have the keys. Here they are." He took them out.

Half an hour later the arrested persons from all over town were brought in, one by one. As they passed through the waiting room, the telephone operator gave their names to Stampfer who sat behind his desk, checking on a list before him.

"Albert Fouquet, teacher of the local high school. Bertrand Valtin, pharmacist. Adolphe Roubert, wine merchant. Claudette Frossard, night club singer. Emile Villetan, bank clerk . . ."

Taking out his watch, Stampfer placed it on the desk and waited precisely five minutes, then he called Schmidt and both went to the room where the prisoners awaited him silently. Stampfer looked them over and smiled. "Well," he said, "you know why you are here."

All the prisoners spoke at once. They didn't know why they were brought in. And why send a uniformed agent for them; it was dangerous, to say the least.

"We have a reputation to uphold," Claudette Frossard spoke up. "It isn't good if the people in town see us with the Gestapo."

"Quiet!" Stampfer ordered. "We haven't time for talk. Tonight the Allies invaded France." There was dead silence. "I see that you

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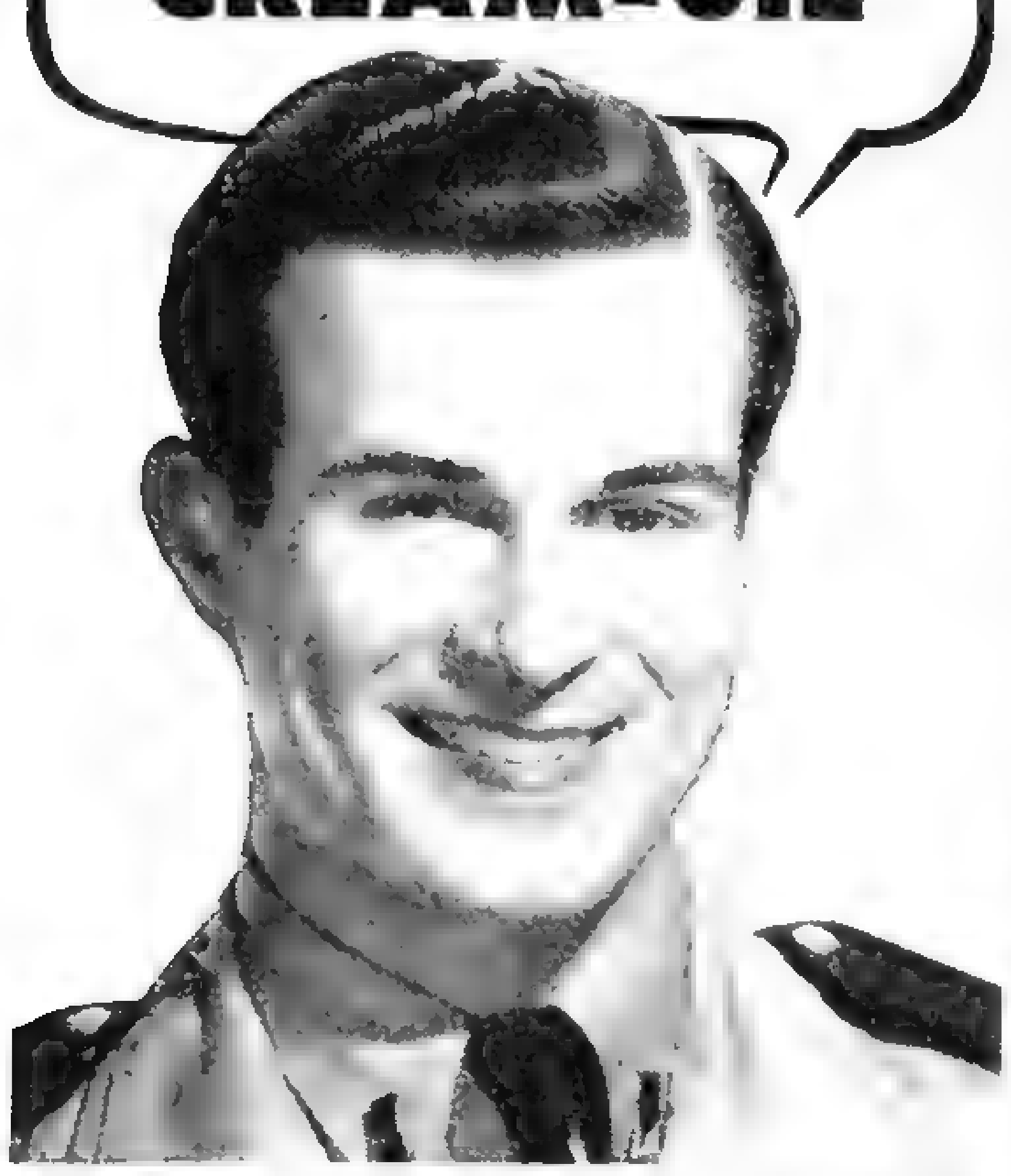

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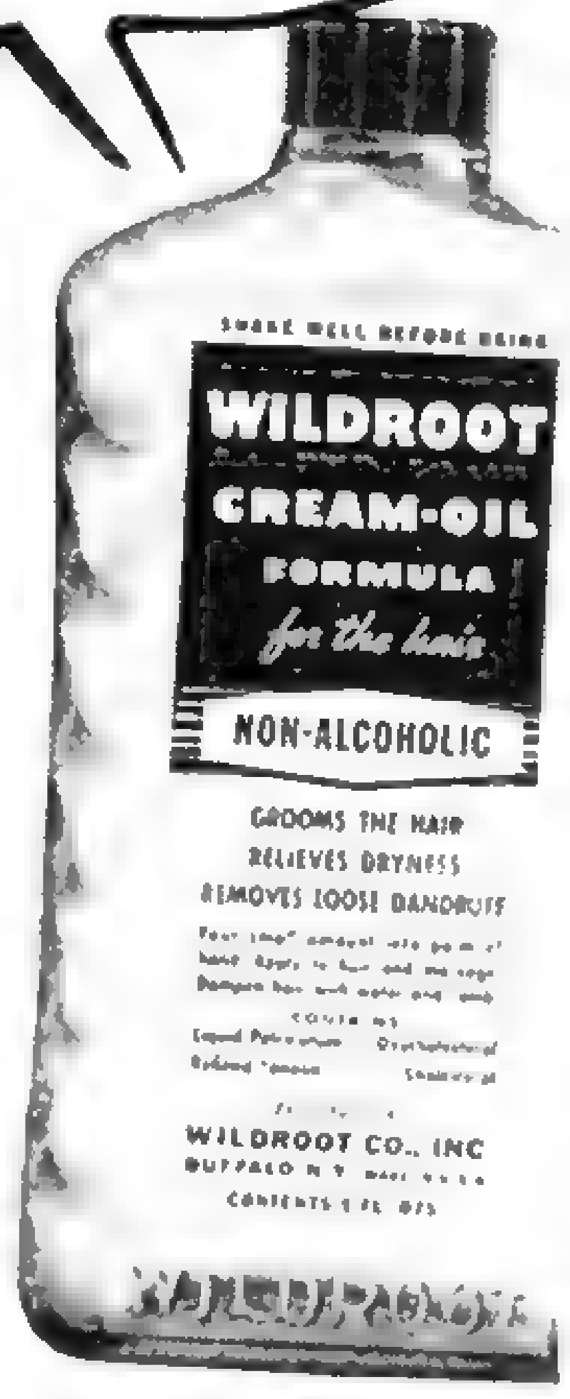

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understand. You will remain here. I can't have you free at such a moment. It wouldn't be safe."

The pharmacist was pale. "What do you mean by that?" The others looked on in alarm.

Stampfer turned. "It is dangerous, that is all." As he walked out, followed by Schmidt, he called for Lucien Avocat.

While they were waiting he spoke to Schmidt: "You know, they don't look to me like leaders of the underground. But Obergruppenfuehrer Werner must have known what he was doing when he put them on the list."

Schmidt scratched his head. "I always thought the girl was a particular friend of the Obergruppenfuehrer. As to the teacher, he even came here once or twice. But the Obergruppenfuehrer was a sly one. He might have known a lot of things and not let them know that he was wise to them."

When Avocat entered, Stampfer snapped at him. "You are quite sure that there has been no mistake?"

Lucien Avocat's face still twitched. "Absolutely sure. If you want me to tell them face to face . . ."

Stampfer shook his head. "Better not. I don't want anybody to know that you are working for us. We will leave things just as our late comrade had them." The telephone rang. He listened, then said, "Let him wait a minute or two." Then he turned to Avocat, "They are bringing another one in. You had better disappear. Better use the door to Schmidt's room so that you don't meet him outside."

When Avocat had left, Stampfer called, "Bring the prisoner in."

Frederic Lannard had been rudely awakened, told to dress and rushed to Gestapo headquarters. Now the little Frenchman was mad. "May I ask the meaning of this, sir?" he demanded. "I protest against such treatment."

"Don't shout at me!" Stampfer thundered.

"And who are you?" Lannard asked. "I've never met you."

"You'll make my acquaintance in good time. Just now it is enough that I know you." Stampfer glanced at the dossier on his desk. "We know a lot about you. About the many acts of sabotage which you have instigated."

"This is madness," the Frenchman said and sat down. "But we can easily clear this thing up. Let me talk to Obergruppenfuehrer Werner. He knows me well."

Stampfer was amused. "That is what I have been waiting for," he said wryly.

Then Stampfer grew serious again. "Six months ago there was a meeting in your cottage ten miles up the river. You told certain people on what days and at what precise hours the machines made at your factory were going to be shipped to Germany." He looked into the file and continued. "The idea was that something

Continued on page 166

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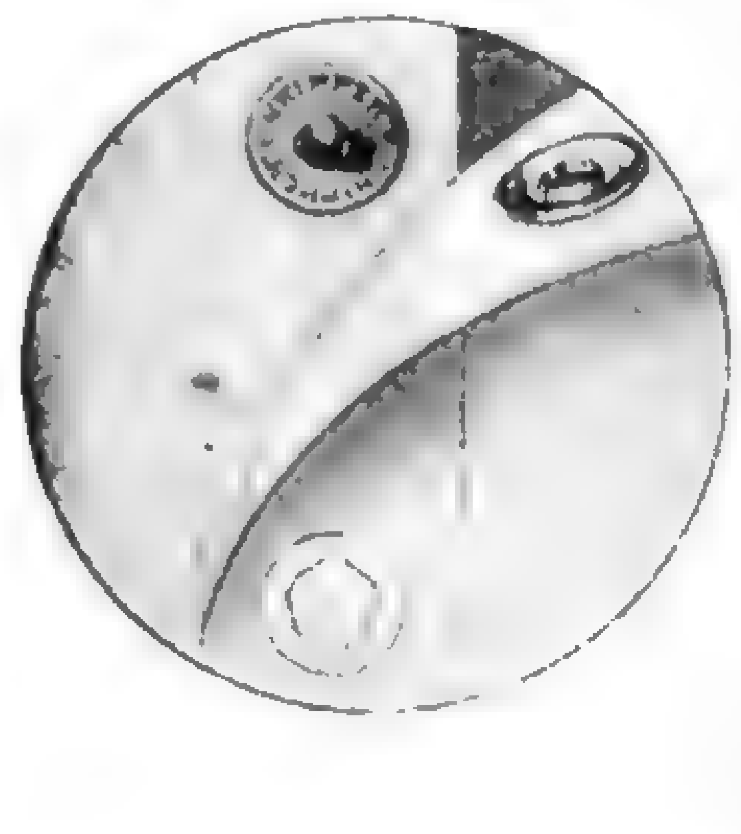

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Friend of the Obergruppenfuehrer

Continued from pages 35-165

would happen to the train." He looked again at the files and went on. "About three weeks ago you gave certain people working in your factory, bottles, the contents of which they were supposed to add to a certain mixture so necessary for the manufacture of German explosives. Surely you must remember all that?"

Lannard looked at him dazed. Then he stood up. "If you ask Obergruppenfuehrer Werner he will tell you that there is not a word of truth in all this."

Stampfer sat quietly. "Werner is dead. He has been murdered. He was found with a knife in his neck. Traces of blood led right back to your house. Furthermore, we know that he spent last evening with you."

Lannard had turned pale. "What do you want of me? I don't believe it! I am sure it all is not true!"

Stampfer went over to Lannard, pointing his finger at him: "You killed him."

"Not true!" Lannard breathed heavily. "An investigation will clear me completely. I demand an immediate investigation. I want to see my lawyer. I want . . ."

Stampfer motioned to the guard. "Take him out." When the door had closed he turned to Schmidt: "I am not so sure. If it weren't for the files . . . The man really seemed surprised when we told him about Werner."

"It's an act." Schmidt commented dryly. "We have to strike, and we have to strike fast now. If we hesitate we'll all be dead tomorrow." When Stampfer looked surprised, Schmidt continued: "That's what the Obergruppenfuehrer always used to say."

It was completely dark in the little cell. Sitting on the cot, Frederic Lannard heard the door open and close again but could not see who had entered.

"Who's there?" he finally asked.

"It's me."

Lannard said: "What do you mean, 'It's me?' Haven't you got a name?"

"Yes, I have a name. Have you ever heard of Gaston Mille?"

"Gaston Mille!" There was terror in Lannard's words. "How did you get here? I thought the entire Gestapo was after you."

"We have our ways. We are real Frenchmen, not like you. And this is our country. Why shouldn't we get around?"

Lannard was confident: "Well, my friend, you may have got in, but you won't get out. I'll call for help. This will straighten me out with the Gestapo."

"No, you won't." The man was on Lannard, fingers closing around his throat. "Just try."

Lannard could barely speak: "Let go of me. Don't kill me, please. I haven't done anything."

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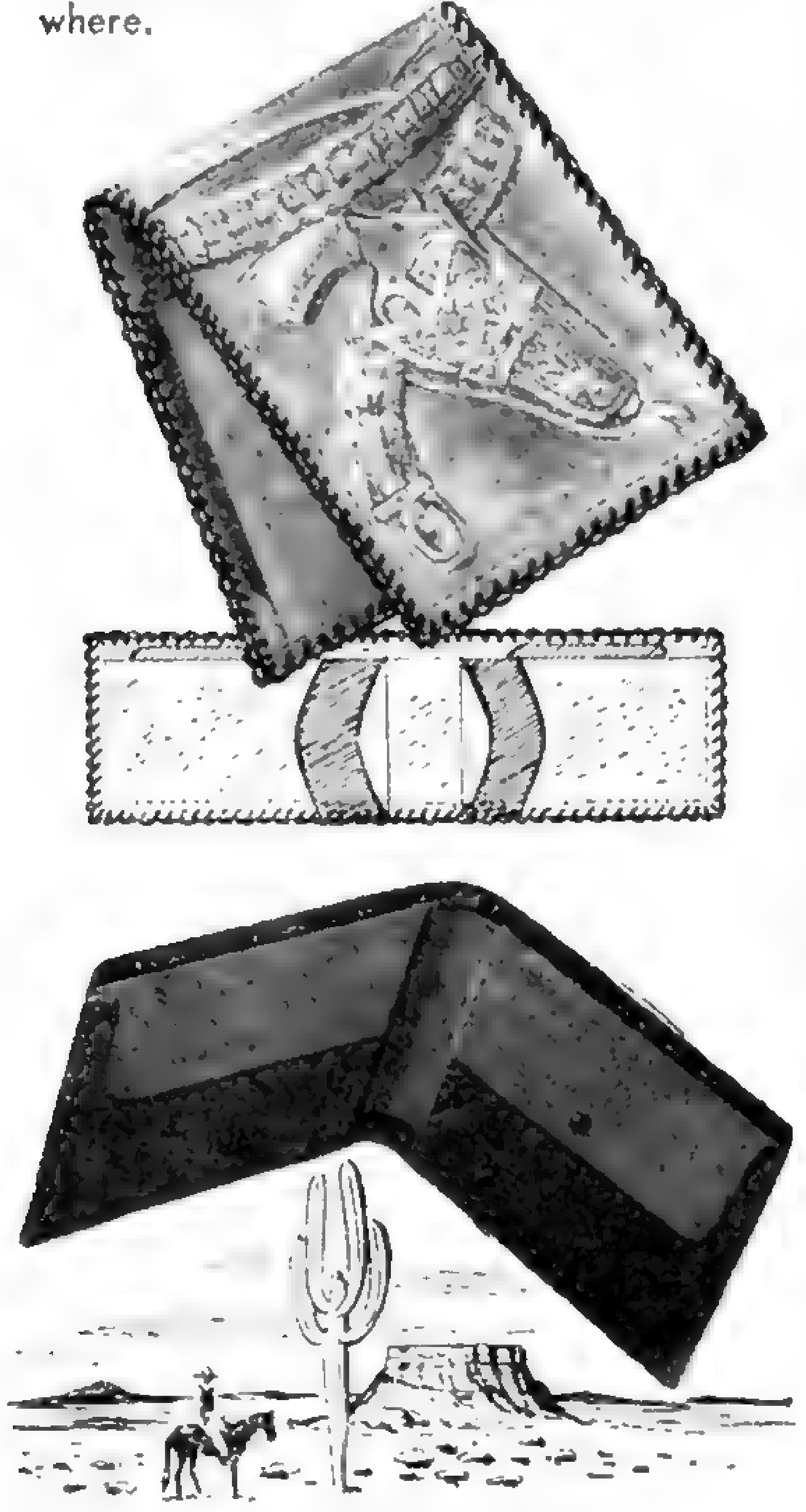

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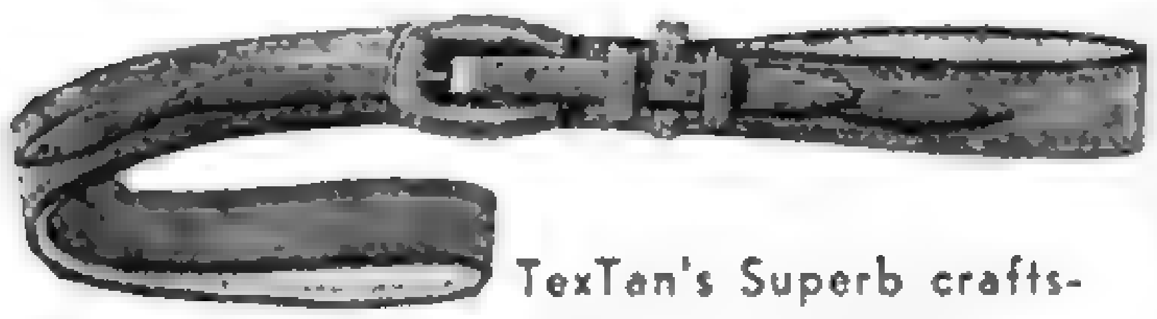

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friends," the voice answered. "You have betrayed the citizens of your town and you have betrayed your country."

"I haven't done anything . . . that is, I was in a difficult spot. If I hadn't collaborated with the Germans they would have taken away my business."

The other did not answer, but his fingers still held Lannard's throat. Rapidly the industrialist spoke. "Anyhow I haven't done very much. I know what you blame me for. Those workers who were supposed to go to Germany and who had fled into the mountains. Well, I didn't tip Werner off. It was . . ."

"Who was it?"

"Will you let me live if I tell you?" No answer. "Will you let me alone? I can't even breathe." The fingers were removed from his neck. "It was Claudette Frossard, the girl who sings in La Belle Aurore. One of the boys had told her."

"And who told the Nazis of the mining of the bridge?"

"Which bridge?"

"You know perfectly well—the one three miles downstream, where we wanted to blow up the motorized column."

"I didn't do it. I didn't know it myself. I will tell you who did it, though, if you let me go. It was Albert Fouquet, the teacher."

"And who told them about our little paper and where it was printed? And who helped get it out and distributed it?"

"I say no more if you won't promise me I can go." Lannard replied. Again he felt fingers around his throat. "It was Valtin, the pharmacist. Adolphe Roubert and Villetan were in it, too."

The fingers were removed from his throat. Lannard coughed, feeling completely exhausted. For awhile it was quiet. Then he began again. "You will let me go now. Won't you? After all, I haven't done much, have I? Isn't that true—tell me that you will let me go."

Still there was no reply, and only then did Lannard realize he was again alone in the cell.

At ten a.m. Lannard and the others who had been arrested were shot.

An hour later Avocat came to Stampfer. He was even more agitated and his face still twitched. "I have interesting news about an English flier."

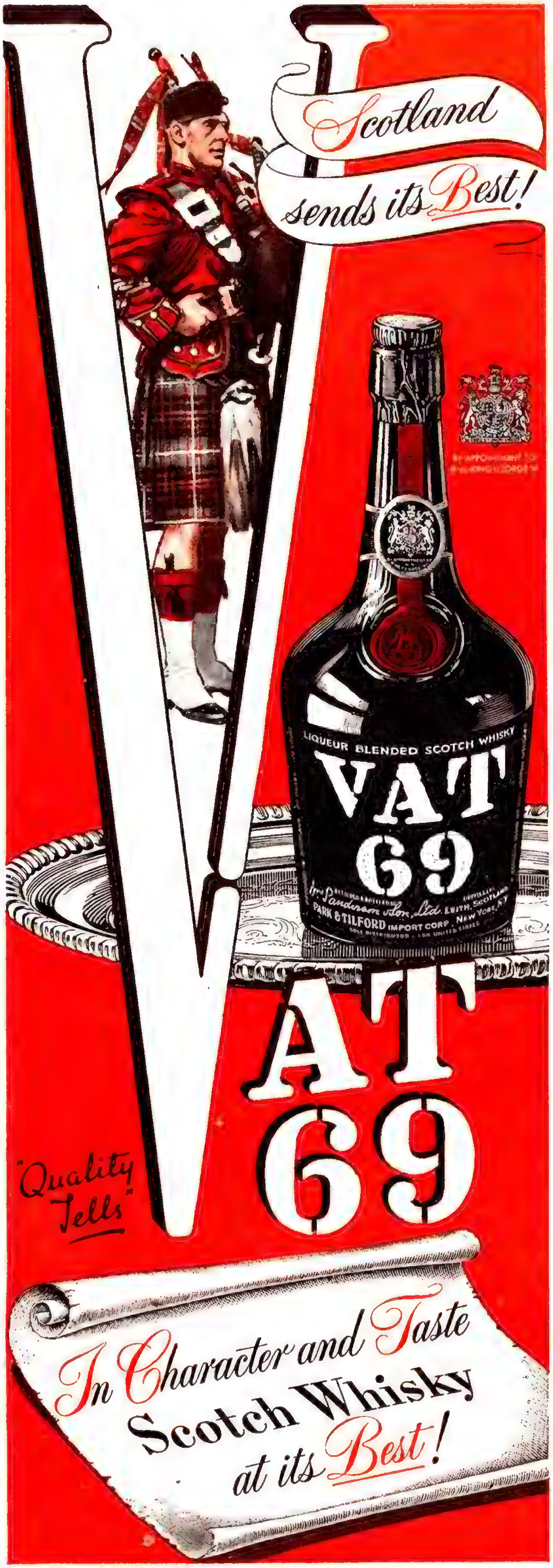
"An English flier? Hiding in this town?"

"No. An English flier will land early this afternoon at a spot not far away from our town. He brings plans for the underground and he will take away with him certain information which the underground has gathered."

Stampfer was excited. Wiping his glasses furiously, he declared: "Fine! Excellent! We are getting somewhere at last. We will surround the place and, when he comes down, grab him."

Avocat frowned. "I wouldn't. He might see us when he comes

Continued on page 168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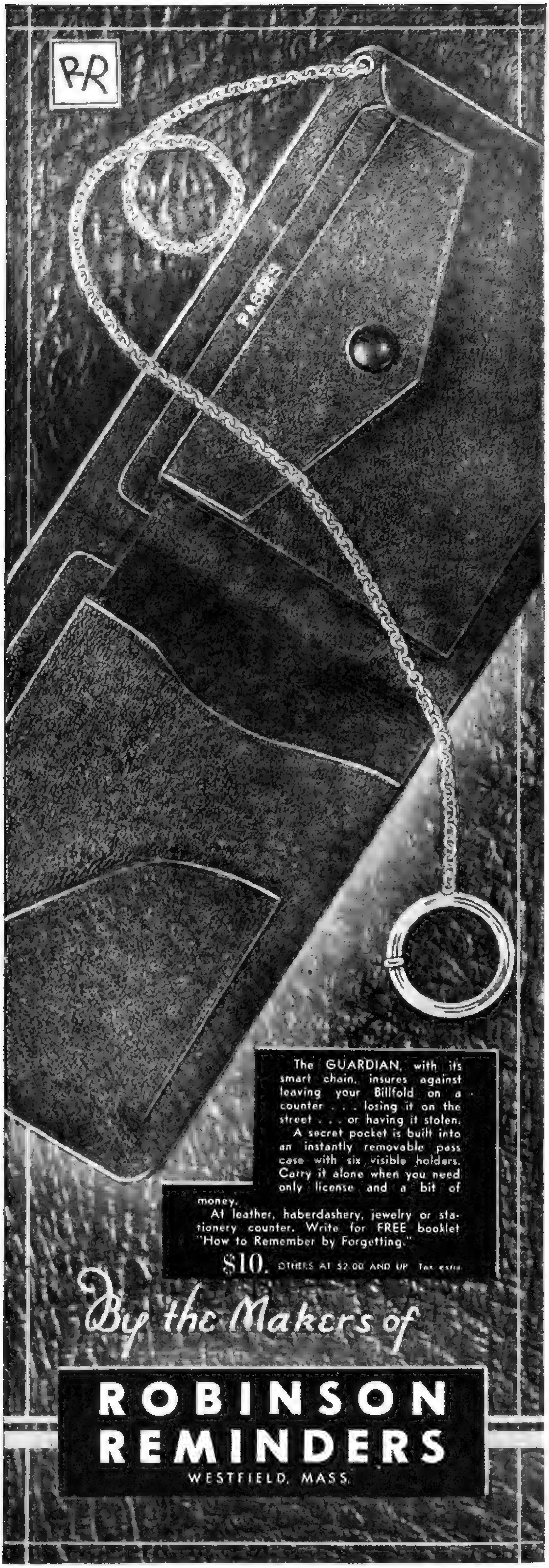

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Friend of the Obergruppenfuehrer

Continued from pages 35-165-167

down or someone in the underground might see us going out there and flash a warning. It is important that he come down and that we get him alive with all the plans. I think I can manage it alone. But if you think your plan is better, we'll go ahead."

"Well . . ." Stampfer seemed unable to make up his mind. "Of course, I don't want to do something which might spoil it. On the other hand, if something should happen to you and the man gets away . . ."

"Nothing will happen to me. You can be sure of it," Lucien Avocat answered and left.

The moment the door had closed Stampfer called Schmidt. "I don't trust our friend Avocat," he told him. "Get me four good men. I am going to follow Avocat. Early afternoon, he said, so I may be away for a few hours. Keep things going." He left, followed by his men.

Hours passed and no message came either from Avocat or Stampfer. At five o'clock Schmidt began getting nervous. Then at six o'clock a call came through, reporting that an SS man had been found dead in the near-by forest, a knife in his back. Shortly after, another call came through, saying that still another SS corpse had been found, again with a knife in the back. The corpses had been found in places a mile apart.

"For God's sake," Schmidt cried. "Stampfer has walked into a trap."

At seven o'clock the door opened and a tall man with a Hitler mustache appeared. He was in civilian clothes but declared that he was Obergruppenfuehrer Walther Rumpff. He showed his credentials first to the operator and then to Schmidt, who took him into the office which Stampfer had left only a few hours before. The moment the door closed Rumpff demanded, "What is the meaning of all this? What's going on here?"

He threw himself into a chair, then continued more reasonably. "I just flew in from Berlin. We received some very disturbing news. You have shot Frederic Lannard. Himmler has heard of it, and he is furious. Lannard was one of his best men."

Schmidt licked his lips. They had got very dry. "It seems that Gruppenfuehrer Stampfer has made an awful mistake . . ."

"And who the hell is Stampfer?"

"The Gruppenfuehrer the Paris office sent us."

"There are some awfully dumb people in the Paris office." Obergruppenfuehrer Rumpff took some papers from his brief case. "I am taking over here. Get me Albert Fouquet, teacher on the local high school . . . and Emile Villetan, the bank clerk."

There was a long pause. "Why,

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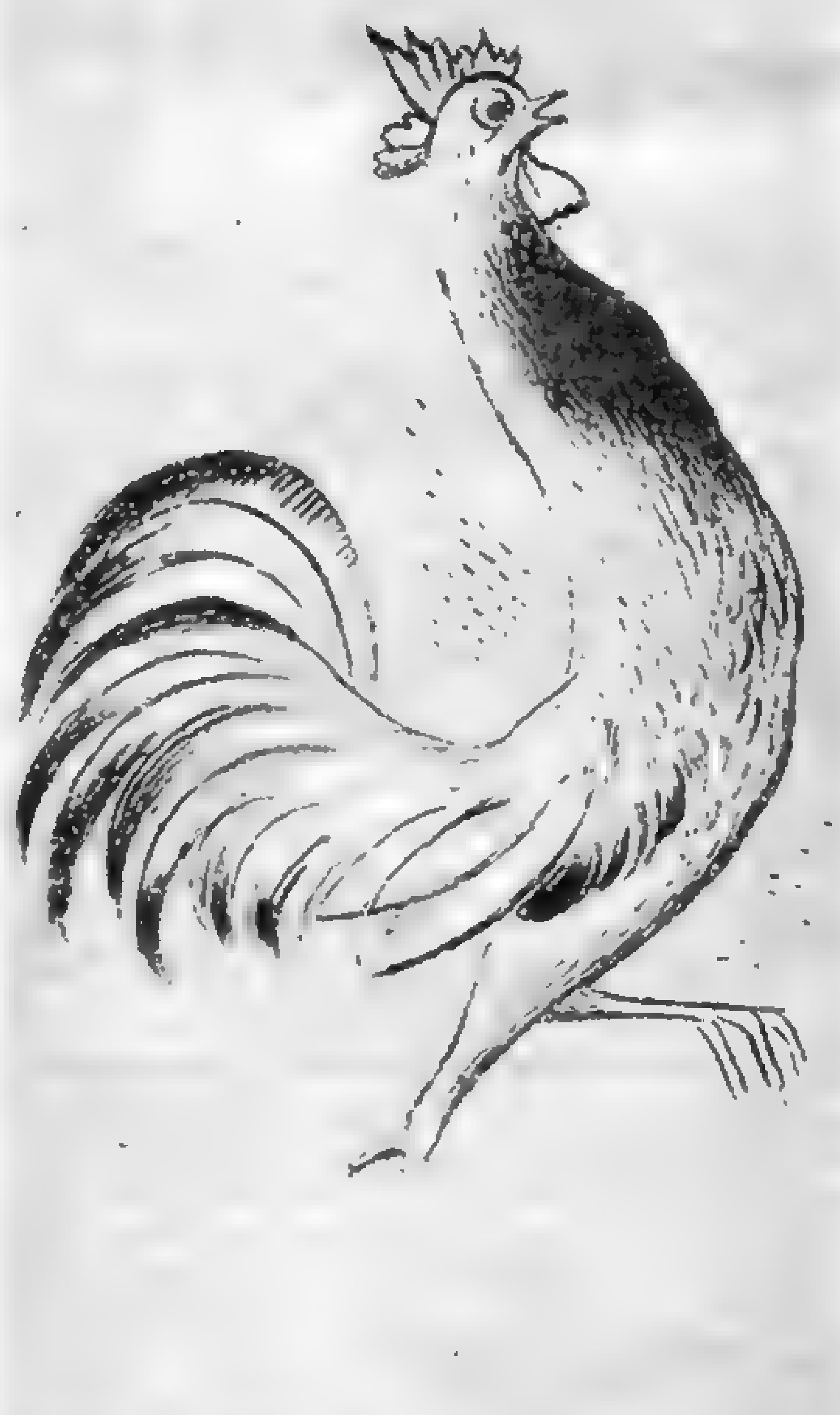

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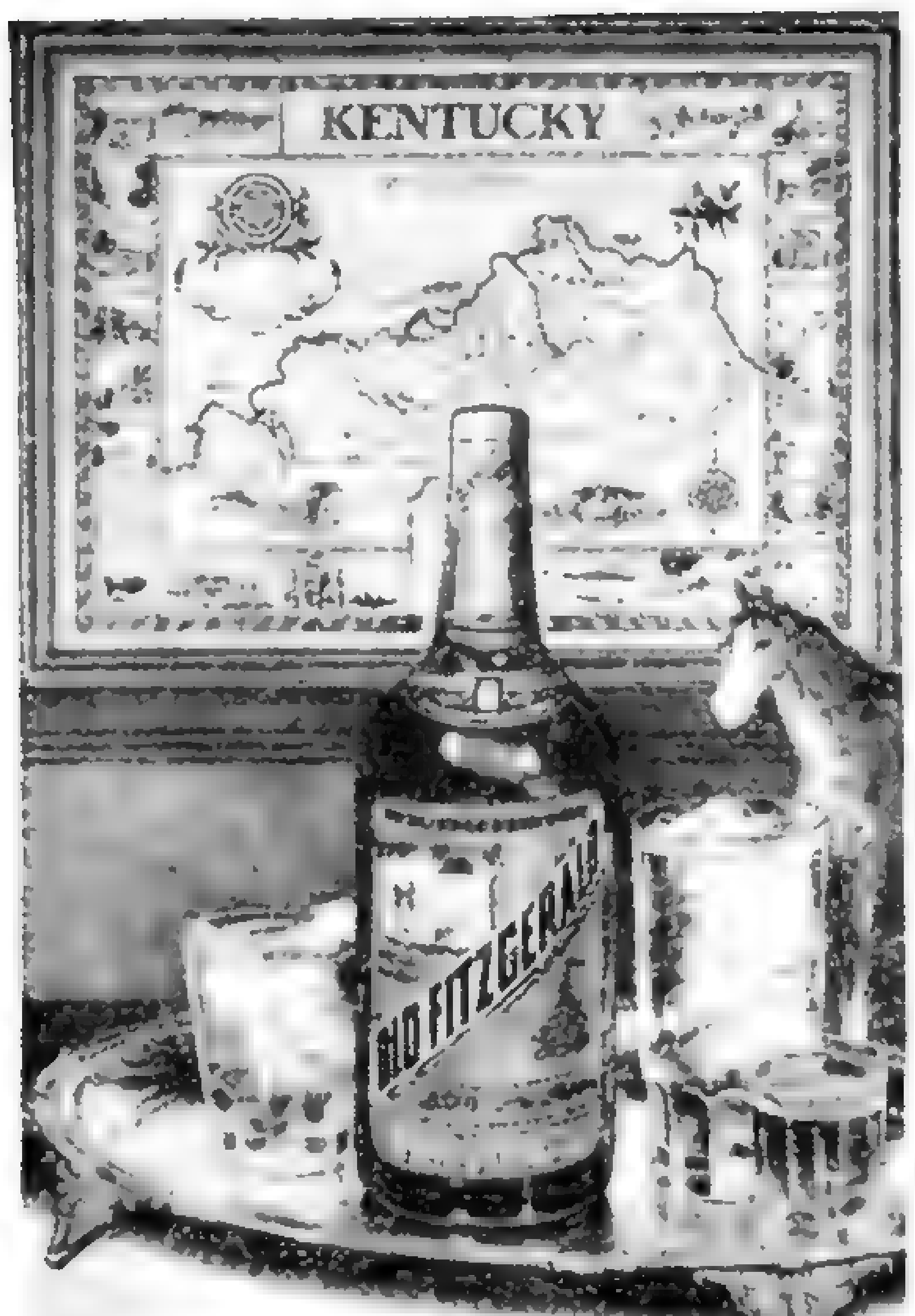

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they are dead," Schmidt finally said. "We . . . that is, Gruppenfuehrer Stampfer had them shot."

Rumpff looked at him as though he could not understand. "Since when are we in the habit of shooting all our friends?" he shouted.

Schmidt answered meekly. "They were not supposed to be our friends. They were . . . in the underground. Gruppenfuehrer Stampfer said that there was proof in the files."

"Bring me those files."

It turned out that the files were in a particular safe to which nobody had keys. Rumpff's face became red. "Open it somehow," he declared, "I don't care how."

Late in the evening they finally broke open the safe. Rumpff saw that some papers were missing. "Where are the plans?"

"Which plans?" Lieutenant Schmidt wanted to know.

"For God's sake, the plans of what you are to do when this town has to be vacated. Didn't you know that there were such plans? Well, they're gone." Then he saw the large folder which was marked, "Dependable."

At this moment the telephone rang. It was the operator. Rumpff took it. "They have found another dead body in the forest. After the description I think it must be Lucien Avocat."

"Thank God," Rumpff exclaimed, "So Stampfer at least got him." Then he turned to the folder.

Schmidt read over his shoulder, and cold sweat broke out on his forehead. There, in the folder marked "Dependable" were the files of Frederic Lannard, Bertrand Valtin, Adolphe Roubert, Emile Villetan, Claudette Frossard and Albert Fouquet—all those who had been shot as underground agents.

"I . . . I don't understand," he stuttered. Then he held his breath. The last of the files began: "Lucien Avocat, very reliable informer, excellent connections with the resistance groups, can easily be recognized by a nervous twitch on the left part of his face . . ."

Rumpff silently took out another folder. It was marked: "Arrest and shoot in case of grave danger or Allied invasion."

The folder contained only one file. Schmidt immediately recognized the picture of Stampfer. The file read: Gaston Mille, Alsatian, speaks perfect German and occasionally disguises himself as a German. One of the leading members of the national resistance; very dangerous.

"The files must have been exchanged . . ." Schmidt began.

Obergruppenfuehrer Rumpff interrupted him. "It seems so, indeed. Do you know what I am going to do? I am going to arrest you and take you to Berlin. Himmler won't like what is happening. When Himmler gets mad . . ."

"You can't do that." Schmidt was almost crying from fear. "It wasn't my responsibility."

Rumpff looked straight at him. "When Himmler gets mad . . ." #

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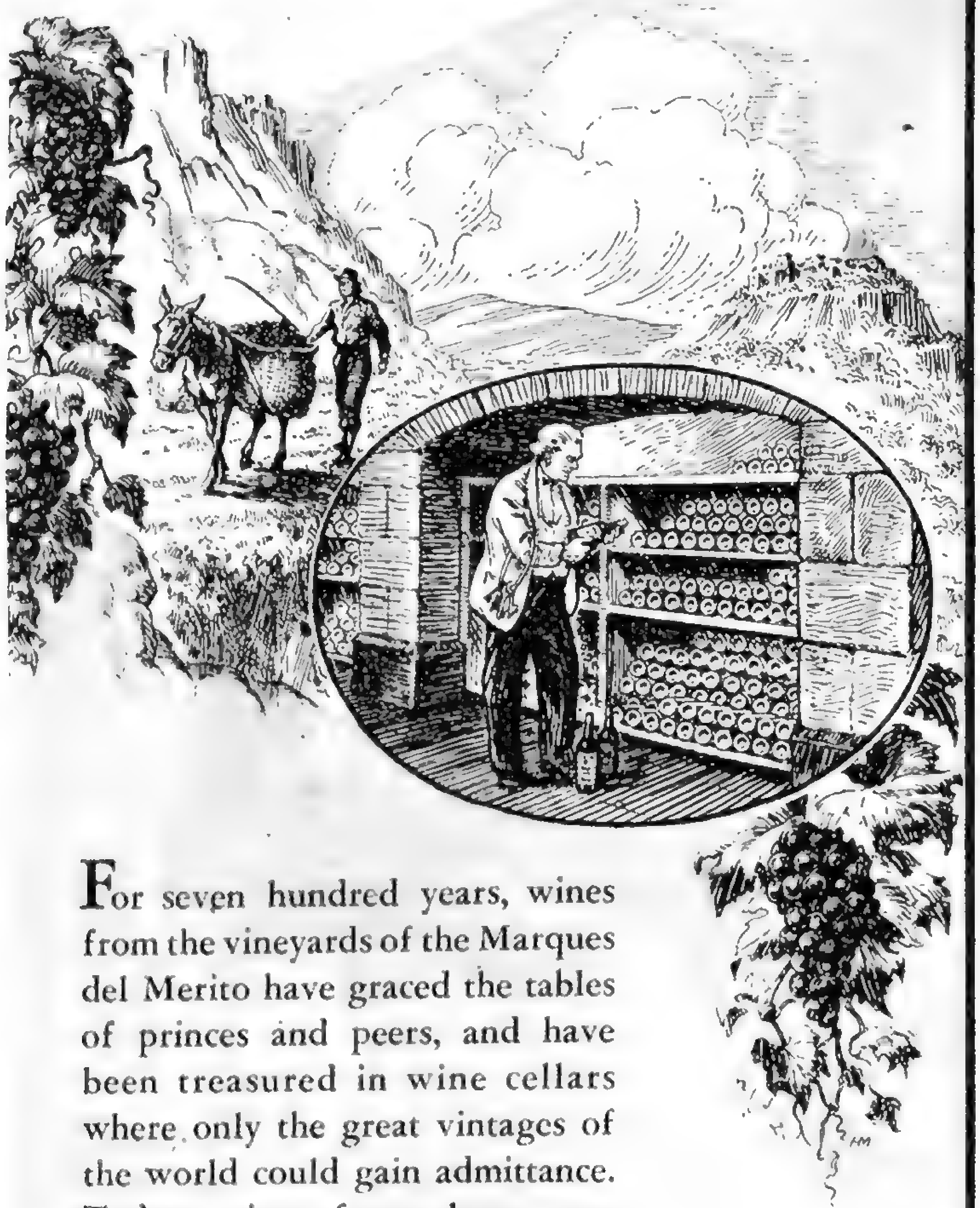

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Fall of the House of Fanning

Continued from page 43

ally, on other people." She paused, her eyes half-closed—her lips a straight line. "She took it deeply to heart—this was all since the telegram, Walter. She was very thoughtful. I have seen her sitting looking at the chest. I had every reason to believe, Walter, that she would not be with us much longer. But today I had a shock."

Walter elevated his eyebrows a fraction of an inch and waited for her to continue. His hands and feet felt queerly cold.

"She's going to have a baby," she said at last. "She's living for the child's sake."

"I see." He looked absently at her, a habit which ordinarily annoyed her intensely. Now, watching his face, she did not snap at him. She merely waited for his reply.

Finally he said: "Martha, is that old ventilator between her room and the back stairway still open?"

He saw something resembling reluctant admiration come into her eyes.

"Yes, Walter."

"Good night, Martha."

"Good night, Walter," she said quietly.

She lay awake a long while; so long that it seemed as though morning must be hours overdue. Then it came.

The shrieks from Dolly's room were like bright knives twisted in the quivering silences of the big house.

Martha Fanning got out of bed. Her movements as she slipped her feet into her mules and knotted her dressing-gown cord and switched on the light were measured, unhurried. On her way to the hall door she looked at herself in a wall mirror and tilted her chin a trifle higher. She was delighted to find herself so cool and composed.

Mrs. Higginside, a wispy, terrified wraith with wild grey hair and clattering slippers, was running down from the third floor. Martha Fanning congratulated herself upon her timing. She and Mrs. Higginside and Walter reached Dolly's door almost together. The shrieks had stopped, but there was moaning in the room.

"The poor child!" muttered Mrs. Higginside, and opened the door.

Once inside, bending over the white-faced, heaving figure on the bed, it was Martha Fanning who took charge. "Walter," she said sharply, "go call Dr. Devitty. At once!"

Mrs. Higginside was mumbling something about getting Miss Dolly a cup of hot tea.

"Nonsense," said Mrs. Fanning, and waited until Walter was gone. "Tea!" she said scornfully. "Emma, go to my top dresser drawer. You'll find a bottle of

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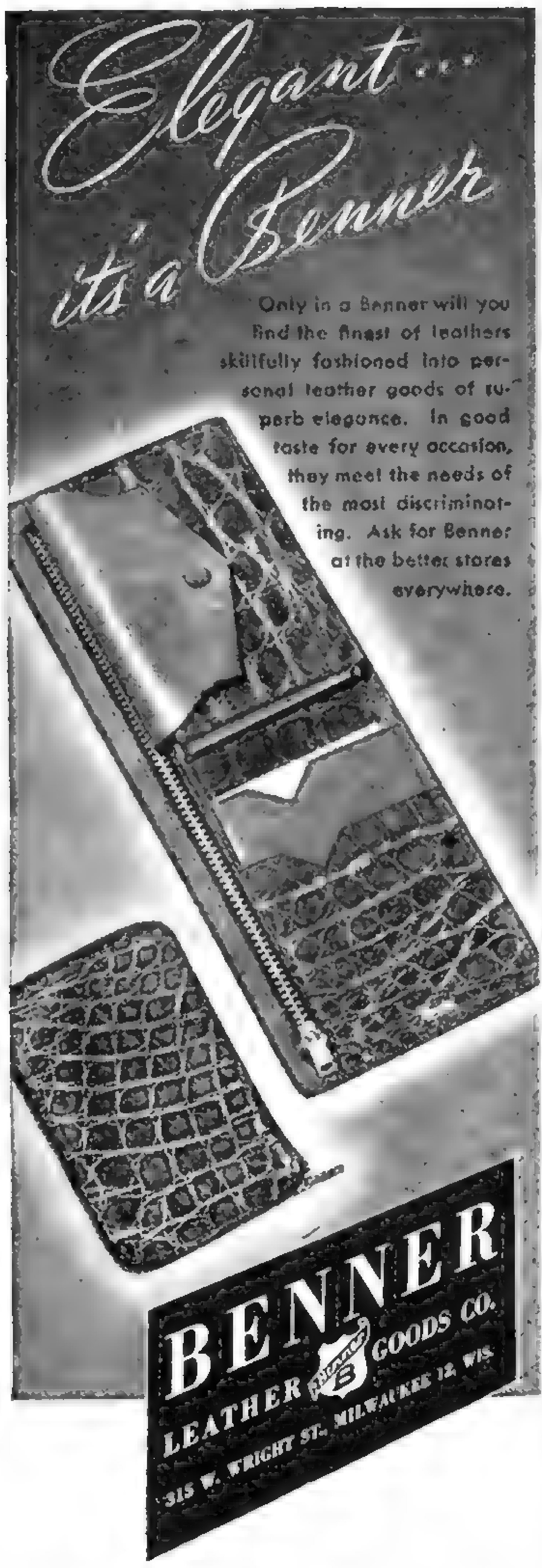

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port wine there. And a glass."

Mrs. Higginside stared.

"I keep it for emergencies," snapped Martha Fanning. "Hurry, now!" And when Mrs. Higginside returned with the bottle, "You are not to mention this to Mr. Fanning, Emma."

"As if I should," said Mrs. Higginside. "Here, Miss Dolly."

Dolly Fanning swallowed twice, fell back on the pillows. Her lips moved, but the faint sounds were unintelligible. Her face had gone slack, as though fear had swept aside all the props of her spirit.

Martha Fanning poured herself a glass of port, drank it. "Here, Emma," she said crisply. She poured one for Mrs. Higginside who drank it gratefully.

"Now, put the bottle back at once," ordered Martha Fanning. Then she turned to Dolly and asked, "What on earth happened, my dear?"

But it was not until Dr. Devitty came that they got the story. And when they heard it they glanced at one another across the bed. Dr. Devitty's sedative was taking effect now. Dolly Fanning's eyes were closed and some of her color had returned.

Dolly's story had been simple. She had been awakened by a voice. It seemed to have been whispering to her for some time before she actually awakened. She had thought at first it was just a dream, carried over into a half-awakening. Then, awake and knowing she was awake, she heard the words. They were barely audible, and seemed to come from no special place in the room, but from the vague darkness overheard: "Dolly . . . Dolly, darling . . . I miss you so . . . Come to me, Dolly . . . It's dark here . . . Terribly dark . . . I need you, darling . . ." Then her nerves had snapped and she had heard herself screaming, and was unable to stop.

"Nightmare," said Dr. Devitty, heavy-eyed and stubble-chinned, when they were in the hall. "Induced by sorrow, intensified by nervous strain. No word about Tom, by the way? Too bad. She'll sleep now. See that she gets fresh air and sunshine. She'll be all right." He was a weary man and was badly overworked. "Goodnight."

Martha Fanning, back in her own room, opened the dresser and looked long and thoughtfully at the bottle of port. It had come to her very suddenly, there in Dolly's room, the simple, obvious solution to the whole problem. She found her hands trembling from exultation in her own cool reasoning powers.

Walter's way was perhaps better; it should at least be tried, now that he had actually made the first move. But if Walter failed, she, Martha, would resolve the whole problem of Dolly Fanning forever in one direct, uncomplicated move.

So simple, she thought, as she turned out the light. No need even to tell Walter. Walter was

Continued on page 172

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Fall of the House of Fanning

Continued from pages 43-171

curiously stubborn about having any spirits, even wine, in the house. He might raise some absurd objection. Later—afterward—she could tell him. It would make no difference then. So simple, she thought, settling her head on the pillow.

Dr. Devitty, incidentally, had been in error when he said Dolly would be all right. They had to call him twice more in the next five nights. The same thing both times. Tom's voice. Calling. Appealing. Lonely. On the second call Dr. Devitty looked grave. He lingered in the hall and began to talk of a sanitarium he knew. He yawned. If Dolly heard any more voices . . .

Martha Fanning knew now it was up to her to force the issue. It remained only to find an opportunity.

The opportunity came the next day, and Martha Fanning was ready. She was glad it came so soon, for the strain of waiting had begun to tell on her in a dozen-odd hours. The week had, quite naturally, been filled with a tension to which even her own excellent nervous system was not immune.

It was late afternoon. Walter, back from Boston, was on the porch. Dolly was in the arbor, near the gate, trying to read.

From her labors among the rose bushes, Martha Fanning glanced up at the sound of the bicycle. So did Dolly. She saw Dolly rise and walk with a peculiar, controlled gait along the fence to the gate where the telegraph boy was getting off his wheel.

Dolly stood there holding the telegram as the boy rode off. Martha Fanning glanced once at the porch. From her husband's cigar the smoke ascended in a straight line. Even at that distance Martha could see the frozen calm that had come upon him.

Dolly Fanning came to life like a marionette at the jerk of a cord. She opened the telegram and read. To Martha Fanning it was as though all contact with the outside world had been cut off. Only she and Dolly and Walter, a cigar-smoking statue, existed in this small, insulated world of their own.

Dolly wheeled, ran for the house. She passed close to Martha but did not see her. Martha Fanning saw the blank, white face, as set and expressionless as the face of a mad sheep.

Dolly ran past Walter Fanning and through the open front door into the house. Walter did not move as his wife crossed the yard and mounted the steps.

"Upstairs," she said. They went up. Then, "Wait in your room until I call you." He did not even nod. He simply turned and went to his room.

Far off in the house Martha

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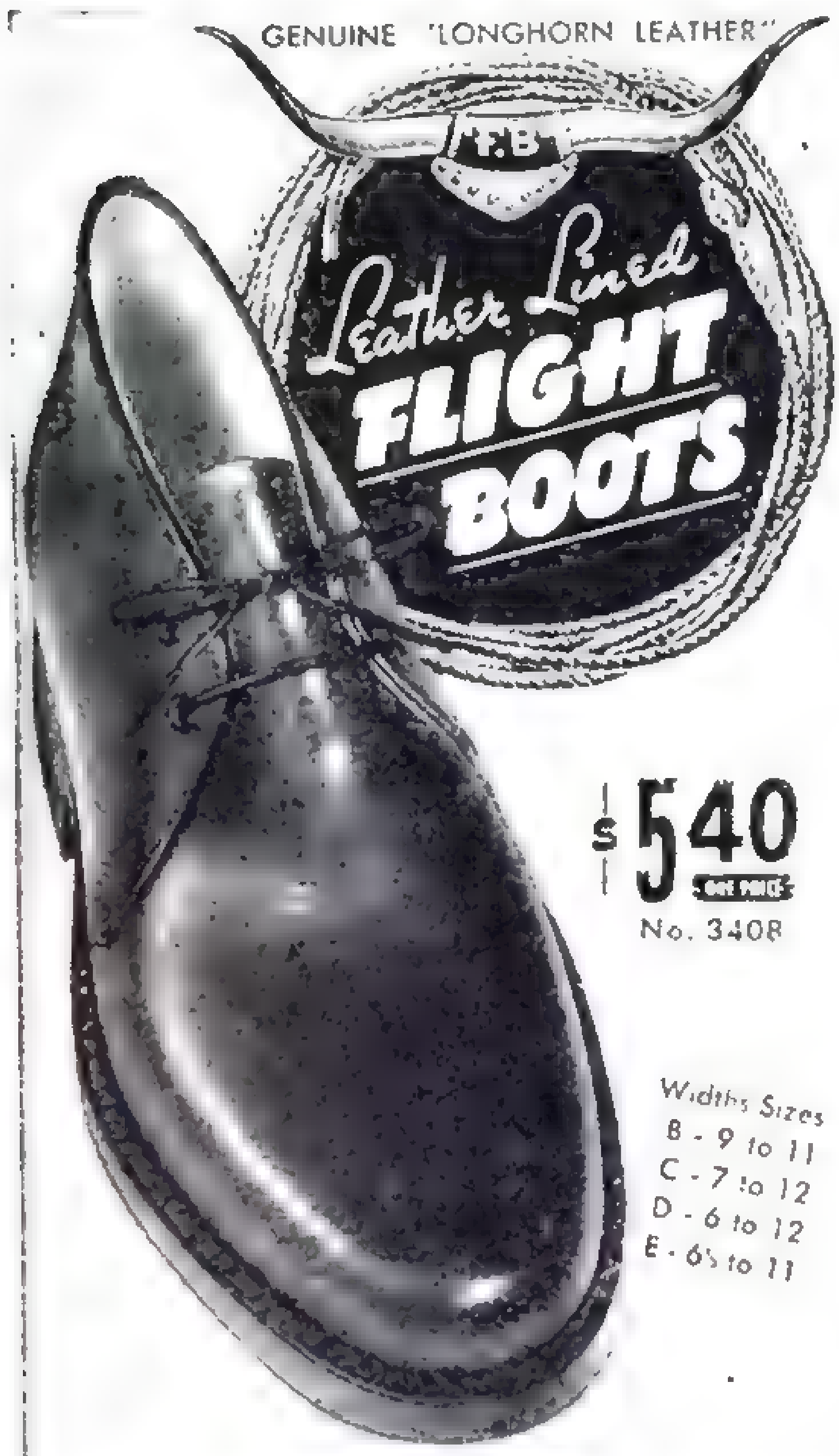

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Fanning heard the clang of a pan. Emma was getting supper, completely absorbed, as always, in her work.

Faintly, through the closed door of Dolly's room, came the tearing, throaty sobs that presage wild weeping.

Martha Fanning went to her room. From her top dresser drawer she took the sheet of note paper, the bottle of port, the glass. As she walked steadily to the door she was rehearsing what she would tell Dr. Devitty and the police when Walter called them. It pleased her to find the words come so easily, and that her intonations were perfect . . . "The poor, poor child must have got the weed killer from the garden shed this morning, while I was at market." Here she would pause, a hand at her throat, and shake her head numbly. "Yes," she would say, "she knew where I kept the wine. I suppose she took that to kill the taste of the poison. Poor, poor little girl . . . Oh, Dr. Devitty, you're sure there's nothing you can do . . . ?"

Martha Fanning paused in the doorway for a check of her properties. She shook the wine bottle; the tremendous dose of weed killer she had added the day before danced and bubbled greenly in the ruby wine. She glanced at the note paper. She would tuck that away in Dolly's bureau, where it would be easily found. "Suicide while insane from grief over loss of husband . . ."

Dr. Devitty's testimony would set the seal of perfection on the whole business. She could hear him now: "Yes, she had delusions of hearing her husband's voice . . ."

Martha Fanning stepped into the hall. The pulse in her temple was racing madly now, but her mind was quite clear, and in it she was trying out the correct intonation that would accompany the administering of the wine. Dolly would be on the bed. She would enter quietly. "Here, Dolly" . . . gentle and sympathetic, but very firm . . . "drink this. You must drink this. It will help you pull yourself together." And once Dolly's lips parted, she would tilt a wine glassful down her throat. Perhaps a second glassful might be given, although it would hardly be necessary. But there would be plenty of time, what with Emma in the kitchen, Walter waiting in his room.

Her footfalls in the uncarpeted hall seemed oddly loud, even though the pulse in her temple was almost deafening. But her mind was quite clear, quite resolute.

Strange, Walter running up the steps. Walter should be in his room. She turned, furious.

A face she dimly remembered appeared on a level with her own. A voice—it sounded far away—was shouting, "Where's Dolly?"

Martha Fanning took a firmer grip on the bottle, the glass, the sheet of note paper. She looked hard at the face which was shouting at her. Then all sounds—pulse,

Continued on page 174

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Fall of the House of Fanning

Continued from pages 43-171-173

footfalls, loud voice—melted into a rushing torrent of sound in her head, and she sank quietly to the floor.

Walter Fanning stepped from his room. There was a tiny interlude of silence as he faced his nephew. Tom's face was aglow. "Where's my wife?" he bellowed, the grin broad on his countenance.

Walter Fanning gestured slowly. Tom Fanning began to run. Over his shoulder he bellowed, "She got my wire all right, Uncle Walter?"

"Five minutes ago," answered Walter Fanning mechanically.

"Good God!" That was all Walter Fanning heard from Tom, except something about, "Should have been here a week ago . . ." and "Better look after Aunt Martha . . ." Tom vanished into Dolly's room, and the walls shivered with the slam of the door.

Walter Fanning walked over to the recumbent figure of his wife. The whole thing was puzzling and upsetting. No use trying to figure it out now. Might as well get Martha back to her room.

Her limp weight was too much for him to lift. She rolled her head blindly, feebly, as he let her down against the wall. Then he saw the bottle of wine and glass in her hands, and wondered vaguely where they had come from.

Eyes still shut, she twisted her head weakly as he brought the glass of wine to her lips. It nearly spilled; faintly annoyed, he pressed a thumb and forefinger into her cheeks. Her mouth opened then. He tilted the wine down her throat, a good glassful, hardly spilling a drop.

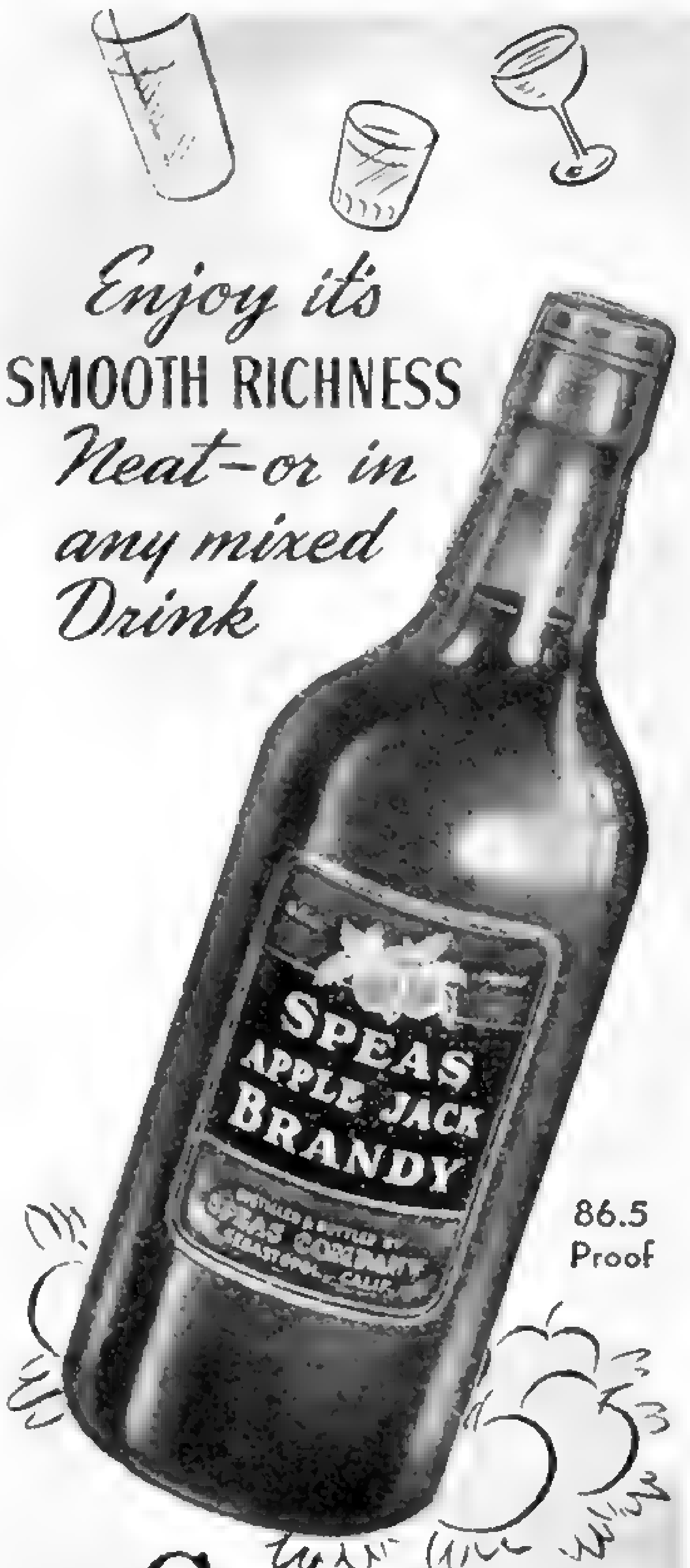
She choked. A mere thread of dark liquid escaped at the corner of her mouth. But he saw that the rest had gone down. She'd come around in a minute.

The whole thing was very upsetting to the nerves, having Tom bounce in from the dead that way. The telegram, of course, had said he was safe, not that he was dead. Dolly had simply wished to be alone with her joy in those first blinding moments.

Irritating, the whole business, decided Walter Fanning. The pungent odor from the uncorked bottle ascended to his nostrils. He could do with a shot himself, he decided absently, and put the bottle to his lips. The first swallow burned gratefully, and he went greedily, with the thirst of a dozen years, after the second. The second was a trifle bitter. The third was on its way, and beyond recall, when he knew . . .

Martha Fanning opened her eyes. Standing here, gripping the bannister, he tried to say something to her, but could not; first, because he could not think of anything to say; second, because he no longer had a throat, only a raw thing, burning unendurably . . .

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Fanning looked at one another. ⧺



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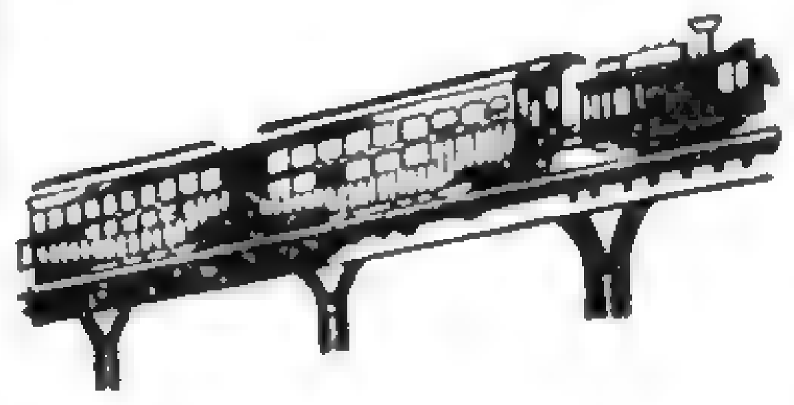

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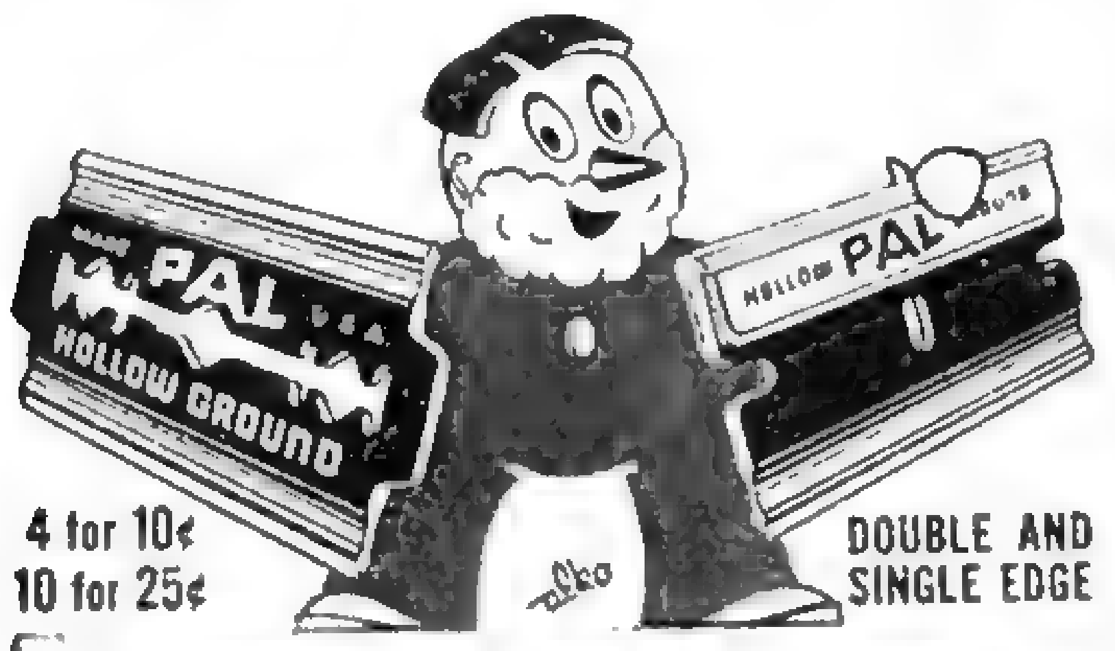

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Continued from page 35

that flashed across my mind, advertising slogans, book titles, names of shops, anything. 'Player's Navy Cut Cigarettes, one, two, three, His Master's Voice, underwear for men and women. No Trouble To Keep False Teeth Clean, pay this cheque from our balance to the order of'."

Deeply impressed by his tremendous vocabulary Charlie's father sent him to Lisbon to learn the Portuguese language, *en conversant*. "Unfortunately no one I met in Lisbon spoke Portuguese," Charlie says. "They all spoke French with me. I had a number of letters of introduction, but they were addressed to the dullest people on earth. I delivered the letters and didn't bother leaving my address." People in Portugal are often given to gambling and Charlie, a passionate gambler, soon found himself flat broke. Urgent S.O.S. letters didn't touch Charlie's father, who was at last suspicious of his son's ways. Charlie enlisted the aid of a Portuguese journalist who published a dramatic account of how Charlie had been robbed at midnight on a dark Lisbon street. Charlie sent a clipping to his father and received a check by return mail.

Among Charlie's friends in Lisbon was the chief of Secret Police, a Greek count who claimed descent from the late Byzantine emperors. The count was a *gastronome*.

"He could afford being very discriminating about his food," Charlie says. "He never paid for it." At the count's house, Charlie met a Romanian ex-ambassador who was fired after beating up the Foreign Minister of a friendly nation. This man, even more broke than Charlie, borrowed money from his *blanchisseuse*. He would rise at three in the morning and phone his friends for money. There was also a pretty Romanian actress with whom he fell in love. "She spoke excellent French," Charlie says. "Everybody spoke French. I didn't need other languages."

Charlie's father finally decided that Charlie knew enough Portuguese and urged him to come home. Charlie bought the Romanian actress a *cadeau d'adieu*, a ring with an imitation pearl. Unfortunately, he also wrote the girl a nice little letter mentioning the ring with the pearl. This letter found its way to Charlie's father, by way of the ex-Romanian envoy who one day turned up on the family estate and demanded that the girl be given another ring, this time with a genuine pearl, or a check.

"*Mon père* had him thrown out," Charlie says. "But the *type* made me lose my belief in mankind, especially Romanians. So I went to America to meet people and learn the language. I finally did, too. You can learn quite a few things in the Army." ###

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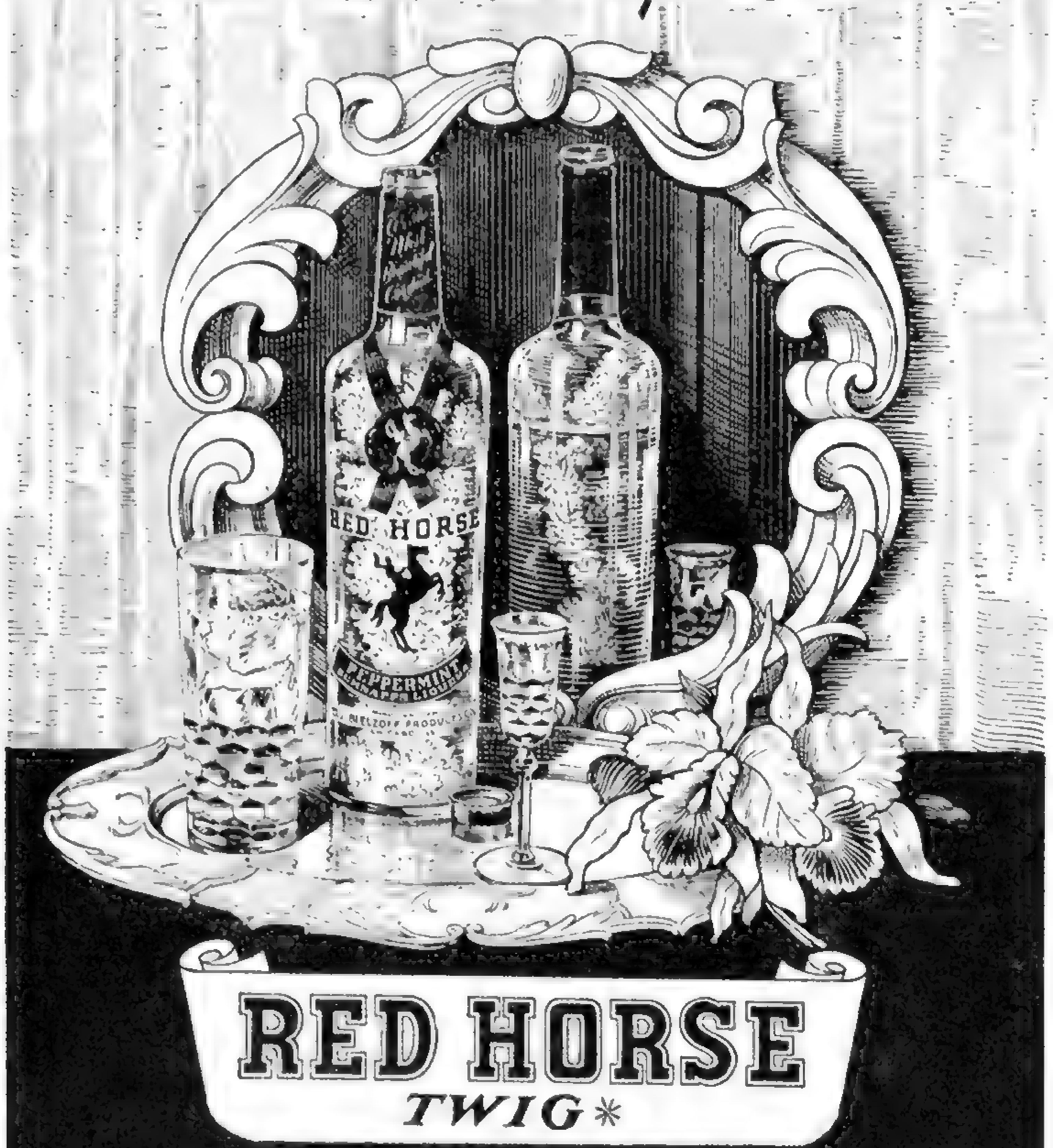

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INDEX OF ADVERTISERS

MARCH 1945

Abbott's Bitters.................. 21
Abels, Robert.................. 15
Absorbine, Jr. (W. F. Young, Inc.) 170
Adler Shoes for Men.......... 8
Allen Edmonds................ 177
Alligator Co., The............. 107
Alpagora (Strathury Mfg. Co.).. 119
Andover Clothes, Inc........... 170
Angostura-Wuppermann........ 162
Apple Jack (Speas Co.)......... 174
Arrid.......................... 126
Arrow Importing Co. (Ayrostar). 148
Arrow Lido Ties (Cluett,
  Peabody & Co., Inc.).......... 103
Augusta Knitting Mills (Haps).. 177

B.V.D. Corp., The (Ruggers).... 159
Barclay & Co., Ltd., Jas.
  (Corby's)..................... 115
Bell Watch Co.................. 8
Benedictine (Julius Wile Sons
  & Co., Inc.).................. 173
Benner Leather Goods Co....... 171
Berkely, The (The Wilson Mfg.
  Co., Inc.).................... 177
Bielzoff Products Co., D. J.
  (Red Horse)................... 176
Blatz Brewing Co............... 175
Bloch Freres................... 168
Book-of-the-Month Club........ 7
Bostonians (Footsaver Shoes).... 162
Botany Worsted Mills (500
  Fabric)...................... 12
Brown-Forman Distillery Co., Inc.
  (Old Forester)................ 127
Brown & Williamson Tobacco
  Corp. (Sir Walter Raleigh).... 154
Brugal Rum (Park & Tilford
  Import Corp.)................. 146

Calvert Distillers Corp.
  (Lord Calvert)................ 106
Cambridge, The (Wimbledon
  Shirt Co.).................... 146
Cameo Vineyards Co. (Croix
  Royale)...................... 21
Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc:
  Nuyens....................... 161
  Johnnie Walker............... 124
Cash's Woven Names........... 16
Cheney Bros...............III Cover
Cisco, Inc..................... 171
Club Cocktails (G. F. Heublein
  & Bro., Inc.)................. 153
Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.
  (Arrow Lido Ties)............ 103
Columbia Wales Craft Co.
  (McGregor Billfold).......... 18
Consolidated Lobster Co., Inc.... 21
Cooper Products Co. (Kant-
  Rust Blades)................. 172
Coopers, Inc. (Jockey).......... 110
Corby's (Jas. Barclay & Co., Ltd.) 115
Coronet Brandy (Cresta Blanca
  Wine Co., Inc.).............. 120
Cortina Academy............... 8
Cosmopolitan Mfg. Co. (The
  Great Dane).................. 158
Croton Watch Co., Inc.......... 138

Dan River Mills (Skytop)....... 122
Delapenha & Co., Inc., R. U.
  (Myers's Rum)................ 22
Dennis Co., The Martin
  (Lexol)...................... 18
Detective Book Club........... 23
Disney Hats................... 154
Distinctive Creations, Inc....... 8
Dobbs Hats.................... 13
Doniger & Co., Inc., David D.
  (McGregor)................... 20
Don Q Rum (Schieffelin & Co.).. 160
Doppelt & Co., Charles
  (Dopp-Kit) 141
Drucke & Sons, Wm. F.
  (Play-a-Way)................. 175
Duncan, Muriel................ 18
Dunlap Hats................... 111
Dutch Masters................. 140

Eagle Clothes.................. 172
Eaton, Charles A............... 169
Expanso (Knothe Bros. Co., Inc.) 135

Fieldclub (Galey & Lord, Inc.).. 174
Fields & Co.................... 8

Continued on page 177

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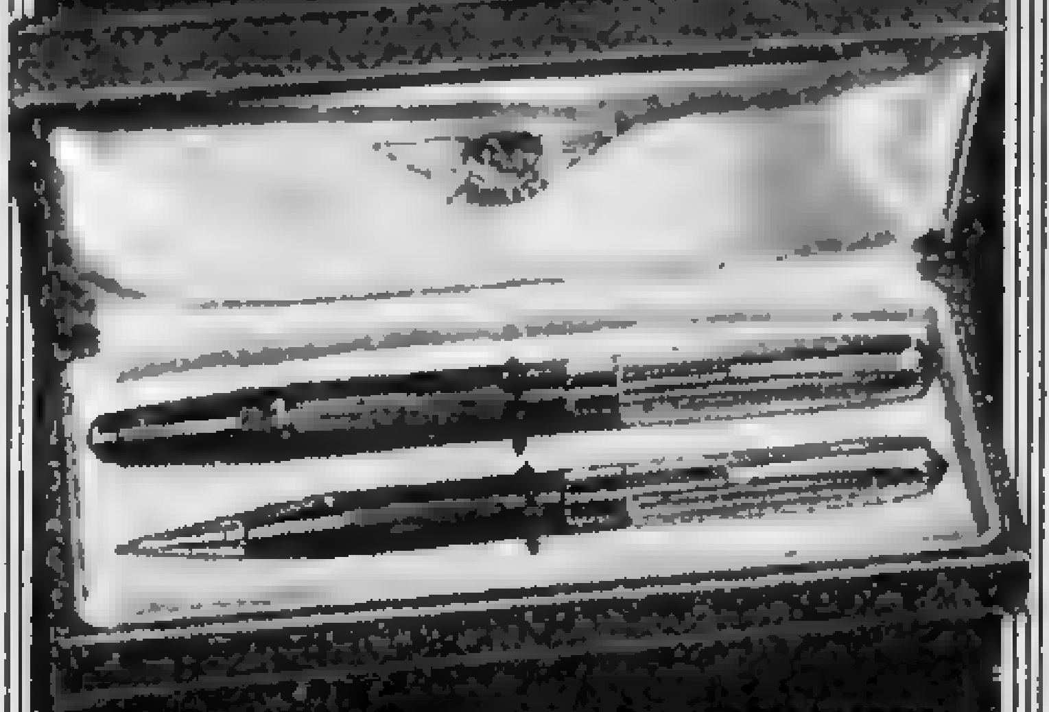

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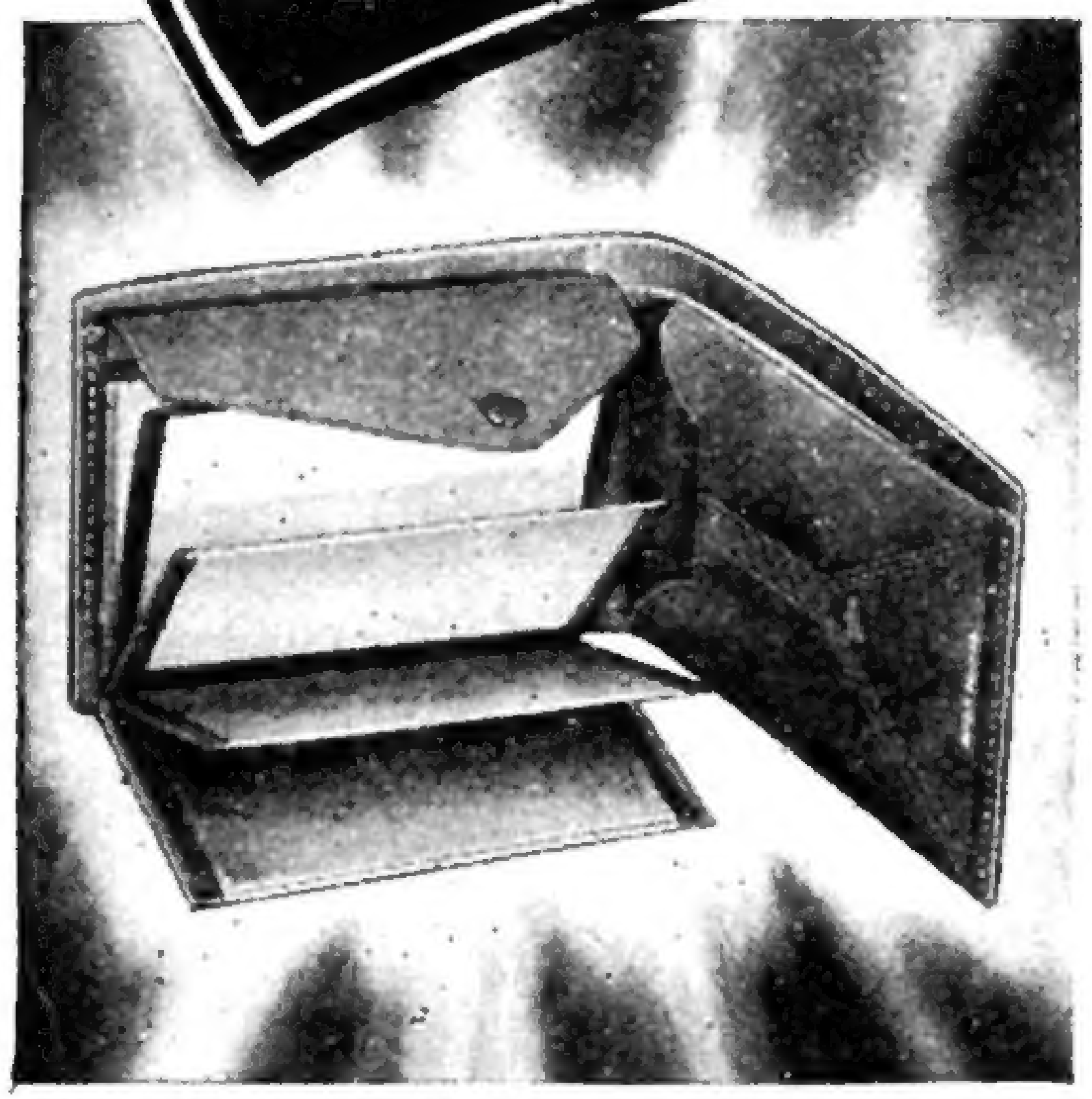

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INDEX OF ADVERTISERS

(Continued)

51 (The Parker Pen Co.)....II Cover
500 Fabric (Botany Worsted Mills) 12
Flagg Bros.................... 173
Florsheim Shoe Co., The........ 4
Footsaver Shoes (Bostonians).... 162
Frank & Meyer Neckwear Co. (Regal).................... 139
Frankfort Distillers Corp. (Four Roses)................ 11
Frost Co., George (Boston Braces) 16

Galey & Lord, Inc. (Fieldclub)................. 174
Galvin Mfg. Corp. (Motorola)... 9
Gantner & Mattern Co. (Wikies). 174
Gem Razors and Blades........ 171
General Motors:
  Customer Research.......... 16
  Oldsmobile................. 26
Gilbert Chocolate Co., John O... 145
Glenmore Distilleries Co., Inc. (Kentucky Tavern).......... 19
Globe Novelty House (Royal London)................... 18
Glover's.................... 15
Golden Wedding (Joseph S. Finch & Co.)............... 14
Gooderham & Worts, Ltd. (William Penn).............. 131
Graves & Sons Co., C. H........ 148
Great Dane, The (Cosmopolitan Mfg. Co.)................. 158
Grelva, Inc. (Krashe)........... 16
Gripper Fasteners (Scovill Mfg. Co.)................. 166
Guardian, The (Robinson Reminders).................168

Hale Rubber Co., Alfred (Rajah). 174
Hamilton Watch Co............ 176
Hanan & Son, Inc.............. 149
Haps (Augusta Knitting Mills)... 177
Harley-Davidson Motor Co...... 173
Harris Tweed Assn., Ltd........ 139
Harris Mfg. Co., B. W. (Zero King)................ 140
Harvey's (Park & Tilford Import Corp.)............... 143
Havana Club Rum (Williams Importers)................ 156
Heublein & Bro., Inc., G. F:
  A-1 Sauce.................. 22
  Club Cocktails.............. 153
Holland-Racine Shoes, Inc...... 144
Hollis Co. (Klipette)........... 16
Hollywood Polish Co........... 15
Home Equipment Co........... 15
House of Heywood, The (Matrix) 112
Hudson Hotel, Henry.......... 21
Hull Mfg. Co................. 18

Inkograph Co., Inc............. 163

Je Reviens (Worth)............ 161
Jockey (Coopers, Inc.).......... 110

Kant-Rust Blades (Cooper Products Co.)............... 172
Keepsake Diamonds (A. H. Pond Co., Inc.).............. 157
Keith Co., George E. (Walk-Over)............... 137
Kelly's, Jimmy................ 16
Kentucky Tavern (Glenmore Distilleries Co., Inc.)......... 19
Kingston Watch Co............ 15
Kinsey Distilling Corp.......... 118
Knothe Bros. Co., Inc. (Expanso).................. 135
Knox Hats.................... 129
Krug Winery, Charles.......... 22
Kuppenheimer................ 117

Leon & Eddie's............... 22
Leonard & Thomas, Inc., Henry (Royalton Crown)........... 16
Leroux & Co., Inc.............. 178
Linguaphone Institute.......... 15
Literary Guild of America, Inc... 17
Longfellows (Penn Tobacco Co.). 166
Lord Calvert (Calvert Distillers Corp.)............ 106
Lubin Weeker Co., Inc. (Weldon) 121

Macfadden Foundation......... 18
Marlboro Cigarettes (Philip Morris & Co., Ltd., Inc.)..... 132

Continued on page 178

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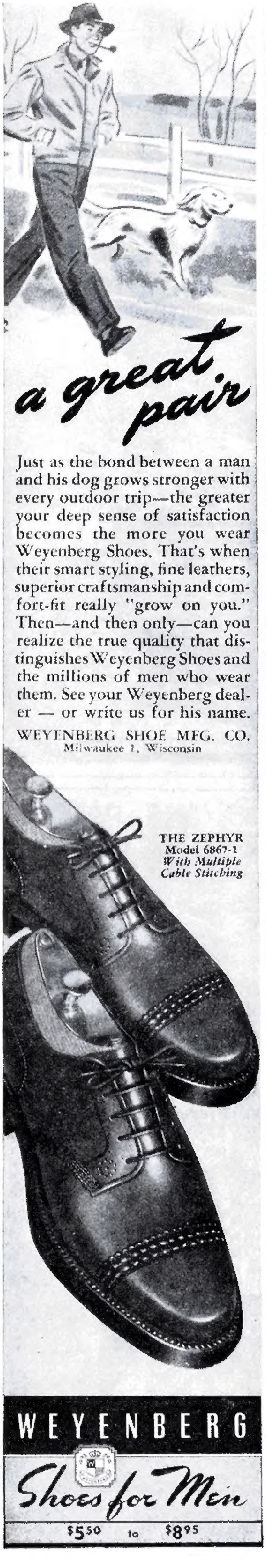
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INDEX OF ADVERTISERS

(Continued)

Martin Co., The Glenn L. 3
Marxman Pipes 172
Mason Shoe Mfg. Co. 152
Matrix (The House of Heywood). 112
McGregor (David D. Doniger & Co., Inc.) 20
Merit Clothing Co., Inc. (Style-Mart) 125
Merito Wines (National Distillers Products Corp.) 170
Mid City Uniform Cap Co. 142
Middishade Co., Inc., The 175
Miracle Products Co. 18
Morris & Co., Ltd., Inc., Philip:
  Country Doctor 8
  Marlboro Cigarettes 132
  Philip Morris 108
Motorola (Galvin Mfg. Corp.) . . . 9

National Distillers Products Corp:
  De Kuyper's Delecta 18
  Merito Wines 170
  Old Angus 159
  Old Crow 138
  Ron Merito 134
National Magic Co. 8
National Premium Beer 21
New Era Shirt Co. 144
Nor-East (Wembley, Inc.) 145
Nunn-Bush Shoe Co. 105
Nuyens (Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc.) 161

Ogilvie Method 15
Old Angus (National Distillers Products Corp.) 159
Old Crow (National Distillers Products Corp.) 138
Old Fitzgerald (Stitzel-Weller Distillery, Inc.) 169
Old Forester (Brown-Forman Distillery Co., Inc.) 127
Oldsmobile (General Motors) 26

Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer . . . . IV Cover
Pal Hollow Ground Blades 175
Paris Belts (A. Stein & Co.) 114
Park & Tilford Distillers, Inc:
  Booth's House of Lords 21
  Brugal Rum 146
  Harvey's 143
  Private Stock 163
  Reserve 141
  Vat 69 167
Parker Pen Co., The (51) . . . II Cover
Peerless Pen Co. 176
Penn Tobacco Co. (Longfellows). 166
Penn, William (Gooderham & Worts, Ltd.) 131
Peper, Christian (London Dock Tobacco) 22
Personna Precision Blades 150
Phillips-Jones Corp. (Van Heusen) 109
Phoenix Hosiery Co. 155
Play-a-Way (Wm. F. Drueke & Sons) 175
Plymouth Mfg. Co. 151
Pond Co., Inc., A. H. (Keepsake Diamonds) 157
Portis Bros. Hat Co. 169
Private Stock (Park & Tilford Distillers, Inc.) 163
Professional Blade Co. 156

Rabsons 18
Rainfair, Inc. 113
Rajah (Alfred Hale Rubber Co.). 174
Raleigh, Sir Walter (Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp.) . . . 154
Red Head Sport Shirts 168
Red Horse (D. J. Bielzoff Prods. Co.) 176
Regal (Frank & Meyer Neckwear Co.) 139
Reis & Co., Robert (Scandals) . . . 149
Revere Knitting Mills, Inc. (Travelo) 155
Robinson Reminders (The Guardian) 168
Rogers Imports, Inc. 158
Rolfs "Director" Billfold 143
Ron Merito (National Distillers Products Corp.) 134
Ronrico Corp. 21
Ronson 176
Rugby Leatherwear 164
Ruggers (The B.V.D. Corp.) 159
Ry-Krisp 177

Scandals (Robert Reis & Co.) . . . 149
Schenley Reserve (Schenley Distillers Corp.) 28
Scherk (Tars) 152
Schieffelin & Co:
  Don Q Rum 160
  Teacher's 165
Schnefel Bros. Corp. (LaCross) . . 8
Scovill Mfg. Co. (Gripper Fasteners) 166
Seagram-Distillers Corp. (7 Crown) 25
Seggerman Nixon Corp. (Ron Oliver) 22
Sellers Co., Ltd. (Van Merritt Beer) 22
7 Crown (Seagram-Distillers Corp.) 25
Sherman Bows 136
Skinner & Sons, William (Tackle Twill) 147
Skytop (Dan River Mills) 122
Speas Co. (Apple Jack) 174
Stein & Co., A. (Paris Belts) 114
Stitzel-Weller Distillery, Inc. (Old Fitzgerald) 169
Stone-Tarlow Co., Inc. 16
Stratbury Mfg. Co. (Alpagora) . . 119
Style-Mart (Merit Clothing Co., Inc.) 125
Sugar Manufacturer's Assn. (of Jamaica), Ltd., The 21
Swanee Pride (M. S. Walker, Inc.) 150

Tackle Twill (William Skinner & Sons) 147
Tars (Scherk) 152
Teacher's (Schieffelin & Co.) 165
TexTan 167
Textron, Inc. 27
Theodore's 21
Timely Clothes, Inc. 157
Travelo (Revere Knitting Mills, Inc.) 155

Universal Geneva Watch Co. 142

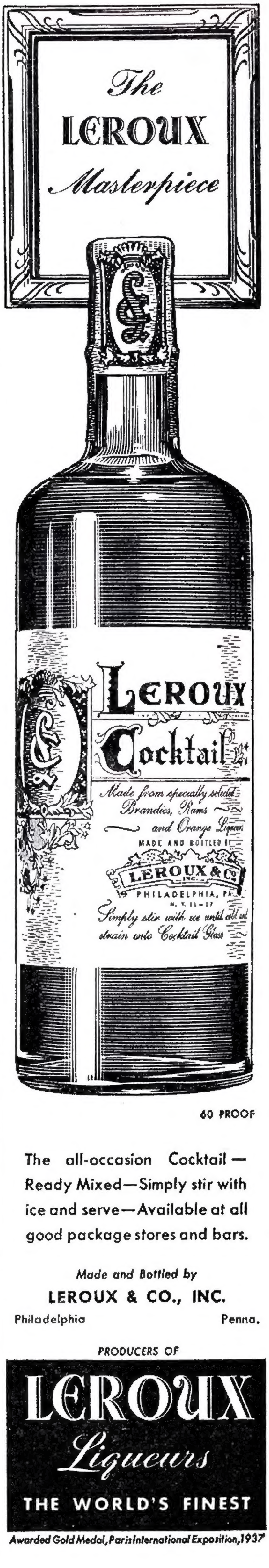
V-Line Clothes Co. 160
Van Heusen (Phillips-Jones Corp.) 109
Vat 69 (Park & Tilford Import Corp.) 167

Walker, Johnnie (Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc.) 124
Walker, Inc. M. S. (Swanee Pride) 150
Walk-Over (George E. Keith Co.) 137
Weber & Co., C. B. 16
Weldon (Lubin Weeker Co., Inc.) 121
Wembley, Inc. (Nor-East) 145
Westminster Socks 164
Weyenberg Shoe Mfg. Co. 178
Wiesenfeld Co. 18
Wikies (Gantner & Mattern Co.). 174
Wildroot Co., Inc. 165
Wile Sons & Co., Inc., Julius (Benedictine) 173
Williams Importers (Havana Club Rum) 156
Wilson Mfg. Co., Inc., The (The Berkely) 177
Wimbledon Shirt Co. (The Cambridge) 146
Worth (Je Reviens) 161

Yale, George 15
Young, Inc., W. F. (Absorbine, Jr.) 170

Zenith Radio Corp. 123
Zero King (B. W. Harris Mfg. Co.) 140
Zippo Mfg. Co. 147

While every precaution is taken to insure accuracy, we cannot guarantee against the possibility of an occasional change or omission in the preparation of this index.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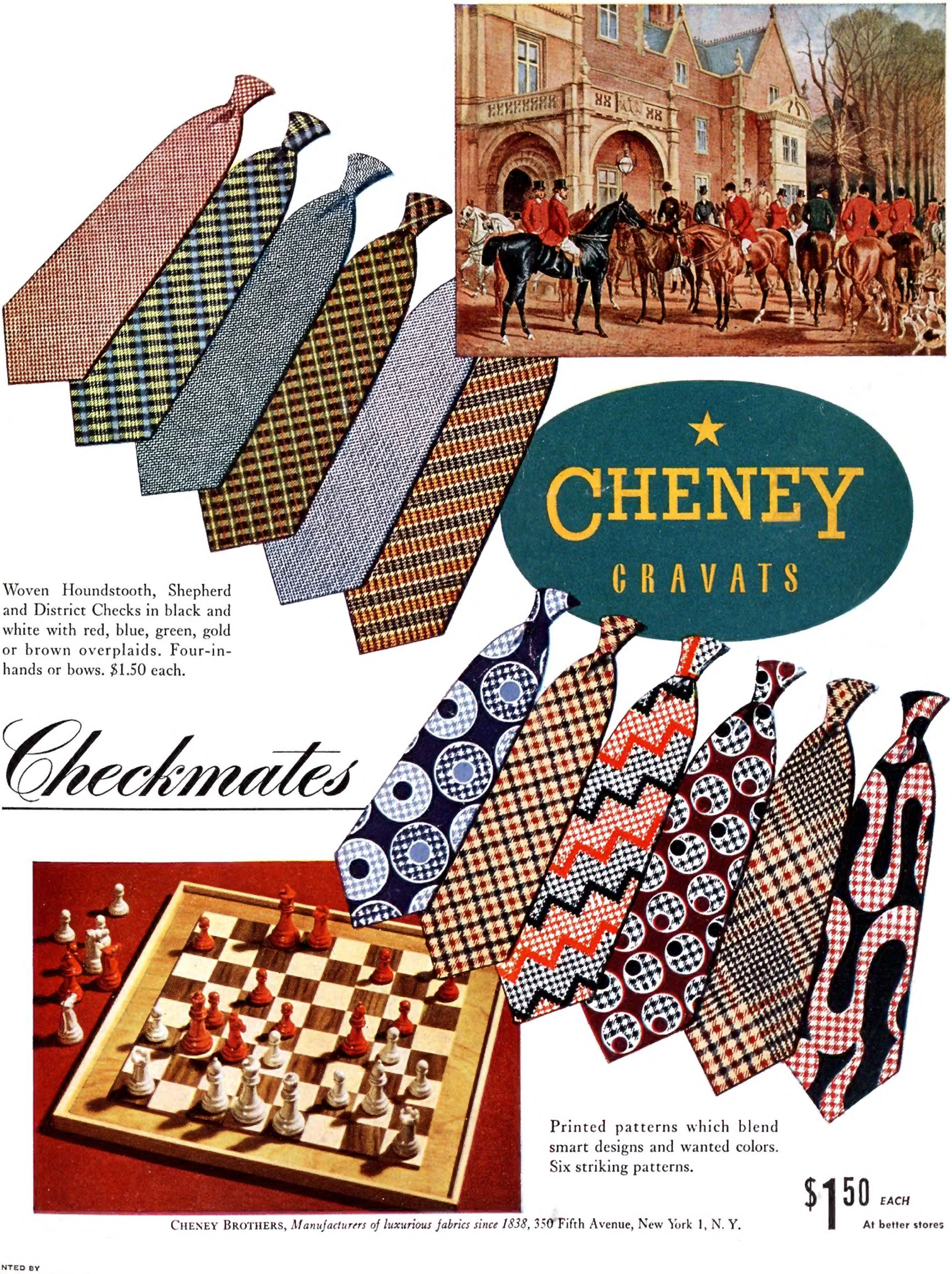

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